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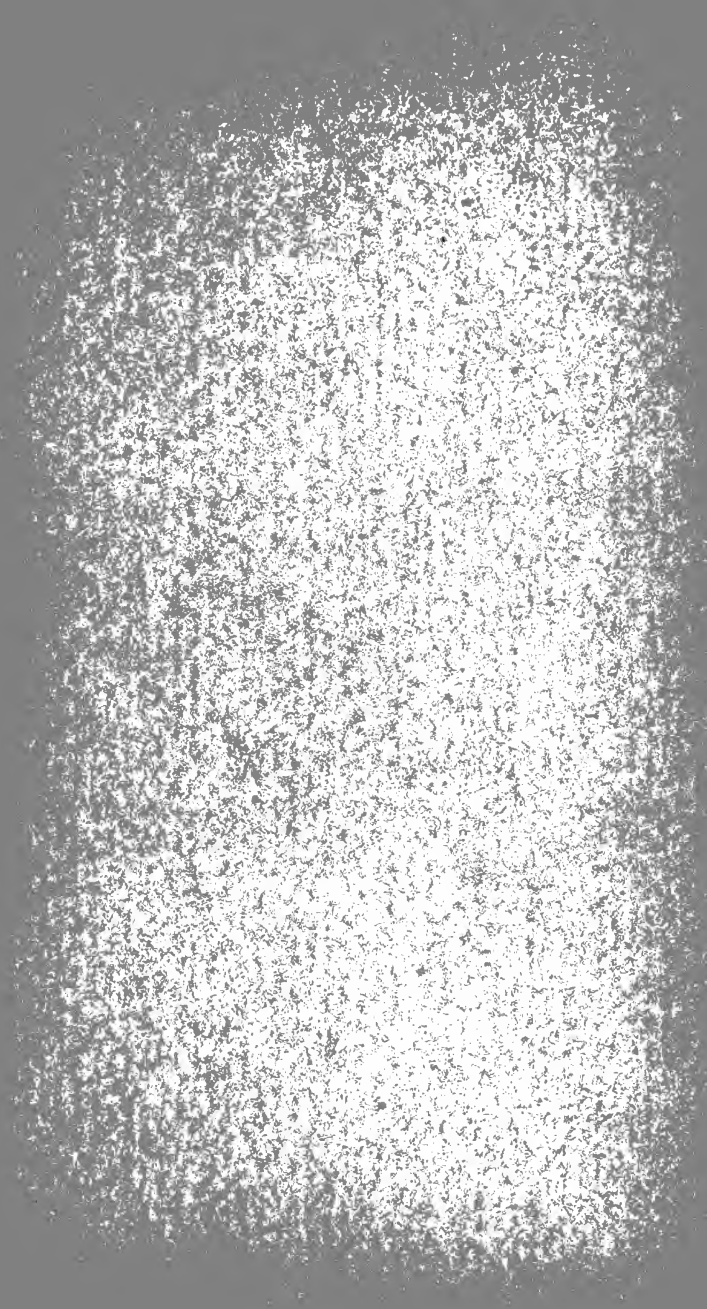
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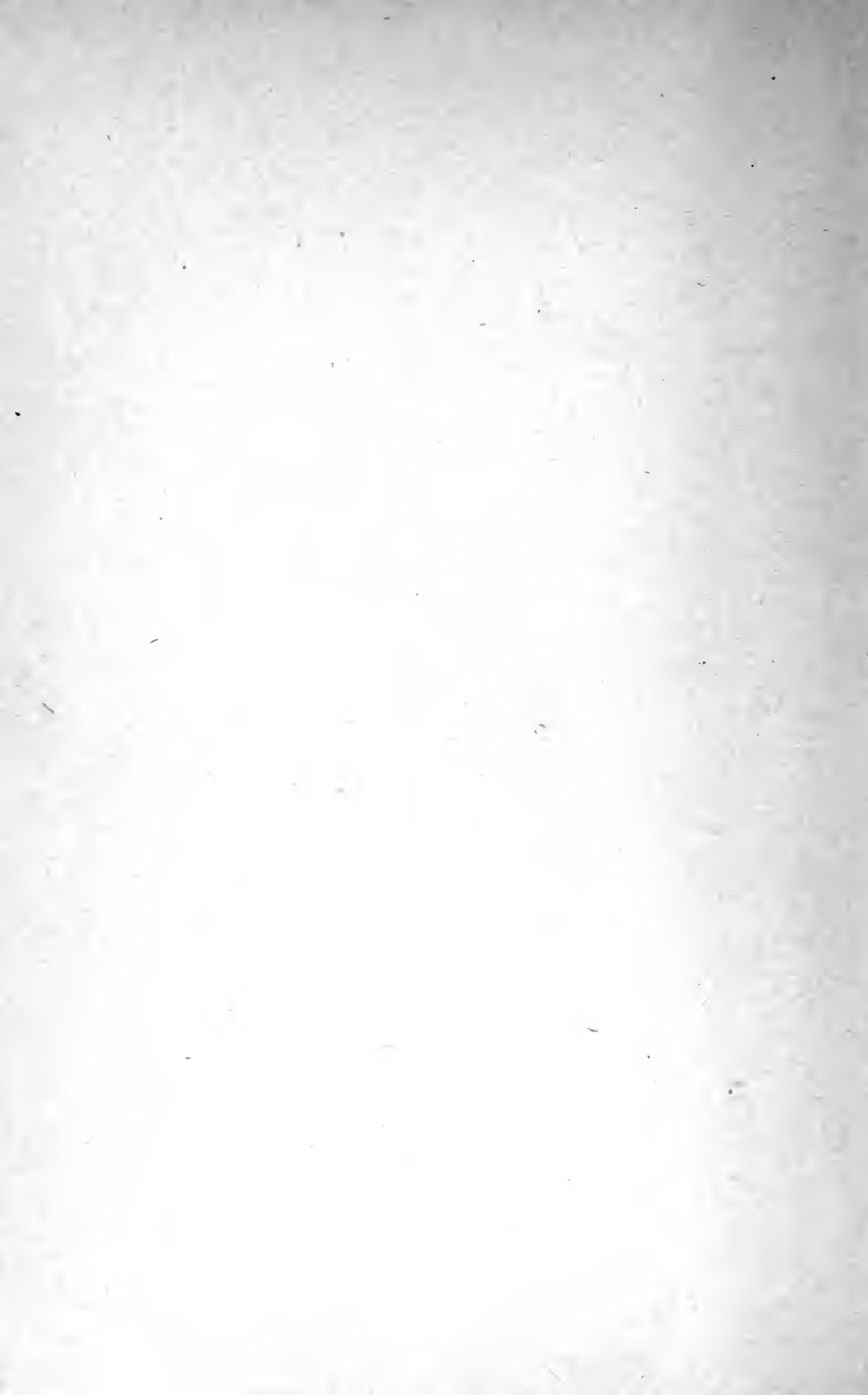
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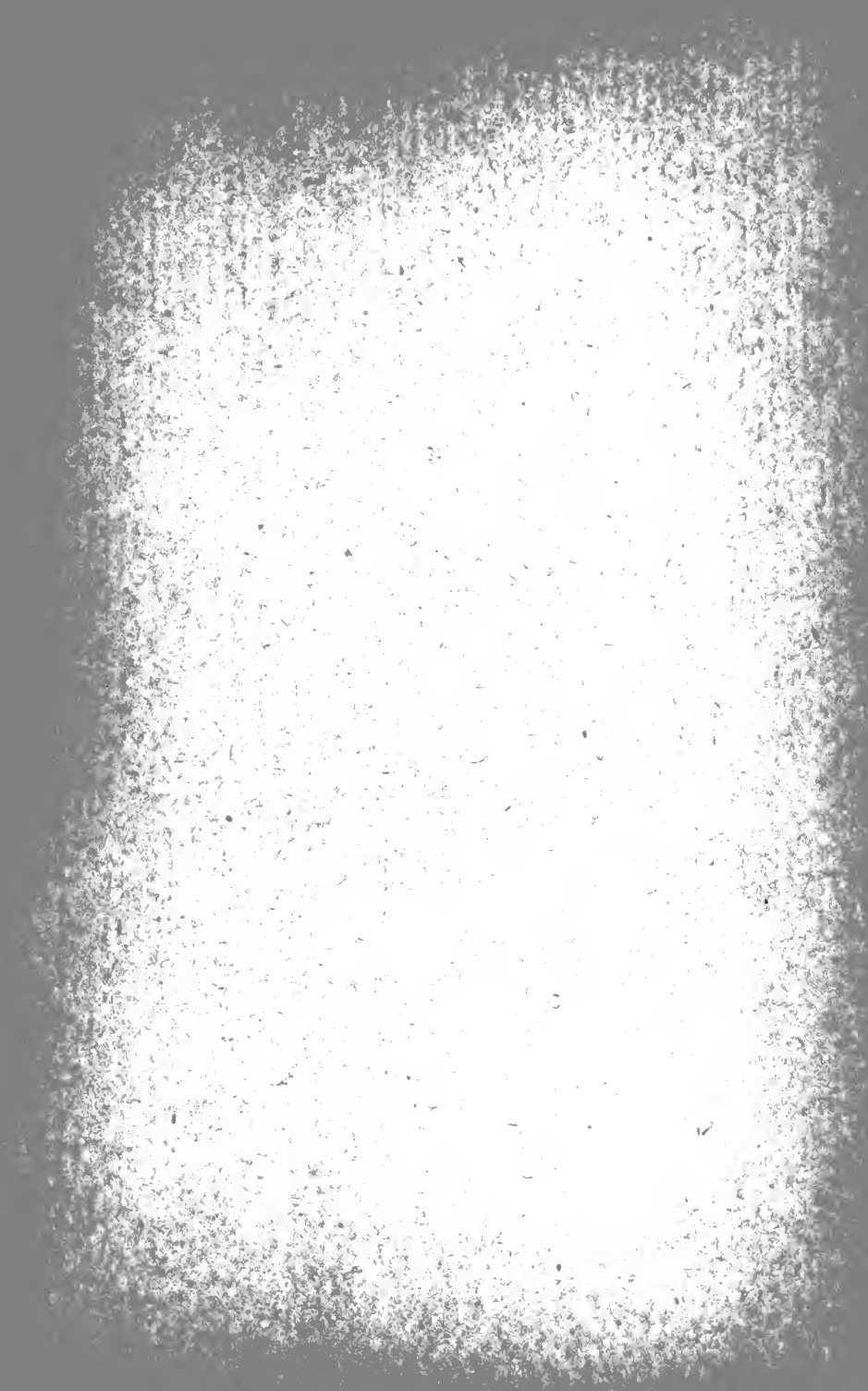
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











LINSEY-WOOLSEY

AND

OTHER ADDRESSES.

✓
BY

ISAAC ERRETT, A.M., LL.D.,

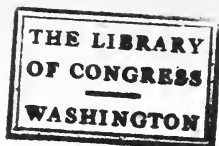
FOUNDER OF "THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD," AND AUTHOR OF "EVENINGS WITH THE BIBLE," "WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM," "TALKS TO BEREANS," ETC., ETC.



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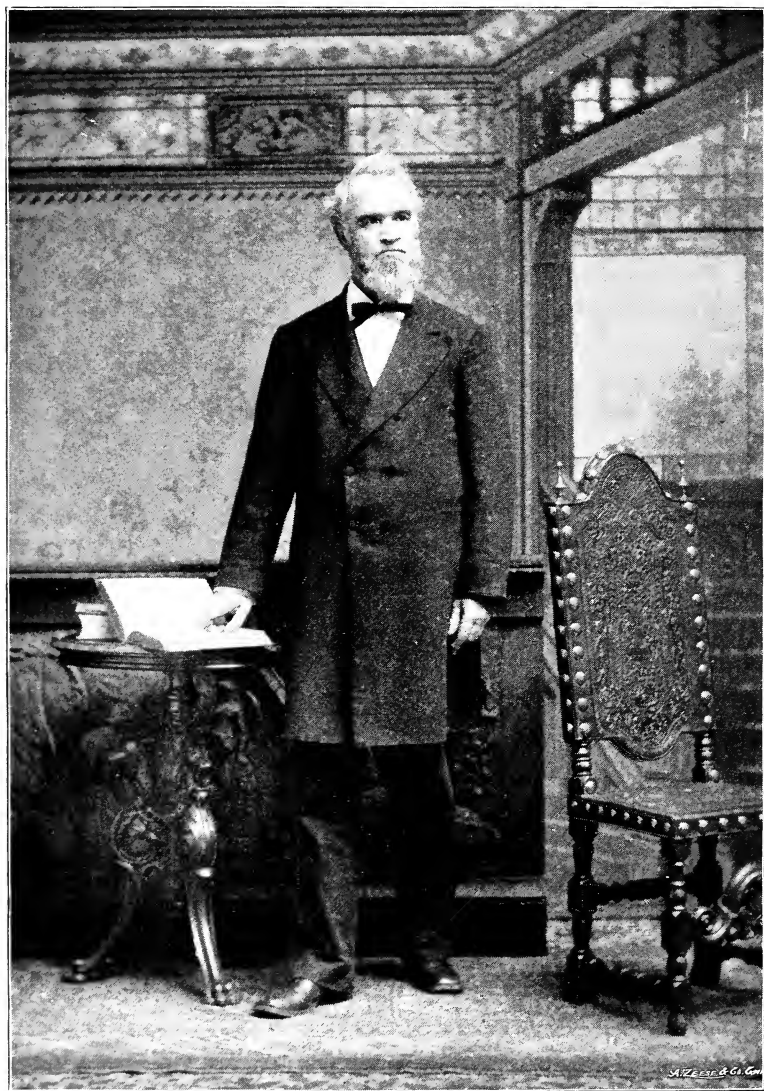
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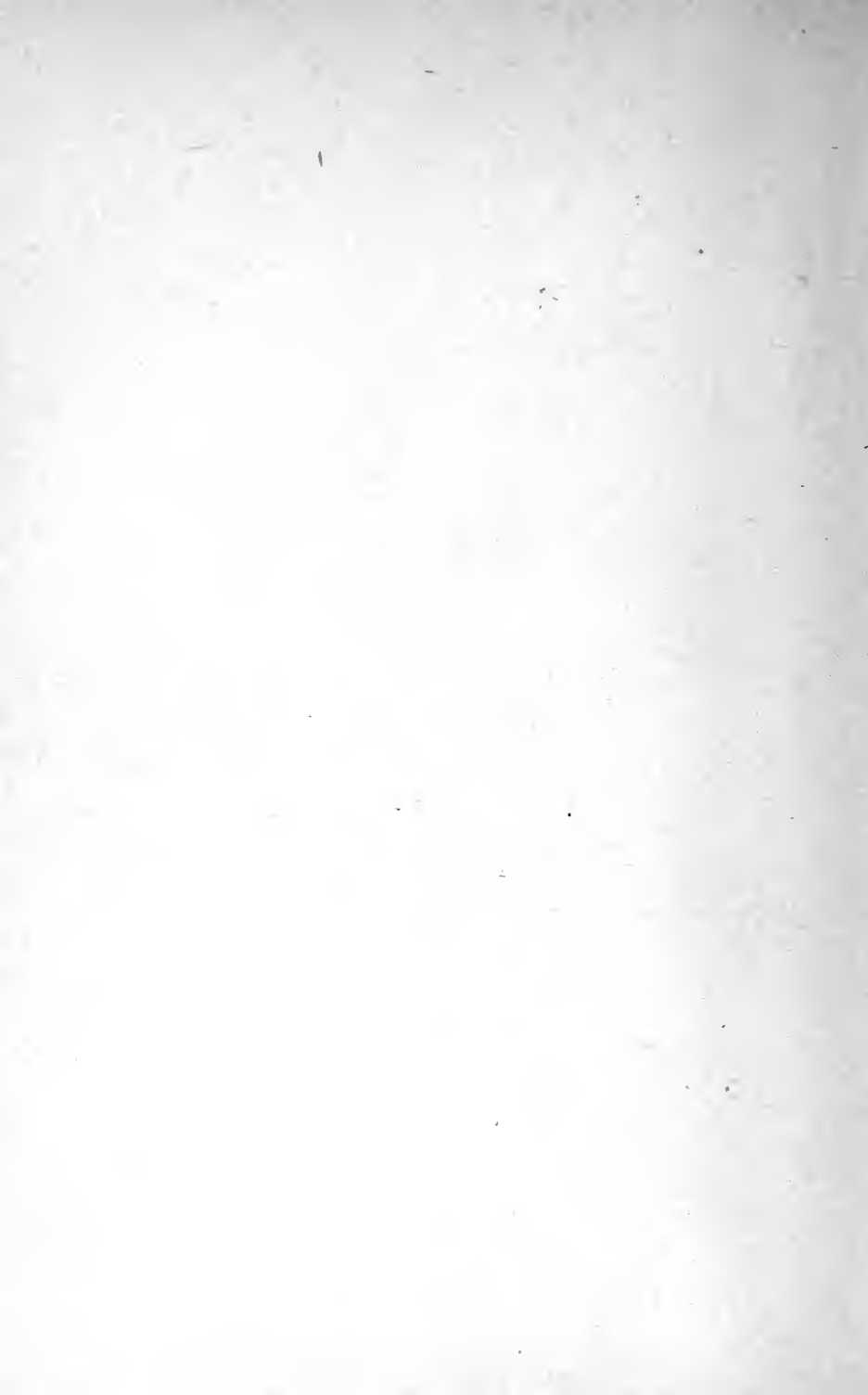
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Abner "Errett"

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INTRODUCTION.

Four years ago Isaac Errett was called "to go home and rest—rest where there are brighter heavens, and richer flowers, and sweeter songs, and holier friendships"—four long, lonely years ago we "laid him in the chamber called Peace, with his face to the sun-rising." It has been a work of love, but one of many hindrances and discouragements, to secure material for the story of his life, and to collect and prepare his writing for publication. It was our purpose to begin with the biographical work written by that prince of scribes, Mr. J. S. Lamar, whose intimate acquaintance and faithful friendship, no less than his fidelity to the cause we plead, fit him eminently for the work which promises to be of deep interest and great value; but, as that must of necessity be of slow growth, it has been decided to begin the publication of the writings with this volume of addresses. With three exceptions, the addresses were never revised by their author, and were not intended for publication, and, therefore lack that "better literary finish" which he would have deemed necessary to render any work of his "somewhat worthy of public acceptance." There is "no crudeness of thought," "no unsoundness of teaching," in these pages, written "amid the heat and flurry of daily activities, the absorbing cares and anxieties that inevitably attend the life of an editor," in such hours as he could snatch from conflicting duties. Remembering this, the reader may account

for, if he does not excuse, some inadvertencies. No utterance of tongue or pen, of our author, in all his long faithful service, but bears the impress of thought. It may be written over against every line of his writings, "words fitly spoken—apples of gold in pictures of silver"—but he "wished for, and dreamed of a time of release" from care and toil, when he could give undivided attention to a careful revision of his literary work.

We have sought in vain for the manuscript of lectures and sermons to which he gave years of earnest study and careful thought—the better and grander work of his last years. But it remains for us in outline only; or, like the charm of his radiant presence, the spell of his wondrous voice, "lingers in halls of memory and hearts of love." Hence our poverty in freshness and variety. But these are brave, noble, helpful words after all, and will help us "with earnest and joyful thanksgiving for the wonderful mercies of the past, to gird ourselves for the work yet before us . . . to go out with fresh inspirations of faith and hope and love. . . . to work while the day lasts. . . . till the night cometh when the gates of light open to receive us into the paradise of God."

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

December 19, 1892.

LINSEY-WOOLSEY

AND OTHER ADDRESSES

LINSEY-WOOLSEY.

There is a curious precept in the Jews' religion, couched in these words: "Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed, neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee."

It has been a matter of some trouble to commentators to give a good reason for this injunction.

Some have regarded it as referring to a garment made up of patchwork, of various materials and colors, for the sake of show, like Joseph's coat "of many colors."

In the Parson's Tale, in Chaucer, as quoted by Dr. Clarke, we have a description of this sort of dress as prevailing in the fourteenth century. The writer says:

"As to the first sinne in superfluitie of clothing, suche that maketh it so dere, to the harme of the people, not only the cost of enbraudering, the disguised endenting, or barring, ounding, paling, winding or bending and semblable wast of clothe in vanitie. But there is also the costlewe furring in their gounes. So

1

much pouncing of chesel to make holes ; so much dagging with sheres foorth, with the superfluitie in length of the foresaied gounes, to grete damage of pore folke. And moreouer, they show throughe disguising, in departing of their hosen in *white* and *red*, semeth that half their members were slain. They depart their hosen into other colors, as in white and blue, or white and black, or black and red, and so forth ; than semeth it as by variance of colorer, that the half parte of ther members ben corrupt by the fire of Saint Anthony, or by canker, or other such mischaunce."

Dr. Henry describes an English beau of the same period in the following terms :

"He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of *one color* on the *one leg*, and of another color on the other; short breeches which did reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, the one-half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones."

If that was what was meant by linsey-woolsey, no wonder it was prohibited; for with all the folly of modern fashions, the most ridiculous and absurd of them are not half so grotesque or silly as this. With all the love of display charged upon the ladies of the present time, we doubt whether such an overdose of the fantastical would be tolerated.

But we apprehend that the text quoted refers to just such a mixture of linen and woolen in garments as makes up the linsey-woolsey of our own day. There is another regulation of the same character, but for

which we can discern better reasons: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

Several reasons may be suggested for this:

1. *It is unsightly.* Say what you will about looks, there is a moral force in beauty, in symmetry, in order, in a gratified sense of the fitness of things.

In order to the highest spiritual excellence, it is necessary to cultivate a love of the beautiful; and home should therefore be adorned with just as perfect works of art and with just as pure a taste as our means will allow. Now to be compelled to look continually on anything so utterly incongruous, inharmonious and ridiculous as an ox and an ass yoked in one team, must necessarily degrade the taste; and this was contrary to the design of the Jewish economy, which was a "schoolmaster" to educate its subjects into nobler ideas and better life. The Jewish religion was a *pictorial* religion, to educate through the eye the souls of a semi-barbarous people; but there was nothing good, or noble, or elevating to be derived from such a picture as this, the picture of an ox and an ass. Indeed, in the descriptions of millennial bliss, in which the union of opposites and reconciliation of antagonisms is set forth by the most strange conjunctions and associations, such as the cow and the bear, the lion and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, the little child and the cockatrice, the prophets did not violate all propriety and degrade all imagery, by a union of the braying, kicking, long-eared, solemn donkey with the comely, patient, mild-eyed, submissive ox.

2. *It is degrading.* It is well to form associations, somewhat unequal, when you can be sure that the effect will be *elevating*; but when its issues are degrading, it

is to be avoided. Now the yoking of these two animals could not elevate an incorrigible donkey into any better habits; but it would inevitably degrade the ox. He would soon learn to kick, and balk, and rebel against authority—for it is true among animals as among men, that “evil communications corrupt good manners.” It is hard to conquer the prejudice against race, and much of it is unquestionably foolish; but my conviction is, that the meanest, scrubbiest specimen of an ox in all the land—even if he were a Christian ox, fully indoctrinated in all of Christian benevolence that his oxhood could possibly appreciate—might righteously ask to be spared the indignity of an association with the best looking and best behaved donkey in existence.

3. *It is unmusical.* The refining influence of music is generally admitted. We all know what Shakespeare says of “the man that hath no music in his soul,” as being only fit for “treason, stratagems and spoils.” I strongly suspect the donkey comes under this reprobation. At least, if he has any music in his soul, it *stays* there; his efforts to produce it must be regarded as failures.

The longest-lived among them never lived long enough to get his throat cleared. This musical defect is evidently in the organs of the voice. It certainly is not for the want of *ear*, nor yet for want of *practice*. But that one of them ever got through the gamut, or learned anything beyond an abominable trill of demi-semi-quavers, we seriously doubt. And yet the pretentious beast is forever practicing the most difficult music, attempting to excel in fortissimo, and diminuendo, and magnificent swells, executed with a

gravity and persistence altogether remarkable. The imperturbable gravity with which he attempts to palm off his asthmatic wheezings as first class, genuine melodies, proves that, like many another ambitious empiric, *he has mistaken his calling*, or else that he is the most arrant humbug in existence. Now, a horse knows he can not sing, and has sense enough not to try. His communications are always, not yea, yea; but *neigh, neigh*. Now if the ox could in any way supplement or complement the braying of the ass, and give any sense of completeness to the performance, or relieve it with any grateful contrast, we might derive benefit from the association; but, unfortunately, the ox's standard of music is *low*; he can never get beyond a *solo*; that is to say, his *low* is always *so*; and it is difficult to conceive of anything more discordant than an attempt on the part of these two animals to perform a *duet*—they *do it* so abominably.

Whether you regard this association physically, morally, or esthetically, there is no good to come of it.

There is yet another prohibition in this curious law: "Thou shalt not sow thy field with divers kinds of seeds."

This we can understand as a wise regulation, since many seeds would mingle and degenerate. I think the evident intention of all these regulations, while they may have had an immediate economical bearing, was, to familiarize the minds of the people, through the physical, with the idea of *moral* separateness. They were slow to learn. Their instruction was through sensuous channels. They were made to know in these, and a series of similar laws, that God called them to be a separate people; that they must preserve themselves

from contamination with the idolatrous nations round about them; and learn to keep their hearts and lives free from all that would corrupt and degrade them.

This was especially important in view of their perpetual tendency to blend themselves with surrounding peoples, and copy their ways, a tendency that seems never to have been fully arrested until after the Babylonish captivity.

"But what of all this?" you are ready to ask. I answer: The same lesson is needed to-day in all departments of life—among all classes of society. We are necessarily the creatures of society, more or less. Our happiness depends much on others. Even Robinson Crusoe, when "monarch of all he surveyed," was glad to welcome a savage as an associate, and found in his "man Friday" a treasure worth more than all on the island besides. And unquestionably we owe much to society, and should carefully discharge our duties to society, and avail ourselves of the advantages to be derived from good associations. But society presents many phases; there is evil in it as well as good; and there is great danger that the evil will overbalance the good, unless there is, back of society, a proper self-hood. The brightest and wisest practical morality in this world is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." So far from ignoring self, therefore, we are required to make our knowledge of self the standard of what is due to others. It never was meant—not even in the family, and certainly not by any communism that men may invent—to annihilate individuality. A man and his wife may be *one*; but they are also *two*, and there is no sense and no value in the *oneness* that does not grow out of the *twoness*.

So far, the Woman's Rights movement is just; women have a right to protest against this legal and social and political annihilation of their existence, which insults them as mere ciphers, that depend on *place*, on the right or left side of a male unit, for all their importance.

We are in constant danger of getting things *mixed*—sometimes ludicrously; sometimes very disastrously. Our lives are about such a jumble as the man's prayer when he said: "O Lord, have mercy on a race of guilty sinners, of whom I am chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." That was a linsey-woolsey prayer.

Let us look at some of the phases of life in our own land, and see how we wrong ourselves by arraying our lives in linsey-woolsey garments.

Here are lads growing up. What are they living for? What are they aiming at? Could one in a hundred tell? Beyond the enjoyment of the present hour—getting through with the burdens of to-day, and anticipating the frolics of to-morrow—there is scarce a thought of the future. There is no clear, definite aim, nor are there any well-defined, fixed principles. In many cases, this is not to be much censured, for some natures develop late, and the might that is in them slumbers until some emergency arises to wake it, and they astonish themselves and everybody else with their achievements. But these are the exceptions. Generally character is fixed at an early period; and where there are no clear, settled principles and aims, the field is sown with divers kinds of seeds—wheat, rye, barley, oats—especially *wild* oats—cheat, cockle, and whatever may chance to fall in it—and the harvest is dreadfully mixed. It requires the heaviest *threshing* machines, and great tribulations, and wind-mills, and

sieves, to separate the good from the bad, and even then it is an inferior crop, and has to be disposed of below market price.

Here is one of the great evils of life. No one, perhaps, sets out with a deliberate intention to be bad; but most set out without a positive intention to be good, and only good. Their principles are linsey-woolsey. Their field is not fenced and carefully planted with only choice seeds.

Parents let their children run exposed to every kind of influence. The garden of the heart is never weeded; and when the heart begins to produce a bad harvest, they send the reprobates 'off to school and college to have the wickedness *threshed* out of them, and hire some patent educated windmill to blow away the chaff and smut. There is neither economy nor justice in this. It costs ten times more to undo the wrong than it would have cost to train them in the right, and they are losers by it every way.

Well, these lads come to college after a time. Have they any idea what they want? Have they any aims? Not one in twenty. With as blind an aim they could not hit an elephant at twenty feet of distance. They want to be educated; but *in* what? for what? Every idea of life and its employment is vague. Help them to a conclusion; persuade them to attempt certain definite objects, and as soon as the tug comes, and they see it is going to cost hard work and plenty of it, the lack of principle allows discontent to creep in, and soon they have dropped their studies and are off in a dreary chase of some new phantom. They may overcome this, and after long floundering settle down to some sober, intellectual pursuit. After a time they come out from

college, having graduated with fair honors; and now the grave problem of life stares them in the face.

One of the most experienced and fatherly of college presidents made a remark some years ago, that of all the students he graduated, take, say, a class of twenty, he never expected to hear anything very gratifying of more than two or three of them. Can you tell why?

Look at their dress—their moral dress, I mean: *linsey-woolsey*. These young men go out into the world with a *discordant mixture* of principle and motive, with an ox and an ass yoked up to the plow, and they can neither make a straight furrow, nor do steady plowing. Mostly the time is occupied in balking and kicking, breaking the traces and mending the harness. They are not going to be drunkards—that is the ox; but they are going to drink whenever they want to—that is the donkey; and directly you will see them wallowing in the gutter, where even the braying ass would be disgraced by their relationship. They are not going to gamble—oh no! they are only going to play for fun, and for a drink now and then! They are not going to be dishonest—not at all; but, then, they are “fast young men,” and horses and wine and women cost something; and bills come in, and the pocket is empty, and there must be a little cash abstracted from the money-drawer of an employer, and a false entry made in the books; and this goes on until there is fraud and forgery and ruin. They are not going to be irreligious, not by any means; but, then, it would be unmanly to be serious and devout; and so they go to church *and* to the ball-room; they say prayers, *and* go to see the Black Crook or the White

Fawn; they study *and* spree; they attend to business and do honestly until they can not afford it any longer; and every day the evil gains on the good, until they give up the struggle and sink into debauchery or dishonesty and utter recklessness. Mike Fink, when he was suddenly plunged into a predicament that was at once ludicrous and frightful, and was in danger of instant destruction, said that he prayed and he cussed, and he cussed and he prayed, but neither of them did any good, because they were so awfully mixed. Such is the sad contradiction—sad, yet ludicrous—that belongs to thousands of lives; but they do not often, like Mike, come out even; the cussing generally triumphs over the praying, and the field sown with divers kinds of seeds is found at last all overrun with Canada thistles, with their roots so deep that you can never get them out.

Young men, allow me to say to you, without desiring at all to lead you into somber views of life, that the paths of this world are beset with a thousand snares, and that a successful journey is only assured to him who has *one mind*, and dares to live according to it. It is a comparatively easy thing to attain to success where the aim of life is pure and noble, and the toiler *hews to the line*.

Throw your heart out to commons, and let every wild beast pasture on it, and every wild plant drop its seed there, and the more generous the soil, the richer the harvest of shame and ruin to be reaped at last. Many years ago, but within my recollection, a boat with three young men in it floated down Niagara River. They had whiskey along, and a gay time was theirs. They became so absorbed in the excitement

of the hour as to forget all danger, and were drawn down into the rapids before they were aware.

What became of two of them was never known. But the third one, a young man named Avery, was discovered wedged in between two rocks just above the Falls of Niagara, and stretching out his hands towards the shore for help. It seemed impossible to help him, but the sight of him stirred the people to bold effort. They constructed a raft and floated it out into the current, and sent it down; but it was dashed to pieces against the rocks before it reached him.

They constructed another. They raised up on the shore large placards, exhorting him to hope on, and they would save him. His poor old father stood among the crowd, watching. After several ineffectual efforts they at last got a raft within his reach, and intended as soon as he boarded it to draw him to shore. He extricated himself from his imprisonment in the rock, and got on the raft, and a great shout went up from the excited crowd. Cautiously, but lustily, they began to pull at the ropes, and the raft began to move toward the shore; and every heart beat high. But directly the angry current seized it like a plaything and dashed it against the rocks, and the poor fellow, with his hands lifted up to heaven, and a wild shriek of despair, went plunging over the cataract into hopeless death.

Take care; the rapids are below you; you must not be off your guard. It may be pleasant floating with the current for a little while, but when your unguarded bark sweeps into the rapids, and you are hurried over the boiling waters in fearful haste, society may look on, and pity, and try to save, but all too late.

There is needed among our young men greater self-assertion, a more sacred and honored self-hood, that shall forbid either a tame submission to the will of others, or an ignoble reliance on the aid of others.

I know this may be carried too far. It may be developed into cynicism and into ridiculous vanity. I have it on good authority that a very distinguished citizen of the United States, and a high official, was walking down street in one of our cities just after the attack on Fort Sumpter, and when the whole country was in a state of painful uncertainty and wild with excitement. This distinguished citizen had been a little sick for a few days, and was out for the first time to take an airing. A gentleman meeting him, who supposed, from his official position, that he would be in possession of the most authentic information, said to him, very anxiously: "Good morning sir; have you any news this morning?" "Oh! I am much better, thank you, sir!" was the reply.

What was the perilous state of the country in comparison with the tickling in his most distinguished throat?

That was carrying self-hood a little too far; and so it was in the case of another very worthy man who, it is said, never heard his own name mentioned without lifting his hat, and making a polite bow; yet I confess that I prefer even this to an unmanly cringing to popular sentiment, a base bowing of the knee to public opinion, a servile dependence on others for one's opinions or one's standing.

The former is simply a harmless vanity, which may and does consist with the highest manliness; the latter is the denial of one's own manhood, which leaves noth-

ing in the soul on which a permanent character can be built.

And in the case of young ladies, is it any better? Take the fairest specimen you can find that is at all a representative one, and what do you see?

Much that is good, no doubt, and something that is lovely. She is virtuous, and we will even say pious in her aims. She means to be good, intelligent, kind, courteous and benevolent. She aspires to be honorable and honored among her sex. She thinks sometimes, as she has a right to think, of getting married, and her ideas of a home and home-life are worthy and commendable. But with all this, society will not allow her to be true to herself.

Can she be true to her own instincts, her own idiosyncrasies, her own deepest soul-longings, or her own profoundest judgment? No; everything that is *peculiar* must be eliminated, even if it is that which, in healthful development, would be the chief glory of her character. "What will *society* say?" "What will the *people* think?" are the questions that an anxious father and mother sound in her ears. If she is pretty and smart, she must be offered in sacrifice on the altar of fashion, for the sake of *society*. She must tame herself down to be a mere parrot, and learn to simper, and wriggle, and flirt, and dance, and reduce her life to a mere empty round of frivolities, even when her earnest soul is protesting indignantly against it; and become, in society and in church and in the family, a servile imitator in every thing that passes current in good society.

And if she is not pretty nor smart, her mediocrity is to be veneered with fashion's choicest mahogany, and she must learn to resort to deceptions, and play a

false part, and live under a mask until she is successfully traded off, and some luckless wight is put under legal bonds to be a victim of fraud for a life-time. And when these grow to be women, they are the saddest mixture in their characters.

One is not what she might have been; the other is not what she seemed to be. Neither of them is what God made her to be. They have no principles of their own, no tastes, nor habits; but are the veriest slaves; not daring to think, or speak, or dress, or act, except at the bidding of society.

Society means a few who compose the *ton*. They give law to the community.

If any of the *ton* gets a new bonnet, whether it should be four inches in diameter, or four feet, every body else must have a new "love of a bonnet," exactly like it. And so of every article of dress and equipage. If a leader of society graciously condescends to sneeze, you can hear the sublime echo of sternutatory eloquence from a hundred inferior noses. This contemptible toadyism reminds us of the official bulletins in Russia, wherein it is announced that his majesty has been graciously pleased to take a bad cold. Next day the bulletin declares that his majesty condescends to feel better, and it is hoped that in a day or two it will be his imperial pleasure to be entirely well.

If Mrs. Highflyer adopts the Grecian Bend, you will soon see all the ladies in town bent forward as if a severe attack of rheumatism were drawing them double. If she talks about the *fuhest cuhcles*, and *me lawd Bombahstees*, why then all tongues must twist and all lips must pucker until they can say *fuhest cuhcles*, and *me lawd Bombastes* just like she.

It would make no difference if it were to walk backwards, or wear a hump on the back as big as a camel's, or to talk through the nose, or to squeeze the nose in, or pull the ears out, so long as fashion required it, it would instantly become law.

And so our women, as well as our men, are the slaves of others, and are all clad in linsey-woolsey.

The result of this is not yet seen in our country. It leads to a restless attempt to ape those in better circumstances, and even large incomes are absorbed in the effort to keep up appearances. Children have to be dressed with any quantity of crimps and flounces; young ladies occupy a large share of their time in ministering to appearances, anxious mammas are feverish over the idea of somebody else's children getting ahead of theirs in dress.

Parties become a scene of rivalry where all depends on the mantua-maker and milliner, the dry-goods merchant and the jeweler; churches become glaring temples of fashion, and men spend a weary life of toil, and probably end in bankruptcy, in a vain effort to keep up appearances.

I said we had not begun to see the result of this yet. It is just beginning to be seen. It was seen in Rome, when this mad career of fashionable extravagance had been carried so far that marriage fell almost into desuetude, because people of the middle class could not afford to marry.

The downfall of Rome dates from that period. And it is coming to this in our country, that young men in moderate circumstances are afraid to marry. It is as much as and sometimes more than they can honestly do to maintain *themselves* in fashionable style; and to

take on, in addition, the expense of a wife and a house, and meet the demands of society, is more than they dare attempt. They could live sensibly and comfortably, but they can not live fashionably. The result will be, if this folly continues, a decay of marriage; and the results of this, in various ways, are vastly more alarming than we can take time now to discuss.

Look again at the *business* of life. Everywhere you are pained at the discovery of the mixed principles that govern men.

Take it in politics, during the war, it was somewhat consolatory to think, in the midst of treason and rebellion, that there was so much of lofty patriotism and self sacrifice; but a nearer view dissipated much of the charm, as you saw these noisy patriots clamoring for fat places, army contracts, positions in regiments or brigades, etc.; until it seemed as if it was largely a calculation how to trade in the lives of men for personal advantage.

And in our politics in time of peace, who thinks any longer of purity of elections, or purity of legislation? It is largely only a question of whether a man has *money* enough to carry his measure. Judges are bought; justice is dealt out for a price. The corruption is such in almost all high places that money is fast becoming the "one thing needful" to pave one's way to success in any rascality, however barefaced, or any crime, however appalling.

Two of the most powerful states of this union are owned by railroad corporations; and we are tamely submitting to a plutocratic tyranny which in any other country would produce insurrection.

In commercial circles there is noticeable a fearful

degeneracy in point of integrity. Speculations, frauds, deceptions of every kind, are tolerated. There is no rascality that is not tolerated, and even applauded, if it is only successful. And men do not seem to pause to inquire whether a thing is *right*, but only if it can *succeed*.

Through a long series of deceptions and falsehoods and dishonesties, men will hold stoutly on their way, and you never know a relenting of conscience until they *fail*. Many successful adventurers and most of our millionaires are rascals.

It is not in the nature of things that they could so often succeed in amassing fortunes so rapidly if there were not wrongs and frauds practiced, and injury done to others. Yet the public worship them until they fail. If the reckless gamblers in the gold ring in the great excitement some time ago had only succeeded, they would have been caressed and flattered and lionized. As long as the Tammany ring succeeded, it was worshiped, and its tremendous rascalities passed as skillful diplomacy. They failed, and they are derided for their failure, more than for their dishonesty.

When the Irishman fell from a high scaffold, and was taken up senseless, he was asked, after he came to: "Did the fall hurt, Patrick?" "Not in the laste, honey," was the reply; "the *fall* niver hurt me; it was the *sudden stopping* that knocked me sinseless intirely."

So men go on in moral degeneracy, falling all the time, but never thinking that the *fall* would hurt even if they fall into the bottomless pit. It is the *sudden stopping* only that they mourn over.

Can you name a business, a profession, a trade, in which falsehood, deception or humbug is not playing a

part? I will begin with my own profession. Clerical robes are too often made of linsey-woolsey. I do not refer to those who dress in woolen only—the wolves in sheep's clothing who now and then startle the land with their infamies; but to large numbers of ministers of good repute, and who are generally men of more or less merit. But they are not themselves. They are slaves, slaves of custom, of sect, of creed, succumbing to influences that spoil them of much of their manhood, and abandoning themselves often to mere cant and rant.

Can any sensible man tell why, as soon as a man enters the pulpit, he should lose his own voice and look and mien, and appear in a strange character, almost as much as if he were a play-actor? He can not read a hymn naturally. He can pray only with a pulpit tone. He can not speak without a whine, or a stilted measure and tone to his sentences. What is the matter? Is it a heavenly influence, or is it a foolish surrender to the tyranny of custom? Then how many are content to work away on the old treadmill, merely echoing the sentiments of others; and if they ever feel like breaking the shackles and thundering out their own deepest convictions, they tremble lest the people will not hear it, and persuade themselves that they are not worthy to undertake so grave a task; or they get into a fashionable church, where a crowd of linsey-woolsey worshipers are intent on reconciling God and mammon, and have no idea of a preacher's duty beyond meeting the wants of the hearers who pay him well to amuse them with rhetorical pyrotechnics. He preaches on such delectable themes as *The Voice of Antiquity*, or *The Lily among Thorns*, or *Science the*

Handmaid of Religion, or The Sacred Mountains, or The Window in Noah's Ark, or The Dream of Pilate's Wife,—anything but the sin that curses men, the Saviour that redeems them, the wrongs that are sinking them to hell, or the stern conflicts with evil to which the voice of duty calls them. I say this with a deep conviction that as a class the clergymen of our country are among the most honorable, pure, self-denying and earnest of any class of society. Of course, then, when I find even here much that derogates from the excellence that ought to belong to them, and from the power which ought to be almost omnipotent if manfully used, I can not be expected to pass a more favorable judgment on lawyers with their tricks and quirks and quibbles; doctors with their empiricisms and quackeries; merchants who never have anything but the best, and uniformly sell below actual cost; brokers who live only to accommodate their customers; and tradesman generally, who are constantly engaged in doing for every one what they would n't do for any one else. So special a favorite is every one that comes in, the wonder is how any one lives at all.

Everybody is offering the *best* at a *great sacrifice*, and buyers are always paying more than a thing is worth. Every horse sold is the *best* horse and the cheapest ever sold, and the dearest ever bought; and the world is so full of generous people who have been engaged for a lifetime in laboring for the good of others to their own injury, that it is really a matter of surprise that they have not all been involved in bankruptcy long ago!

I will not venture on another branch of this subject—the actual humbugs that are palmed off con-

tinually—for its magnitude is beyond our capacity of management. Medicines that always cure ; genuine Monongahela rye, twenty years old, or brandy at \$8.00 per bottle, that was made next door, within a month, and has not a drop of pure liquor in it ; gift concerts, where watches worth \$500, and pianos worth \$800 can be had for twenty-five cents ; sewing machines for one dollar ; learning made easy, and language acquired in twenty lessons ; dollar stores, where for every dollar laid out you will receive \$25.00 worth in return ; patent bread, patent churns, patent stoves that will cook in the summer time without heat, and heat in the winter time without fuel ; patent glasses that will restore sight to the blind ; patent music that will enable every one to sing scientifically in a few hours ; and patent everything except sense and honesty, for which there is so small a demand that a patent on these would be a losing concern.

Another specimen of linsey-woolsey is seen in the mixed elements in religious character. I do not think that my religious ideas have any taint of asceticism. I have no sympathy with that kind of piety which is distressed at a hearty laugh, and rolls up its eyes in holy deprecation of all relish of the good things of this life. But evidently religion was meant to effect such a regeneration of human nature that its subjects would be, in important respects, “new creatures.” In point of honesty, benevolence, the regulation of the passions, the fear of God, and the hope of heaven, it is contemplated that its subjects shall be a “peculiar people.” It is not expected that they will be faultless, nor that they will never be inconsistent, nor that they will all be equally good ; for the material religion

works on varies in quality, and at all times it is a conflict with evil, in which occasional reverses must be expected. But with all these abatements, it still remains true that a genuine Christian character, whatever its defects, will be pitched on a nobler principle, and sustained by nobler inspirations than can be claimed by any worldly character whatever.

And so it is, we are happy to say, in thousands of cases; but when you look at the masses of professors of religion, are you particularly struck with this difference? In what respect are they changed? I fear the change is about what a missionary reported in one case. He had been distributing tracts, and one day a poor fellow came in to thank him for the tract, and to tell what great benefits he had derived from it. "That tract has wrought a great change in me, sir, that tract has! Before I read that tract, sir, I didn't care for God or the devil; but since I read it, sir, *I loves 'em both alike!*"

That is about as far as the change goes with linsey-woolsey professors. Their religion is not a renunciation of the world and of sin, but rather an artful attempt to incorporate God and heaven with it—to reconcile God and mammon; to insure against damage by fire in the future world at a certain per cent; and the principle effort is to keep the policy paid up. But so far as pride, fashion and extravagance go, or shrewd and sharp business practice, or avaricious grasping for gain, or participation in oppressive monopolies, or reckless stock gambling, or unprincipled speculations, or selfish disregard of the wants or woes of others, or pride of caste, or any other prevalent folly or sin, who can say that the distinction between the church and

the world is a marked one? Religion is with them a matter of taste, or of emotion, or of social advantage, to make the world more enjoyable; and its purer and sterner phases are all unknown to them. Imagine a gay votary of fashion and pleasure, arrayed in a glory above that of the queen of Sheba, and fairly blazing with jewelry, who has spent hours at the toilet before church-time, singing:

"A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring."

Or a keen, eager, restless, avaricious trader, his head full of visions of a rise in the price of stocks, or of wheat, or of pork, or lands, attempting the devout strain:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Or a soft devotee of luxury, selfishly devoting his days and nights to gormandizing and dissipation, sighing forth on the Sabbath:

"O tell me no more of this world's vain store."

Happily they do not have to sing much. A paid choir comes from the opera or the dance-house to do the singing for them; and they have but to foot the bill and keep their insurance policy paid up. I am not speaking of the *hypocritical*, but of the masses of apparently honest and sincere people. They have become accustomed to this low and unworthy idea of religion, and they have no ambition to go beyond it. It is a selfish attempt to reap the advantages of religion at a miserably low rate, and trade on the mercy of God for their own carnal advantage.

There is another class outside of the church, in which similar inconsistencies are found. By education and surroundings, they are led to sympathize with religion, and they like to weave in a certain amount of

linen with their woolen in the garb of character. But you can not bring them to a manly acceptance of the obligations of religion. They form, in some respects, a contrast with the class we have described. Those *pray*, but they will not *pay*; these *pay*, but refuse to *pray*. Those *profess*, but do not *practice*; these are willing to *practice* to a certain extent, but they will not *profess*. Those are great on forms and ordinances, and tithe the mint, anise and cumin accurately, while the weightier matters of the law are neglected; these condemn the ordinances, and make morality every thing, yet even their morality is linsey-woolsey. They are not uniformly moral. They have their pet virtues, and like the doctor who was great on fits, and had to throw every patient into fits before his medical skill was available, they have to reduce everything into their own denomination of virtue before they can make any display. One man prides himself on honesty: he keeps his word; he never cheats; his notes never go to protest; but he is mean, selfish and stingy to the last degree. Another prides himself on his *benevolence*: he never, never fails to answer a call of distress; but he gets as drunk as a fool every now and then. Another is public-spirited, and makes himself generally useful, so that the community could hardly get along without him; but he swears like a trooper, and lies like Baron Munchausen. And here is a lady who is remarkable for leading off in all good works; but she is dreadfully given to gossip—and so it goes. There are two troubles in all these cases.

1. The good that is in them serves to sanctify the evil, and for a time makes their wrongs respectable, or at least tolerable.

2. The evil is sure to get advantage of the good. Sow your field with mixed seed, and the most worthless will triumph over the most valuable, and finally usurp possession of the soil. It can never be a desirable character.

Again, in education this same mixing process is growingly manifest. The high aims of education, to develop the whole man, physically, intellectually and morally, into perfect symmetry, subordinating merely animal and material interests to those which are intellectual and spiritual, are greatly interfered with and degraded by the utilitarianism of the age. It is too long and too weary a toil to plod for five or six years along the beaten paths of learning; shorter methods must be adopted. It is no longer a question: Will it develop my nature? Will it give me true manhood, and fit me for higher usefulness? But, will it *pay*? Is it *easy*? Can I get through *soon*?

So teachers are forced to devote themselves to shallowness, and content themselves with imparting a smattering of knowledge, and aim to make it as showy as possible. Schools and colleges must teach a little of everything, and not much of anything, and the student's robe is a good deal like that described in the beginning of the lecture—a ludicrous combination of incongruous patches; a coat of many colors. And the worst of it is that, so far as there is any definiteness of aim in education, it is a low and mercenary aim. It is simply to secure what will be available for some line of business. The elevation of the mind, the invigoration of the reasoning powers, the expansion of the soul into large and generous fellowship with the true, the beautiful and the good, the impulsion of the higher nature

forward in a career of investigation in which it may successfully develop its immortal powers in nobler directions, all this is nothing. Give us something in twelve lessons that can enable us to make a living without hard work, or show us how to turn one dollar into a hundred—that is what we want. And if you can not give it to us, we will start to-morrow for the city of Humbug, where the distinguished Professor Hocus Pocus engages to fit us for the most honorable positions in one term, and get us good places at large salaries when we are through. This is to me the most contemptible and odious of all the quackeries of the time. A man may be deceived with balsams, and elixirs, and sarsaparillas, and patent churns, and all that, and escape without greater loss than a few dollars of money, or a few retchings of stomach in nature's revolt against the imposition; but here it is the loss of that which more than all else ennobles and glorifies human nature and human character, and the life-long poverty and bankruptcy of soul into which these imprudent pretensions lead so many of our young men.

I will notice only one more instance of this incongruous mingling of distinct and discordant elements. And as I have given most of this lecture to the gentlemen, it is but fair that the ladies should be honored with more special attention ere I close. We have been accustomed to think that women were different from men; that difference of sex involved a difference of physical organization, of physiological characteristics, of mental and spiritual aptitudes, and, of necessity, of spheres of activity.

We had supposed that woman was the *heart* of society, not its *head*; and that her scepter was the

gentle but all potent one of *love*; that gentleness, and purity, and refinement, keen perceptions and quick intuitions, the love of the beautiful, and delight in the spiritual, gave her a special sphere of power, and a peculiar line of pursuits and enjoyments, not separate from man's, indeed, nor at war with it, but such as would complement his defective nature, and enable each to find in the other what was necessary to its perfection.

We had thought that what we call man was only half of a complete being, and that woman was the other half; and that perfection of life and enjoyment was only to be found in the union of the two. It seems we were mistaken. It is now discovered that a woman is as much of a man as any other man, and that it is downright injustice to doom her to house-keeping and the round of domestic duties, when she is just as capable as man himself to vote and to fight, to sit on juries, go to congress, or sit in the president's chair. And it is accordingly proposed to invest her with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, abolishing entirely the distinction of sex.

Now, to guard against all misapprehension, I will say here that I believe that woman has been very unjustly dealt with, and shut out from many pursuits for which her nature eminently fits her; and I should be sorry to speak one word that could be construed into a disregard of her right to all that can elevate her nature to greater power for good.

But on this one point before us I am constrained to regard the Woman's Rights movement as utterly at war with nature and with common sense. I have no special repugnance to women's voting, so far as the

welfare of the country is concerned. When we let every race and every grade of men share that privilege, so that not only the ox and the ass are yoked, but the lion and the opossum, the elephant and the tadpole, the tiger and the mule, the bear and the pig, the hyena and the coon, the gorilla, the monkey and the lizard—all the motley throng of big and little, wise and ignorant, of every land and every religion—it ought not to be regarded as particularly dangerous to let our women have an equal chance to vote; nor when brutal pugilists and reckless gamblers and drunkards go to congress, need we be alarmed at the thought of sensible women legislating for us; but that it would prove dishonoring and degrading and demoralizing to woman herself, I have little doubt. Her charm, her power, is in her weakness, her delicacy, her purity. She can not come into whiskey-rings, and political caucuses and canvasses, and banter rude and coarse and unprincipled men at the hustings, and subject herself to the fierceness of political animosity, and the trickery of politicians, without dissolving forever the charm by which she holds her present potent sway over mankind. It is an attempt to mix and mingle elements of character and of life which can only produce the coarsest kind of linsey-woolsey. We are told that she will refine political society and banish the coarseness and corruptness that now prevail. But with all possible respect and reverence for woman's nature, I am compelled to dissent. Woman, when started in a wrong direction, grows worse more rapidly than man, and descends, if possible, into deeper degradation. Her fine nature once marred, her delicacy once overcome, the angel soon becomes the demon. She sways a scepter from

the veiled throne of her womanly power, that would soon be torn from her grasp in the rude contest of promiscuous crowds; and even in her return to her home she would no longer be the gentle, loving spirit that husband and children would want to revere.

Sometimes women are taunted with the question, whether, if they were allowed to vote, they would consent to fight. It is ignorance that propounds this question. Women can fight. I do not refer to single instances, as the Maid of Orleans, and her of Saragossa; but women *en masse* can fight, and fight bravely. To give only one instance, in the wars of the Netherlands with Philip II, in the siege of some of the cities, the women acted a part which for bravery and persistent daring and heroic sacrifice can never be surpassed. I do not doubt their ability. But, then, who wants to see them fight? Who wants a fighting woman for a wife, a hardy soldier with bloody hands for a bosom companion? Surely, surely there is better work for woman to do, and nobler fields for the exercise of her powers. The period of Lacedemonian degeneracy was when the women ceased to be women, and took hold of affairs of state. The period of Roman degeneracy was when marriage fell into desuetude, and woman left her natural sphere to search for other fields of ambitious gratification. The conservative power of our country is largely in *our homes*, and when these are forsaken or neglected, and the home-circle is no longer the theater of woman's queenly power, the days of our republic will be numbered and the handwriting will be seen on the wall. It should be every woman's ambition to be a wife and a mother; to educate herself for this, and to subordinate all else to this grandest aim of

her earthly being. We are told of the three-fourths of a million of excess of the female sex in our country; and we are asked, what will you do with these? I answer that this changes the plea. It is no longer a plea for woman as such, but for a particular class of women. It is a grave question, what shall be done for them. I am not disposed to ignore it. I would have them marry, if possible. Why not? If we can not balance matters with other nations, and get enough clever men imported to take them in hand and provide for them, then we must open paths of industry for them in such spheres as they can successfully occupy; and in this I am disposed to go as far as the most radical advocates of their rights would ask. But this is not a question of woman's rights, but merely of justice to a particular class of women, and a very worthy class too. We advise women to eschew linsey-woolsey; to be women, and not men; to assert the less noisy but more potent dominion of gentleness and purity and love which God has given to them, and to remember that they are a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. That woman is in some respects inferior to man, and in others his superior, is, I think, beyond question. I have pleasure in awarding to her all that she can claim in intellectual and spiritual endowments, and I would open to her every avenue to employment in which she can succeed and still preserve the peculiar charm of her nature inviolate; but let her be woman, and not man; the heart, and not the head.

It is worthy of remark, that when the redeemed and glorified are represented to us as arrayed for their entrance on the scenes of eternal felicity, their robes are not linsey-woolsey, but "fine linen, clean and white;

for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." We must take our linsey-woolsey garments to pieces, and "reconstruct" our robes with pure linen; singleness of purpose, purity of principle, oneness of aim must characterize us if we would stand at last among the bright immortals. We must learn rifle practice and become sharpshooters, able to hit the target in the center. Any idiot can take an old firelock musket and fire at the universe, and stick a few stray shot into something somewhere; but it takes a steady hand and an educated vision and long practice to hit the center at long range with a rifle ball. I know that where there is this intensity of purpose and concentration of thought and will, there is apt to be something rugged and unamiable and forbidding in the character; for it is *rock*—hard, jagged rock—and in your fall against it you will be broken. You would rather fall into the mud. But, after all, who would not rather be granite in his character, than soft, oozy mud? Look at that hairy, stern, terrible looking Elijah, dealing in fire and hot thunderbolts. He was not popular as the pliant Ahab; yet Ahab would have been forgotten but for Elijah. Even the fierce Jezebel has a sublimity of character which makes Ahab contemptible in her presence, albeit it was a sublimity of evil.

Look at John the Baptist, in his hairy garments, dwelling apart from men, and refusing all participation in the pursuits of the world. Yet he no sooner lifts his voice than all Judea gathers at his call, and all men do him homage.

Look at Luther, and Calvin, and Knox; stern, uncompromising, terrible men, hated, maligned, persecuted; yet they live to-day in millions of our race, and

sway the destinies of earth's most enlightened nations, while the trimmers and time-servers of their day have passed into eternal oblivion.

Look at William the Silent, most glorious of men, who, against the overpowering wealth and despotism of Spain, at a time when the riches of the world were pouring into her coffers, and the ablest general of the age commanded her veteran troops, held all that power at bay, and defended the Netherlands against it in a long series of miraculous heroisms and endurances that extorted the admiration of the world. He had one thought in his soul—*civil and religious liberty*. To this he consecrated his life, for this he sacrificed his honors, and wasted his estates, and exhausted his fortune. When Spanish gold corrupted his main adherents, and the whole land seemed turned against him, in a most sublime devotion to principle he stood erect, like a lone rock in the ocean, against which the waves dashed in vain. Single handed he was more than a match for Philip II. and his vast empire—Spain's armies defeated, and all her arts and policies frustrated by this one glorious man. It was resolved at last to put a price on his head, and trust the assassin to rid the world of his unconquerable presence. For his presence, and his incorruptible truthfulness, and his lofty self-devotion, found allies in the winds and waves, and thunders and lightnings, and the stars in their courses fought for William the Silent; armies of heaven fought for him. The assassin laid him low at last. But even then his power did not die. His spirit glided along the dykes and canals and over the marshes of Holland, and through the streets of Antwerp and the great marts of commerce, until the long and dreary and terrible

struggle ended in the complete emancipation of the Netherlands, and the planting of free institutions which stand to-day the pride and the glory of Protestant lands. We can not all fill such a place; but we can all, in our respective spheres, cultivate the same high manliness, and according as it is given to us, act our part in the great drama with equal credit, and wear an immortal crown.

We talk of the wonders of the world, but to me the sublimest of wonders is a genuine man or woman, successfully battling against the witcheries of sin and sense, and overcoming all earthward gravitations in a determined ascent to the mountain top of truth and righteousness. Anxiously, tremblingly, he touches the keys until he is sure he has struck the true key-note of existence. Carefully, prayerfully, sleeplessly, he surveys the heavens until he detects the polar star of his hopes. Through a thousand fears and strifes and experiments, he succeeds in rigging and trimming his vessel, and obtaining chart and compass that he can trust, and then committing himself to the God who ruleth the winds, and stayeth the raging of the seas, he ventures bravely out on the voyage of life. Contrary winds detain him; contrary currents oppose him, and eddies whirl and fogs encompass him. Tempests break over him. Sirens sing along the dangerous coast; false lights hang out over perilous rocks; but with his eye on the chart and the compass, and his soul mounting above the storm, he triumphs over wind and wave, and sirens, and pirate forces, and ploughs his way sublimely through the threatening billows, until he greets with joy the sight of the desired haven. And though he comes in weather-beaten, battle-scarred, and maimed, with shattered

hulk and tattered sails, and his log-book tells of a weary wandering over pathless wastes, where often the last gleam of hope was about to be quenched in rayless night, still he is there, in port, home at last, and home forever; and to him the God of heroes says: "Thou shalt walk with me in white, for thou art worthy."

THINGS IN OUR OWN IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD.

It was a plank-road meeting. The inhabitants of an exceedingly rural district, to whom the mails were dragged once a week, through many miles of unbroken forest, through deep mud, and over primitive corduroy roads, and who were very anxious to increase the facilities for communication with the outer world, had assembled to devise means for accomplishing that desirable object. The most feasible plan was to build a plank-road. It was, to these primitive backwoodsmen, a glorious vision. They had little cash, but any amount of timber; and plenty of axes, and strong arms to wield them; and saw-mills enough to convert the logs which the hardy axemen brought them into lumber.

Experience had not yet demonstrated the untrustworthy nature of this sort of highways—its cost of construction and of everlasting repairs. There was only present in their imaginations the blissful contrast between the weary struggles through bottomless mire at the rate of a mile in three hours, and sometimes at no rate at all, except a steady rate downwards, into deeper helplessness, so that if not a voluntary, there was a compulsory adherence to the apostolic admonition: "Stand, therefore, and, having done all, to stand"—the blissful contrast, I say, between this soft, unlovely and unpoetical muddiness and *deep* distress, and the smooth, cheery, glib gliding over the solid plank, untroubled with any fears of the "horrible pit

and the miry clay " with which they had been but too familiar. So they came together in answer to a written call tacked on the school-house door, to consider of this matter. The meeting was organized. A verdant orator whose possibilities of fame had up to this hour slumbered in profoundest quiet, or at best had clothed themselves in dreamy fancies, arose to address the assembly on his *wooden* theme. The crisis of his life was upon him. The destinies of his earthly life were suspended on the issues of the occasion. He was big with his theme—a *lumbering* one, it is true; and the ideas of his auditors were altogether muddy; but he must bring them out of the depth of mud in which they too long had wallowed, and elevate them to a nobler platform, every plank of which should have the merit of solid worth. He felt the difficulty of his reformatory effort; for he knew how hard it is to lift people out of the ruts in which they and their fathers had plodded their way so ingloriously, even if it was clearly for the better. But he was resolved to charm them into attention and storm them into wisdom. So he leaped at once into his subject in the following majestic style:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—While the cosmopolite is plowing his way over stormy seas, or climbing perilous heights, and scaling precipitous rocks to enjoy the intoxicating inspirations of a rarified atmosphere on Alpine summits, amid the everlasting glaciers, or toiling with the weary caravan over burning deserts, or resting in Oriental indolence beneath the stately palm, or hunting the lion in exciting chase through the jungles, or wandering amid the melancholy ruins of cities of ancient renown, pensively

meditating on the vanity of human wishes and ambitions, or meeting the gaze of the solemn sphinx, whose riddle is yet unsolved; while the geologist, my fellow-citizens, is digging into the stony heart of earth, and compelling dumb nature to disgorge secrets that have been stereotyped in rock and hidden away from the curious gaze of man, that he may translate and render to a startled world the sublime revelations of these most ancient records of the doings of omnipotence; and while the astronomer, Mr. President and fellow-citizens, forgets the earth and its cares, and soars away on the wings of science to immeasurably distant fields of light, and wanders gaily through the fields of immensity, dancing with the stars in their glorious rounds, or chasing comets in their eccentric flights, until his soul is wrapt in a blaze of glory, and his genius sparkles with the fires of heavenly constellations; I say, Mr. President, let the cosmopolite roam, and the geologist dig and burrow, and the astronomer gaze and fly; *but let us attend to things in our more immediate neighborhood!* WE NEED A PLANK-ROAD."

The plank-road champion was right. His composition may not have been according to the best wisdom and taste of Quintilian, and his inflated sentences might be condensed into solider utterances; but his sentiment was just. Of what avail is geology or astronomy or extensive travels to a man with a four-horse team and a heavily loaded wagon, stuck in the mud? He can see all the stars he wants to see when he strains himself in a dead lift at his swamped wagon, and bring up more geological specimens on his boots than he cares to examine, every time he drags himself out of the mire.

Yet there is a strong propensity to busy ourselves with things at a distance, to the neglect of things in our more immediate neighborhood. We are fonder of the telescope than of the microscope, though a careful use of the latter might reveal to us a thousand things of greater practical moment than ever reward the curiosity of the star-gazer. Some people will watch all night, the year round, searching for a new asteroid, or rob themselves of sleep for a week watching for a meteoric shower, that could not tell you, if their life depended on it, the constituent parts of the soil they walk on, or the number of bones in their own bodies, or the elements combined in the air they breathe, or where their spleen is located, except when they find it at the end of their tongues, ready to spit itself at the first inoffending head that comes along. There are travelers every year going abroad to "see the world," who pass within a mile of Niagara Falls without seeing them, on their way to visit Mt. Vesuvius; although, as the Yankee said when a foreigner vaunted to him: "In our country, sir, in our country, we have Mt. Vesuvius." "Have you?" said Jonathan; "well, in our country we have the Falls of Niagara, that could put it out in five minutes." People study French and German, and Latin and Greek and Hebrew, that can not spell half the words in their own language, and are shamefully ignorant of their own literature. Men talk learnedly of Gauls and Britons, and the siege of Troy, and the glories of Marathon, that never read a history of the war of 1812; and talk oracularly of the Justinian Code and the Code Napoleon, that could not give an intelligible exposition of the main features of the Constitution of the United States. I once knew a clergy-

man, learned and devout, that when his parishioners sent him a barrel of flour for his family, and several bags of bran for his cow, returned a note of acknowledgment, thanking them for the flour, but stating that he did not know what that stuff in the bags was meant for—thus frankly confessing that *he did n't know bran*.

Two of the most eminent literary gentlemen of England tried one day to get a collar off a horse, and having exhausted their strength and skill in a fruitless effort, sagely concluded that it was made on there, or was part of the horse, and was not intended to come off; and they stood aghast when the stupid hostler came up and turned the collar round and slipped it over the horse's head. Even the great Dr. Chalmers, author of the astronomical discourses, is said, when he paid a visit to his sister, to have turned his horse loose in her garden; and when the animal had tramped down the flower-beds, spoiled the vines, and ruined things generally, his innocent remark was: "I didn't think the animal was so senseless; I thought he would have keepit to the walks."

All these gentlemen needed to attend to things in their more immediate neighborhood.

And then, again, there are people who are good enough—altogether too good—at attending to things in their neighborhood, that have yet to learn to attend to things in their *more immediate* neighborhood. I have seen women, for instance, who were so busy watching their neighbors' housekeeping, and so shocked and oppressed at the thought of their slatternly ways, that they had no time to keep their own houses in order. and mourned literally in *sackcloth and*

ashes at home, over their neighbors' want of tidiness! I have seen men so knowing about the affairs of other people in their town, and so absorbed in interest over their delinquencies and approaching bankruptcies, that they entirely forgot to pay their own debts, and in a fit of abstraction went off one day without thinking to settle with anybody. There are people who know just exactly how and what everybody ought to do to make the community rich and prosperous, that never know how to make enough to keep their families from starving; and others who are busy keeping a whole town in order and mourning over the disorders of the times, whose own homes are very pandemoniums of strife and confusion. And I have seen church members, too, who possessed such exuberant benevolence as to part with every word of the sermon for the benefit of others; and like Artemas Ward, who so dearly loved his country as in his superhuman patriotism to offer all his wife's relations in sacrifice, they, in their excessive humility and goodness, are willing to confess the sins of all their neighbors unreservedly.

I once had a man complain to me that during prayer a large part of the assembly gaped idly around, and some were winking and laughing; and it greatly disturbed his devotions. I asked him how he knew it. "Why," said he, "I saw them with my own eyes." Then you were looking too, were you? That man was not attending to things in his *immediate* neighborhood.

But, are any of us guiltless in this matter? Look at society.

How anxious we are about things several removes from us. About the Bible in the schools, rather than about the Bible in our own families; about the church,

its purity and growth, rather than about our own individual purity and growth in grace; about the success of the temperance *society*, more than about the success of temperate *me*; about the salvation of the inhabitants of "Borrioboola Gha," while the heathen at our doors are neglected. Men will go from Cincinnati to the North Pole to search for the bones of Sir John Franklin, with a zeal and enthusiasm you could not put into them in behalf of the thousands of helpless and dying ones that need **their** assistance only a few squares off. We have temperance societies, and Daughters of Rebekah, and Masons, and Odd Fellows, and Young Men's Christian Associations, and various clubs and political associations to keep the country from ruin, and innumerable charities for the amelioration of the condition of society, and Women's Rights Associations; and by the time that men and women have gone the rounds of serving the public at festivals, and sociables, and secret societies, and public meetings in behalf of some great public interest, and have been hard at work all day Sunday trying to help *other people* to be good, it is found that they have been compelled to neglect their own families almost entirely; the things in their *immediate* neighborhood have been overlooked, and the only remedy is to turn their children on the public, and ask the church and the state to do for them what they were under the most solemn obligations to do for themselves. They send their children to the public school to be educated in secular wisdom and manners, and to be reformed of their disorderly habits; to the Sunday-school for a knowledge of the Bible, and to church to be converted. And if these fail, and their children grow up to be reprobates, then they turn them over to

the temperance society to cure them of drunkenness, to the Young Men's Christian Association to redeem them from bad company, or send them to the reform school to save them from the penitentiary; and when they have run their short career of folly and sin, and have come down to premature death, the Masons or Odd Fellows must take them in charge to see that they are buried; and all this because parents did not attend to things in their more immediate neighborhood. Their children go on crutches through the world, moral cripples, or are stayed and bolstered by the public, simply because they were not educated at home to manliness, intelligence and piety.

Let me not be understood as denouncing all these associations. Many of them are needed, as society now is. But if our homes were what they ought to be, many of them could be dispensed with, and the rest would have a higher mission than is now assigned them. We are loading the church, the state, and voluntary associations, with burdens that belong to the individual and to the family. That is the great evil.

We have three divine institutions to promote human welfare and meet human wants: the family, the state, and the church.

The first is the primal social institution, small in its domain and dominion. The state is an aggregation of families, larger or smaller, according to geographical, ethnological or other distinctions. The church is ecumenical, reaching out after universal brotherhood, and extending the dominion of the grace of God as wide as the reign of human sin and human woe. These have their respective aims and functions—an interesting and profitable subject of in-

quiry, but not in the range of our subject to-night. Of these three institutions the family is the oldest, and, you will allow me to say, the most important. For two thousand years family religion was the only divine religion. The church and the state are supplied from the family, and are largely what the family makes them. If the family existed in its integrity, the state would have but limited functions, and the church would take on a different character. If we brought to the state educated citizens, and to the church children trained at home to fear God and keep his commandments, and if personal responsibility and self-control in church and state were what they ought to be and might be, it is easy to see that the state would have little governing to do, and the church, in place of spending her strength to straighten what we have allowed to grow in crookedness, or to shape and polish the unshapen or misshapen natures we bring to her altars, would grow silently up with layer on layer of shapely and polished stones, and squared and solid timbers, without sound of hammer, or ax, or saw, to disturb the sacred peace and quiet that should ever dwell in the temple of Jehovah. But we are ever seeking to shift our responsibilities on to the state and the church. The *state* must educate, and the *state* must prohibit the sale of liquors, and the *state* must reform the vicious and the criminal; and the *church* must convert reprobates, and the *church* must instruct our children in religion, and the *church* must promote virtue and piety; and if this fails, then we must have societies, young men's societies, and young women's societies, and societies for the drunken, and for the fallen, and to prevent cruelty to animals, etc., etc. There is only one thing left: that is to break up

housekeeping, and let the state board us and clothe us, or establish some system of communism, where everybody shall be everybody else's wife or husband, or father or mother, and all the holy ties of kindred and home be destroyed.

It is time to explain to you that when I chose the title for this lecture, "Things in Our Immediate Neighborhood," I had my mind fixed on *home* as most imperiously demanding our attention.

We are losing our home affections, we are neglecting our home duties, we are degenerating as to home virtues, and we need plain and pungent discussion of this side of social life. Let us, then, look for a little while at home.

Did our time allow, we would go back of home to the individual man, and treat of him in his self-hood. But we can not afford it now.

Let us pass by the season of courtship, and marriage, and the honeymoon, and taking an average specimen of husband and wife, look at them as they begin housekeeping. The flush of excitement is over, the rhapsodies of love-making are past, and they are settling down in the sober rounds of every-day life; the steady, lifelong journey on which they have entered. They have a cozy little home, plain, but comfortably furnished; they have health and the means of success in life, so that, with industry and economy, they may get along prosperously.

There is a freshness and novelty and excitement in the thought of a home of their own. If they are at all similar in taste, or, being dissimilar, have sense and principle enough to overcome the opposition, all may go well. But these are critical years, the first two or

three years of married life, in which is wrapped up much of destiny.

If foolish imaginings have led them to expect too much of each other, and the nice attention and boundless devotion of courtship are succeeded by selfish demands and exactions on one hand, and selfish carelessness on the other, it is not long until the spark of love is quenched, and the charm of home is lost. It is best to keep on courting, and to keep up polite attentions; they ought to be worth as much after as before marriage; and the great trouble is that familiarity breeds contempt, and strips away all the charm of the more distant view which was once so inspiring. But as yet we will suppose that all is love and peace.

The wife makes home bright and cheerful; the husband spends his evenings at home; friends gladden them with visits; and they share each other's joys and sorrows with mutual trust and sympathy. They come, in time, to know that holiest joy that the human heart is permitted to know this side of heaven, the joy of fatherhood and motherhood, for it is the holiest joy that is ever vouchsafed to mortals, in any earthly relation, to gaze on one's first born. Home is holier now, perhaps the holiest it will ever be; for as cares increase, and toils increase, and trials increase, it is, I fear, the smallest number that learn how to employ them and control them to make home dearer and more delightful. The husband becomes absorbed in his calling, and has less time to spend at home. There are lodges, and leagues, and meetings of various kinds to occupy his evenings, so that, in a little while, he is at home simply to eat and sleep; and his wife is left to drudge in her monotonous round with little association and less sympathy.

And if, under the pressure of weariness or feebleness, she wears a cloud on her brow when he comes home, or the baby is bawling lustily, or the supper is not quite ready, he is soon the most ill-used man in the world, and flies from home as soon as possible for some more desirable retreat. If his wife is blessed—as it is reported most of her sex are—with a tongue, and possesses the virtue of frankness, and has taken lessons in the school of Mrs. Caudle, she probably gives him a piece of her mind for her own relief. I am not supposing an extreme case. I will not say they quarrel; they only have a free expression of sentiment. But the charm is dissolved. The honeyed phrases of former times are succeeded by exceedingly plain and even severe utterances; smiles have given way to tears and sulks; entreaties to commands, and requests to exactions.

Their life is no longer in common. The wife learns to live within herself, and the husband within himself, or within some association outside of home. They both find that they are not very much married, and there succeeds the most hideous domestic skeleton—a heartless, cold, and utterly cheerless association, hidden away from the world for a time under the outside formalities and courtesies which make of life a living lie.

Or, what is perhaps as often true, without any cause or intention of alienation, the husband and wife each becomes absorbed in a special line of duties and tastes, unaware of the divergence of their paths until it is too late. They started even; but he, in his ambition to succeed, is toiling in his line, and mingling with men that lead his

heart out in special paths of inquiry and effort. He rises, but he takes not his wife with him. He is not careful to have her share his thoughts and sympathies; and in a few years he can not talk to her; she does not understand him; she has been going the same dreary round of toil and care, providing for his physical comfort, and he has been reading and studying, and rubbing against the world, until he is a polished and influential gentleman, and she is a timid, uncultivated, awkward woman. There is a great gulf between them. He begins to be ashamed of her—thinks he did not find his “affinity,” married beneath him, etc. Not so; she was his equal once, and he might have kept her so. He is only paying the penalty of his own neglect. Unless a woman is an outrageous termagant or a thorough-paced fool, if she has an ordinary amount of sense and a good heart, her husband can have her grow with him and rise with him, and have occasion to be proud of her in any circle into which he is fit to go himself. But now she must either sit down and pine in hopeless inferiority, or enter into another class of associations entirely different from his; or, to escape from the intolerable burden of her loneliness and sorrow, run off with the first scapegrace that treats her kindly, and plunge into eternal disgrace. There are thousands of brave, heroic hearts that are suffering in hell—even in splendid homes—for want of thoughtful sympathy and love; and there are thousands of murderers who have never shed a drop of blood, but who, in their selfishness, and coldness, and haughtiness, and exactions, visit the horrors of a living death on the trusting hearts that they promised to love, honor and cherish all the days of their lives. And many of them

are not aware of what they are doing until it is too late for remedy.

As a general rule, men can not trust their wives too much, nor be too careful to keep them on their own level of life.

Once in a while a man may be unfortunate enough to find himself married to a mere babbling, rattling fool, or a senseless creature of prodigality, who has to be watched, and restrained; but not oftener than women find themselves married to loonies, or what is worse, to incorrigible bears, whose only safe place is in the cage of a menagerie, or at the north pole among the icebergs. But these are the exceptional cases, which we do not now discuss. I say, as a general rule, woman can be trusted and improved, and is her husband's best counselor. Give her confidence; acquaint her with your business, whatever its intricacies or perplexities; familiarize her with your pursuits and your associations, and she will stand by you, and advise you, and uphold you, and suffer with you, as no other being can. It is said of Disraeli, that when starting for the parliament-house on one occasion, charged with a great speech, at a critical juncture, his wife, who was going with him, had her finger caught fast by the carriage door as the servant hurriedly shut it. She was aware of the importance of the crisis in parliament, and rather than divert her husband's attention or cause him the least disturbance, she rode to the parliament-house with her finger held fast, enduring the most excruciating torture; and he never knew it until the next day.

That shows what a woman can do *in a pinch*. I would not like to answer for most women under such

circumstances. But I will answer for most of them under ordinary circumstances, if you give them but fair dealing. Not only would they be faithful, but they would be serviceable. They may not know half as much as their husbands about business and professional life; but their intuitions are deeper and keener; and they will read character, and judge of *men* (they can not be trusted to judge of each other), and see at a glance farther than most men can reason in an hour. If you ask them *why?* or *how?* they answer you as Shakespeare makes only his lady-characters answer: "I have none other than a woman's reason, I think it's so—because—I think it's so!"

It is not *thinking* at all, it is *seeing*; and often it is better than all the logic in the world.

If I were going to seek after infallibility on earth, I would not seek it in an Ecumenical council of dreary old bachelors; I would seek it in the intuitions of a pure-hearted woman, and especially of a wife.

There is no greater wrong done in a home than to destroy the confidence and trust between husband and wife, parent and child. *Faith*, in nature, as in grace, underlies all peace and all goodness; and when it is absent, no amount of works will justify us. Mr. Spurgeon says of a visit to Venice:

On the island of Lido, within hail of Venice, one hears on the Sabbath a very heaven of music floating over the lagoon from the church bells of "that glorious city in the sea." The atmosphere seems to ripple with silver waves akin to those which twinkle on the sea of glass before you. A mazy dance of sweet sounds bewilders you with delight; it is a mosaic of music, or, if you will, a lace-work of melody. One would not wish to lose a note, or hush the glorious

clangor of a single bell. How changed it all is, when the gondolier's fleet oar has brought you close under the Campaniles, when you are gliding smoothly along those marvelous streets, where "the salt seaweed clings to the marble of the palaces." Then the booming of the bells, incessant, impetuous, thundering, garrulous, discordant, becomes an almost unbearable affliction. On your right a little noisy demon calls from the hollow of his cracked shrine in a voice dolefully monotonous, and yet actually piercing, awakening a whole kennel of similar spirits, each one more ill-conditioned than his brother; these, in turn, arouse a huge and monstrous Diabolus, who groans at you as if longing to grind your Protestant bones, and feed the departed souls of inquisitors with the dainty bread. Two or three sweet little bells cast in their dulcet notes, but the ear resents as an impertinence their unrequested addition to the deafening din; while worse than all, if perchance a moment's pause should occur, and the discordant and the booming noise-makers should rest, as though from sheer exhaustion, some miserable cur of a bell close at hand is sure to yap out like a scalded puppy, to the utter despair of the wearied traveler.

How true this often proves in the matters of which we are treating! In the distance—during youth and courtship—the sound of marriage bells is heavenly, and we are drawn towards the scene of enchantment with eager steps; but how often is it that "distance lends enchantment to the view." A nearer approach reveals more of Dante's *Inferno* than of Milton's *Paradise*.

But we must proceed. A few more years, and the children are growing rapidly towards manhood and womanhood. The father is too busy with the concerns of the public to care for them, and the mother is too much oppressed with her numerous and unceasing trials to be able to see to them. Yet their characters

are really formed within the first seven years! They must be packed off to school. The state is very kind to furnish a nursery and reformatory to which oppressed mothers can consign their turbulent youngsters for six hours of the day; and there are thousands that are sent to the schools for no other reason than to get rid of them in the house, and allow them to plague the teacher rather than the mother. Then for the balance of the day, if they are boys, they run the streets; gather at the depot, hang around bar-rooms, go to the circus, and learn to chew and smoke and swear and drink, and absorb the vulgarities of the street. If they are girls, they manage to spend as much time as possible away from home—anywhere, everywhere; if they can but escape the dreadful dullness and monotony of home-life. They come to look on home-life as a terrible necessity. Home is a place to eat, drink and sleep; a place to be lectured in and flogged for misdemeanors; a house of correction in which to be punished for their sins. All this while no confidence is established between parent and child; no pains are taken to make home pleasanter than any other place; no quiet hours of communion are spent together. There is no time. Even Sunday has no spare hours. There is so much to be done to save *other people* on that day, that, between church and Sunday-school and prayer meetings and singing meetings, no hour is left for home instruction. The best that can be done is to get the children washed and dressed for Sunday-school, and pack them off in the hope that the teacher will apply a spiritual scrubbing-brush and soap-suds to scrub out from their souls the stains and pollutions of the week.

The mischievous little rebels stand up and sing

"I want to be an angel!"

May be they do, but it is most likely the angel of the circus, flying around the ring on a galloping horse, performing strange evolutions for a gaping crowd. Can one hour of superficial Sunday-school instruction recover the soul from the folly and vulgarity and sin of a whole week? Is the absence of the constant influence of purity and peace and love at home to be compensated by an hour of prayer and praise? But in this way boys grow up and go to college; a perilous thing for boys thus raised. The temptations of college life are numerous and powerful. A lad who has been carefully and wisely trained at home, and who carries away with him pure and loving memories of parents, sisters, brothers and friends, may be safe, and be even the better for the vigorous conflict he is called to wage with evil. He will attract to himself congenial associates. But if he comes from such a home as we have been describing, and with such looseness of principle as must belong to such a training, woe betide him when he enters the wider circles of temptation, and becomes a prey to the glittering but ruinous seductions that draw him surely into the whirlpool of passion and sin. He is more than half ruined before he reaches manhood; and goes out to society to become a drunkard, or a gambler, or a fast young man; or at best to make his way through the world in hopeless mediocrity, bolstered up and watched and led by temperance societies and other benevolent associations.

And the girls—they, too, are growing. The daughter soon reaches an age when she must be sent off to

that queen of humbugs, a modern, fashionable female boarding school. She goes in the chrysalis state, to be hatched into a gaudy butterfly. After a few years she returns, chattering a little French, thrumming a piano with execrable accompaniment of operatic shrieks, doing a little embroidery, and wriggling all over with silly affectation. The best educated part of her is her feet and her fingers. She can sing, and she can dance; and she does sing and dance with untiring zeal; and flirts, and coquettes, and throws herself into a whirl of fashionable follies, thinking little of anything beyond dress, parties, and a beau. She understands nothing of herself, and nothing of other people, beyond a gay and gaudy exterior; and knows no higher delight than to drink in the flatteries and devotions of the perfumed dandies that dance attendance on her.

Do not blame her; she has no home, she has no father; she has not more than half a mother in the hopeless slave who toils away in the chains of necessity, and knows not how to counsel her own child. It is natural she should be pleased with flatterers, and find comfort in the genial atmosphere of fashionable life. Directly she falls in love with a fortune, or with a suit of broadcloth. Her heart begins to thrill with a new sensation. Of course she must not say anything to father or mother about it; that would never do. There has been established between them no confidence whatever, and marriage is never talked of in the family except in a *teasing* way. Now when, above all other times, she needs counsel, and sympathy, and guidance, she is left to hide her feelings and conceal her wishes. What does she know of the man who seeks her hand and

heart? He may be a scoundrel; he may be a wretched trifler, or mercenary, incapable of holy love. He may be of habits and tastes so at war with hers, that married life would be but a succession of horrible antagonisms. He may be scrofulous; he may belong to a family tending to insanity; he may be, worse than all this, meanly selfish and exacting and tyrannical. But she thinks nothing, knows nothing of all this. She is intoxicated with the charms of the exterior man. He is handsome, or smart, or witty, and he is said to be rich; and so, without counsel or help, until it is too far gone, there is nothing to do but let them be married, or startle the town with a new elopement to some Gretna Green. So she goes from home under the guidance of a stranger, and begins a new life for which she is entirely unprepared. Ignorant of the anatomy and physiology of her own frame, ignorant of her own soul and of her own real character, at a period when new mysteries are revealing themselves in her nature and new duties are accumulating, she is left to grope and blunder in the most sad ignorance, until her own painful experience reveals herself to herself at the cost of a broken constitution and a despairing heart. She wakes up out of her dream, a prisoner and a bankrupt in health and peace. By the time she is thirty her beauty has faded: crowsfeet begin to reveal themselves; her hair is getting gray, her teeth are gone, and she feels and talks old before the time for her womanly beauty and vigor to reach their climax. Do you think the picture over-drawn?

Happily, it is so; for in many cases even blind fortune is better to us than we deserve, and by the merest chance we often escape the legitimate results of our

ignorance and folly ; yet there are tens of thousands in whose cases all that I have said, and a great deal more that I have not dared to say, is true ; and all for want of faithfulness to the duties of home. A recent work of travels in Hungary gives the following description of the education of young women in that country :

“The eldest daughter, a charming girl of eighteen, might be said to possess all the qualifications, physical and mental, one could wish to find in a young woman of good position. To a very sweet face, with clear, blooming complexion and beaming eyes, and a graceful figure, she added the charm of the most winning manners, while her conversation betokened high cultivation, whether in reading, language, or accomplishments. We were surprised when her mother told us she had no longer any trouble with the *menage*, for that Illona took the entire charge of the household, and even gave an eye to the management of her younger brothers and sisters. ‘There is not,’ she added, ‘any department of needlework with which she is unacquainted, from darning a stocking or a table-cloth (so exquisitely that no one would detect the spot) to the choicest embroidery. In the kitchen,’ she continued, ‘she is equally efficient, and, as soon as she heard you were coming this evening, she begged the cook to let her prepare every dish that was to appear. She understands making all kinds of pastry and preserves, and even the curing of bacon ; and you must not think this is anything extraordinary—no Hungarian mother would consider that she had done her duty by her daughter if she had not thoroughly grounded her in all the knowledge she is likely to require as mistress of a family.’ We heartily admired this sensible mode of training, and secretly wished that American mothers entertained similar ideas on the subject ; but could not help thinking that such a training, useful as it is, must have interfered with the perfection which might have been attained by such a girl in the more elevated branches of her education. Any such doubts, however, were completely removed when, at

her mother's desire, Illona opened the piano and played with her, some national duets, without notes, and with the most consummate taste and feeling. Our astonishment was not to end here, for we found that our fair young friend possessed an admirable talent for drawing, when she produced a portfolio of most spirited sketches from nature. Her French accent was excellent, and she spoke English with tolerable fluency, being also well acquainted with many of our authors, whether in prose or verse."

But this was the result of a patient, religious, daily painstaking home education; and such a complete blending of the practical and esthetical can never be had where the main burden of education is transferred to other hands.

The great lesson we urge, then, is a *reconstruction of our homes*.

The most alarming feature of the present time is the decay of home affections. It is seen in the growing popularity of divorces, the corruption of even the religious conscience of the country on this question; the prevalence of free love doctrines; the public sympathy of clergymen, editors, authors, and women's rights women with those who set at naught the claims of marriage; the growing popularity of communism, which even in the name of religion breaks up the family and destroys the relation of husband and wife; and more than all in the universal decadence of family discipline and conjugal and filial affection.

We are disloyal to God and to our own nature when we neglect our homes. Better make less money, and have fewer cares, and live and die poor, leaving our children the legacy of well-developed natures and characters, than to toil and sweat to amass riches, and leave them to be squandered by a set of beings mentally and

morally deformed, whose pathway to ruin is only made the shorter by the wealth they inherit. We must have more time for our families. We must have fewer meetings on Sunday. Better one good sermon, worth listening to, and listened to with vigorous attention, than three half-prepared sermons, half listened to; and better to have a little religion at home Sunday afternoon and evening, than this eternal running to prayer-meeting, and every other kind of gathering, better designed to cultivate spiritual drunkenness than sobriety and steady principle.

When Davy Crockett told of all the great men at Washington and when they dined, he laid out so many dinners and so many hours, that there was no hour left for the President to dine. "And when does the President dine?" asked his hearers. "Oh!" said Crockett, "the President does n't dine *till the next day*." And so with us—we fill up all the hours with church duties and public interests, until the duties of home are all put over *until the next day*. Whose heart has not been touched in reading Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night? It is a beautiful picture. The children returning from their places of service to spend the hours of Saturday evening in their own humble cot:

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet.
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

And after the supper, and the familiar chats, and the fatherly counsel, comes the hour of devotion—when—

Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.

And then the reading of the sacred page:

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays;
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Yet what the Scottish peasant could only have on Saturday night, we, in this blessed land, might have every night; and if we had it, it would be better than Temperance Societies, or Free Masons', or Odd Fellows' Lodges, or Young Men's Christian Associations. It is the melancholy absence of such homes that renders these aids necessary.

When Daniel Webster had commenced his college-life, he became exceedingly anxious that his brother, Ezekiel, should enjoy the same advantages, and spoke to his father about it. The father was possessed of small means—the farm was mortgaged for Daniel's education: "I live for my children," said he, "and will do anything; but your mother and sister are the most interested persons; you had better see them." They at once consented. "But," said the old man to

his wife, "the farm is already mortgaged, and this new scheme will take all we have." "Let it go," said she; "I will trust the children." And her trust was not in vain. She lived to see her son Daniel rising into eminence, and found a home for her old age under her children's care. Could a life-time of advocacy of politics have done for the country what she did in giving to the Union the mighty defender of the Constitution?

"Home, sweet home;" what a sacred thing it is! Husband, wife; the most intimate and hallowed of earthly unions; the most expressive type, in its closeness and spirituality, of Christ and his Church.

Father, mother—the nearest approach to creatorship known among creatures; authors of beings destined to live forever. Son, daughter—a new edition of life; a reproduction of one's own life, in the innocence of babyhood, to be moulded and trained for the solemn responsibilities of life here, and the tremendous realities of the endless life hereafter. Brother, sister—sharing the same blood, and bearing the same image, able to love without stint, and to be fond without censure, and lending to each other's lives, in beautiful complement, the strength and courage that a dependent nature needs; the sweetness and gentleness that can subdue a rough and stormy nature into quietness. What, this side of heaven, should be so dearly prized? The baby in the cradle; the aged grandfather or grandmother in the old arm-chair; the parents in the strength and glory of manhood and womanhood; the young man rising into the dignity of his nature; the maiden blooming into the grace and sweetness of womanly perfection, the pride and joy of all hearts;

the merry voice of younger children ; the laugh and romp and clatter of unembarrassed childhood ; the gay song of happy spirits ; the gush of music, the flashes of wit, the clashing of interest, in which are learned self-denial and subjection ; the cheerful toils, the solemn worship, the steady development of the mysteries and glories of growing natures ; yes, and the sickness, and the sorrows, and the deaths, all make up a discipline and an education and a history whose memories will be as lasting as eternity. For, though death breaks the circle, they who are taken are golden links in the chain that binds the living to the unseen home beyond. Wordsworth has a beautiful little poem, in which he asks a little girl how many sisters and brothers are in the family, and she answers :

“Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Two of us in the church-yard lie—
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.

“‘How many are you then,’ said I,
‘If they two are in heaven?’
The little maiden would reply,
‘O master, we are seven.’

“‘But they are dead ; those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in heaven ;’
’T was throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, ‘Nay, we are seven ! ’

Yes, better to sit with what remain about the old hearthstone, and feel that it is still one family—those

who are there, and those who are out in the busy world, and those who are in heaven—all one, and all to meet again. That old hearthstone is watched by the eyes that were closed in death ; and they who have gone out into the rough world visit it in their prayers and tears a thousand times, and its loving memories hold them from evil more than all else in earth. Whether here or in heaven, a mother's love is still their choicest treasure, and a father's example and counsels their guiding-star. And when, one by one, grandsire and babe, and father and mother, and brother and sister, all have gone away from the old homestead, and passed over the river to the City of God, heaven will be no strange place to them. They had it here—in miniature ; heaven will be but the fullness of that holiness and love and order and peace and beauty and loving fellowship which made the home on earth the earnest of the everlasting home.

THE PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION.

It is a question often asked and seldom satisfactorily answered: If man needed a Saviour, why was not a Saviour sent immediately when man sinned? Why a delay of four thousand years? And why, meanwhile, did God bestow his grace upon one insignificant nation, and leave the great mass of mankind to perish in their sins?

Not only does the unbeliever find food for cavil here, but many Christians are perplexed over a problem apparently too full of difficulties to allow of satisfactory solution. Hence the Old Testament is to them largely a sealed book. They find little that is edifying in its records of plagues, pestilences, wars and revolutions, individual and national sins and apostasies, curious ritual, and vague prophecies, while it looks to them as if this might all have been spared if the Saviour had at once appeared when man became a sinner, and granted to him at first the full blessings of that salvation of which we learn in the New Testament four thousand years later.

We do not propose to treat this as a curious question, to be solved for the amusement of speculative minds. We regard it as a question rightfully demanding consideration, and we attempt to answer it because we think the answer may relieve many minds of painful doubts, and impart clearer and more satisfactory views of the character and scope of the Bible as a revelation from God to man.

Let us say, however, as preliminary to our answer to this grave question, that if we had no other answer to make, we could say that the divine proceeding, in this case, is in harmony with all we know through other sources of God's method of working. While we may not (and, for myself, I certainly do not) admit any such theory of evolution as excludes creative power and a personal God, it is still evident that within certain limits the law of progressive development—of evolution, if you will—is operative in the physical universe. What geology has unfolded of a sublime series of creations and destructions in the history of our earth; what astronomy has revealed in support of the nebular theory, and the just analogies of nature which proceed from this starting point, render it probable that the law of progressive development pervades the universe. However this may be, we are certain in regard to its operation in and on our own globe, in the realms of matter and of mind. Life is growth, development from a germ of existence through successive stages of infancy, childhood, youth, to manhood's perfection. If we can not tell why, we are still compelled to accept the truth that so it is. The scientist, in exploring the fields of nature, finds that, in building a globe like that on which we live, God has patiently progressed with his work through long geological periods. The man of science may not be able to tell why. He may conceive the possibility of divine power accomplishing such a work instantaneously; but he is compelled to admit the fact of progressive development, whether he understands its philosophy or not. The most he can say is, that it is in accordance with the principle of divine movements

—the law of divine action—that is everywhere traceable in God's works.

Now, Jesus teaches us that the same law holds in the operation of the spiritual universe. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how; for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself—first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." (Mark iv. 26-29). Thus we are taught that the laws of the kingdom of grace are analogous to those of the kingdom of nature; that religion does not run counter to the established laws of matter or of mind; that the volumes of Nature and Revelation are from the same author, in the same hand-writing; and that the same principle of rational investigation which we carry with us in the interpretation of the former, are equally legitimate and necessary in the interpretation of the latter.

So, if we could make no other reply to the question, "Why did four thousand years elapse before the Saviour appeared? why for two thousand years was the favor of God confined to a single family and nation, while all the rest of mankind were left to perish in their sins?" we would answer by asking questions in return: Why does this law of progressive development obtain at all? Why must man begin in puling infancy, and grow into manhood, slowly developing not only his physical frame, but his mental and moral character likewise? Why is not knowledge flashed instantaneously into the mind, rather than left

to be acquired slowly and painfully through a thousand struggles and repeated failures? Why must we have toys for infancy, and object-lessons for childhood, and carry the learner patiently through elementary instruction before he can grasp broad generalizations, or master the mysteries of any science? Why do nations grow, and ages move in cycles? Why did nations, without a revelation from God, struggle so long in vain with the problems of duty and destiny? At the very time when this objection was most loudly urged, unbelievers were looking to geology, to find such revelations in the stone-book as would forever silence the pretensions of the Bible. But, lo! when these revelations were made, the same lesson of progressive development was written on every page; the same calmness and patience were everywhere traceable in the Divine Architect's plan of building a world. If we were able to say no more, we could be content in saying that this gradual and patient unfolding of redemption is of a piece with the gradual unfolding of God's purpose in the realms of nature.

We are far from saying, however, that we are ignorant of any reason for this slow progression. Nay, we see reasons for it in redemption, that we could not plead in behalf of progressive development in creation. It is consistent with our best ideas of omnipotence that a world or a universe of matter should be spoken into instant perfection of existence. But it is not consistent with our knowledge of the rational nature of man that omnipotence should instantaneously redeem it from error and guilt. Omnipotence might, perhaps, instantaneously annihilate such a nature, but certainly could not instantaneously save it; because the salva-

tion of a rational nature implies that the nature itself desires to be saved ; that it is weary of sin ; is conscious of its curse ; has trust in a Saviour, and penitentially returns to submission to the will of God. These are not the results of mere omnipotence ; some of them are results which can only flow from man's own experience. To know the whole bitterness and curse of sin, to know one's own inability to redeem himself from its power and its guilt, to attain to such a knowledge of human helplessness and hopelessness that a sinning race shall be willing to come, sin-sick and heart-broken, to cast themselves imploringly on the mercy of God ; these are results which could only be reached through long and varied experiences, through repeated demonstrations in human history of man's depravity and helplessness, and of God's compassion and mercy.

Salvation is not a mechanical nor an arbitrary thing. It involves the restoration of the rebellious soul to loyalty, to delight in and fellowship with God. This, in its turn, involves *choice* on the part of the sinner, a voluntary turning from falsehood to truth, from sin to holiness. No such voluntary turning can take place until sinners learn enough of the odious curse of sin to hate it, and are convinced of the beauty of holiness, so as to desire it ; nor can it be until they have become so satisfied of their own impotence as to be willing to accept the boon of salvation at the hands of another. They must learn in the school of experience. Time must be given for sin to develope itself in the history of the soul, and for men to try their own remedial schemes. Only when, like the prodigal, they have wasted their substance, exhausted their resources, and

feel the pressure of utter despair, will they come to themselves and say, "I will arise and go to my Father." It required ages for the needful experiments of sinful man in government, philosophy and religion, before the need of salvation could be suitably realized. We must regard the ages preceding the advent of the Messiah as given up to the various nations for experiment, until they should weary of their vain inventions. Meanwhile, development of salvation could only keep pace with the development of human nature and the attainments of human experience. God's revelations must adapt themselves to the circumstances and capacities of the race he seeks to save.

That we are not dealing in mere imaginations in thus stating the case will be evident when we mention two facts. First, the scriptures positively and frequently state that God proceeded according to "an eternal purpose" in the redemption of man. He wrought according to a settled plan. Second, in developing this purpose we are expressly informed that he gave men up for a time to experiment for themselves and learn through experience what they would learn in no other way. Paul says, that as men "did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind" (Rom. i. 28); and that "in times past he suffered all nations to walk in their own ways" (Acts xiv. 16), yet not leaving himself without witness.

Let us now glance—for the limits of this address will allow of no more than a glance—at the unfolding of Jehovah's eternal purpose. We pass by the period before the flood, as being complete in itself, and as requiring a consideration much more extended than could be given to it here. We only remark concerning it,

that it furnishes a terrible demonstration of the inevitable tendency of man, separated from God and left to himself, to drift into sin and crime, and sink into hopeless depravity, until his presence on earth is an unmitigated curse. The utter failure of antediluvian attempts to control human nature and govern society is told in the flood that swept an incorrigible world into destruction.

But coming to the re-opening of the earth and the beginning of a new experiment with human nature, we have already seen that it was a part, and a necessary part, of the divine proceeding to allow the race, in the full light of the tremendous failure of the past, to renew its efforts at self-guidance and self-regeneration. Mighty civilizations were developed on the plains of Assyria, and the march of civilization went thence to Egypt, to Greece and to Rome, recording successive and stupendous efforts of man in his departures from God, to construct religious philosophies and governments that should effect the regeneration of the race. They started not without some capital. They took, in the treasures of tradition from the other side of the flood, a considerable portion of goods from the Father's house, when they went forth on their prodigal career. They were not destitute of genius or talents; as glorious minds as God has ever given to the race he gave, ever and anon, to those ancient nations and peoples, that they might not lack any capacity that human nature was capable of possessing. It ended in utter failure. There was great military skill; there was sometimes great statesmanship; there were reared great architectural monuments of taste, genius and labor; there were immortal triumphs of art wrought by pencil and chisel; oratory

and poetry that can never die have come down to us from those times, and the world echoes yet with speech and music and song from hearts and lips inspired with genius that men call godlike. Science made discoveries, and art wrought inventions, and philosophy taught beautiful and wonderful things; but *sin* still held sway, and no human genius or skill could break its power, or unlock the awful mysteries of death. Every generation sought to improve by the struggles and failures of its predecessors, until human wisdom was taxed to its utmost, and the world was bankrupt alike in faith and hope.

Meanwhile, Jehovah selected one man, from whom to raise up a nation that should be a depository of his counsels, and through which he could keep up communication with, and operate upon, the apostate nations of mankind. It was not an arbitrary favoritism selecting Abraham and the Jewish nation to be saved, while the great mass of mankind were left to perish in their sins; but a selection mercifully made, in behalf of the apostate nations, that Jehovah might, through this elect nation, watch over them, communicate with them, and rebuke and chasten them, and prepare the way for their return when, sin-sick and despairing, with substance wasted in riotous living, and reduced to swine's food, they should desire to come back to their Father's house.

With these objects in view, this elect nation was located in a central position, in a territory where they were shut in by sea, mountains and desert, from the rest of the world, that they might be a separate people, and yet bordered by the great highway between Egypt and Assyria, the two great ancient empires of heathen-

ism, and on the shore of the Mediterranean, in close neighborhood with Phœnicia and the great commercial emporiums, Tyre and Sidon. If I may be allowed a homely illustration, I will say that during these preparatory ages the world was going to school to God, and the Jewish nation was the blackboard in this school, on which God wrote the lessons which the world was to learn. The knowledge of Jehovah, the one living and true God, in opposition to idolatry with all its hideously corrupting and degrading influences; the knowledge of sin and redemption, of truth and righteousness, and holiness; the knowledge of a coming Redeemer, the world's Saviour—this it was the mission of this chosen people to receive, preserve and communicate in such ways and at such times as divine wisdom and providential unfoldings should indicate. Hence their location in the geographical center of the earth, as then known. Hence God's movements, through them, on the most powerful and enlightened nations of antiquity. It is worthy of remark that Jehovah's movements were upon the great centers of learning, religion and authority, the radiating centers of the world. Through Israel he moved on Egypt and her idols, and radiated thence over the earth the knowledge of the true God; and similarly on Nineveh, Babylon, Ecbatana, Susa, and thence on all the provinces of vast empires. The books of Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah and Daniel, as well as many other portions of the Old Testament, show how, through the Jews, alike in their victories and defeats, as a powerful nation at home, or as helpless captives abroad, knowledge was disseminated, sin denounced, idolatry rebuked, justice asserted, mercy displayed, hopes of a coming deliverer awakened, until to

a much greater extent than a superficial reader of the Bible would suppose, the leaven of divine truth was deposited with the nations. Jewish and heathen authors attest that before the Messiah appeared a general expectation of a Divine Redeemer had been awakened; so that Jesus was, in a very large sense, "the desire of all nations."

What had been the result of human experiments in Assyria, Egypt, Greece and Rome? We speak of moral and religious results. Not only among Asiatics and Egyptians, but also among Greeks and Romans, the result was utter failure. Read the first chapter of Romans, if you wish to know, and remember that heathen authors give even a blacker picture of the moral and religious condition of the Gentile world. "Added to a sensuality more vile and abominable than it is lawful to describe, society was frozen into despair by atheistic fatalism. Among educated Romans of that period, the prevailing tone of feeling touching everything spiritual and divine was one of gloomy skepticism. Their culture had far outgrown the popular religion. No man of sense pretended to believe in the gross mythology which still served to amuse and enslave the vulgar. The best minds of the times had broken loose from the old moorings of superstition, and were afloat in a fathomless sea of doubt."

We quote but one evidence of this, as indicative of the general sentiment. It is from the elder Pliny, as quoted by Neander in the introduction of his Church History, and expresses the utter helplessness and hopelessness in which these prodigious and long-continued efforts at self-illumination and self-control had landed even the best of the race.

"All religion," Pliny says, "is the offspring of necessity, weakness and fear. What God is—if indeed He be anything distinct from the world—it is beyond the compass of man's understanding to know. But it is a foolish delusion which has sprung from human weakness and human pride, to imagine that such an infinite Spirit would concern himself with the petty affairs of men.

"It is difficult to say whether it might not be better to be wholly without religion, than to have one of this kind, which is a reproach to its object. The vanity of man, and his insatiable longing after existence, have led him to dream of a life after death. A being full of contradictions, he is the most wretched of creatures, since the other creatures have not wants transcending the bounds of their nature. Man is full of desires and wants that reach to infinity, and can never be satisfied. His nature is a lie, uniting the greatest poverty with the greatest pride. Among these so great evils, the best thing which God has bestowed on man is the power to take his own life."

How perfectly this fills up the picture outlined by Paul: "Having no hope, and without God in the world." The prodigal has wasted his substance, and is down among the swine, feeding on husks. Nay, worse than the prodigal in the parable, he has lost all faith in a father, all knowledge of a father's house. It is time for the Saviour to come and seek the lost.

We can now take in something of the force of the expression, "the fullness of time." "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son." "The fullness of time" is indicated by the following particulars:

1. Sin had been allowed full development. Its bitter and inevitable curse had followed men in all countries. The terrible plague-spot had made its appearance everywhere. No class was exempt, no individual was free from the malady. Everywhere and always it was a poison in the cup of life, and its effects were deadly. Its bitter fruits in every kind of disorder, pollution, crime, outrage and suffering entered into all experience, and reddened every page of human history with blood, or blackened it with iniquity.

2. The different races of men had experimented to weariness in vain effort to save themselves. This had required time, and at no time short of this had these experiments landed the race in so thorough a despair.

3. The Jews had fulfilled their mission, both as a bulwark against idolatry in their national capacity, and as missionaries to carry revelations of God among the nations. Alike in their high national prosperity, when, in league with Tyre, they rushed out over the seas in commercial enterprise; and in their captivities and dispersions, when Babylon, Nineveh, Ecbatana, Alexandria, and other great seats of empire and of learning, became centers of radiation for the truth this people had in keeping, they fulfilled their wonderful mission in preparing the way for the coming of the Messiah. They came into contact with the political, commercial and literary potencies of the different ages, under all the great dynasties of ancient times. As a specimen of the work providentially accomplished by them, in addition to all we have referred to, let us mention the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, at Alexandria, more than two centuries before the coming of the Christ.

"It was," says Thomas DeQuincey, "an advantage, of a rank rising to providential, that such a cosmopolitan version of the Hebrew sacred writings should have been made at a moment when a rare concurrence of circumstances happened to make it possible; such as, for example, a king both learned in his tastes and liberal in his principles of religious toleration; a language—the Greek—which had already become, what for many centuries it continued to be, a common language of communication for the learned of the whole civilized world, viz.: Greece, the shores of the Euxine, the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Carthage, and the dependencies of Carthage; finally, and above all, Rome—then beginning to loom up on the western horizon, together with all the dependencies of Rome, and, briefly, every state and city that adorned the imperial islands of the Mediterranean, or that glittered like gems in that vast belt of land, roundly speaking, one thousand miles in average breadth, and in circuit running up to five thousand miles. . . . Such was the boundless domain which this extraordinary act of Ptolemy suddenly threw open to the literature and spiritual revelations of a little, obscure race, nestling in a little angle of Asia, scarcely visible as a portion of Syria, buried in the broad shadows thrown out on one side by the great and ancient settlements on the Nile, and on the other by the vast empire that for thousands of years occupied the Tigris and the Euphrates. In the twinkling of an eye, at a sudden summons from the Orient, gates are thrown open which have an effect corresponding in grandeur to the effect that would arise from the opening of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien,

viz.: the introduction to each other, face to face, of two separate infinities. Such a canal would suddenly lay open to each other the two great oceans of one planet, while the act of translating into Greek from Hebrew—that is, transferring out of a mysterious cypher, as little accessible as Sanscrit, and which never would be more accessible through any worldly attractions of alliance with power and the civil grandeur of commerce—out of this darkness into the golden light of a language, the most beautiful, the most honored among men, and the most widely diffused through a thousand years to come, had the immeasurable effect of throwing into the great crucible of human speculation, even then beginning to boil and to overflow, that mightiest of all elements for exalting the chemistry of philosophy—grand and for the first time adequate, conceptions of the Deity. . . . And considering the activity of this great commercial city and port, which was meant to act and did act as a center of communication between the East and the West, it is probable that a far greater effect was produced by the Greek translation of the Jewish Scriptures, in the way of preparing the mind of nations for the apprehension of Christianity than has ever been distinctly recognized.” (Theol. Essays, Vol. I., pp. 146-147).

It is no longer a wonder that Josephus, Suetonius and Tacitus should agree in saying that, according to the decrees of fate in the sacred books, mankind were taught to look to the time of the appearance of Jesus for the coming of a great Deliverer. The bitter experiences of the race, and the widely spread prophecies of the Jewish Scriptures, combined to make him “the desire of all nations.” Just here, to complete this

phase of the subject, it may be well to quote from Neander a short paragraph:

“ While it was necessary that the influence of Judaism should spread into the heathen world, in order to prepare the way and open a point of communication for Christianity, so was it needful also that the stern and repulsive rigidity of Judaism should be softened and expanded by the elements of Hellenic culture, in order to adapt it to embrace the new truths which the gospel was to exhibit. The three great historical nations had, each in its own peculiar way, to coöperate in preparing the soil in which Christianity was to be planted—the Jews on the side of the religious element; the Greeks on the side of science and art; the Romans, as masters of the world, on the side of the political element. When the fullness of the time was come, and Christ appeared—when the goal of history had been reached—then it was that through them, and by the power of the spirit that proceeded from him by the might of Christianity, all the threads of human development, which had hitherto been kept apart, were to be brought together and interwoven into one work.” (Ch. Ant., Int., p. 6, Bohn’s Ed.)

4. The Greek was the language of the civilized world when Jesus came. The Roman empire, stretching from the Euphrates to the German ocean, and from the Danube and the Rhine to the cataracts of the Nile, the African deserts and Mount Atlas, tolerated all religions at all compatible with civil order, unified as far as possible all interests, threw up great military highways in all its provinces, and in preparing to preserve and maintain its own imperial sway, prepared the way for the heralds of the cross, and brought the main

portions of the human family within reach of the regenerating influences of the truth and grace of God.

Thus it is apparent that Jesus came in the fullness of time. All the events of time were divinely ordered with reference to this great consummation. The revelations made to the Jews, and through them to the world, were arranged in their development and dissemination with reference to the same event. "Christ was placed midmost in the world's history; and in that central position he towers like some vast mountain to heaven, the farther slope stretching backward toward the creation, the hither slope toward the consummation of all things. The ages before look to him with prophetic gaze; the ages since behold him by historic faith; by both he is seen in common, as 'the brightness of the Father's glory,' and the unspeakable gift of God to the race."

We submit, in conclusion, the following reflections:

1. The Old Testament is not a tangled web of unmeaning tradition and prophecy, but a consistent and intelligible unfolding of Jehovah's "eternal purpose" in the redemption of our race. This purpose, like a golden thread, stretches over all the ages, and on it are strung the revelations that shine more and more brightly unto the perfect day.

2. The Old Testament must be studied in this light, not as the revealed gospel of God's grace for the nations, for this is found only in the New; but as presenting the seed-sowing of the divine purposes, and the growth of the blade and the formation of the ear, of that plant of salvation of which we have the ripe grain in the ear, and the blessed harvest, in the New Testament.

3. We must therefore deal with the language of the Old Testament as with the language of infancy and childhood. Its anthropomorphisms, its object lessons, and the utter absence of scientific conceptions and expressions, are just what we have a right to expect in view of its character as a preparatory and progressive revelation. How absurd to expect the language of the conceptions of modern science in a revelation like that of Genesis for the time when it was written, and the object had in view in writing it. How absurd, even now, would it be to write a divine revelation in the technical language of sciences whose nomenclatures are constantly varying as they enlarge their discoveries and revolutionize their theories.

4. We discover the same law of progressive development in the spiritual as in the material realm. That which is first in intention is last in execution, and all the successive steps must be studied in view of the final consummation. Thus viewed, we shall not regard the Jews as elected by God to eternal life, and all divine sympathies concentrated upon that insignificant nation in that diminutive territory, while all the race beside was left to perish ; but we shall behold a world-wide purpose and world-wide benevolence in the selection of one nation to serve God's purposes in behalf of all nations, and shall hold it true, then as now, that "in every nation, he that fears God and works righteousness is accepted of him."

5. The New Testament is the complete revelation of that which in the Old is but dimly and partially unfolded. "God who at sundry times," etc. There is indeed a progressive development of truth, even in the New Testament, of which we can not now speak.

But taken as a whole, it is "the bright consummate flower" of heavenly wisdom and grace. The secrets kept hid from ages and from generations are here revealed, the things which eye had not seen nor ear heard, neither had they entered into the heart of man, are now made known by the Spirit; even "the deep things of God," and the high and the broad things of his redeeming grace and mercy. And with these final revelations of heaven's grand and gracious purposes respecting humanity in our hands, standing in the full light of the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, it may be said to us with even more emphasis than belonged to their original utterance: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear; for I say unto you that many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things that you see, and did not see them; and to hear the things that you hear, and did not hear them."

OPPORTUNITY AND OPPOSITION.

OR, SEASONS OF ADVANTAGE ALSO SEASONS OF PERIL.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE OHIO CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY
SOCIETY, AT DAYTON, OHIO, MAY 23, 1871.

“For a great and effectual door is opened unto me; and there are many adversaries.”—I. Cor. xvi. 9.

In scripture style, and indeed in classic style, *door*, in its metaphorical use, often signifies an *opportunity*. Thus (Acts xiv. 27) Paul and Barnabas, on returning from their first missionary tour, related to the church in Antioch “what things God did by them, and that he had opened a door of faith for the Gentiles.” This does not mean, as many have supposed, that faith was the door through which the Gentiles entered into the church; but simply that God had given them an opportunity to believe, through the preaching of Paul and Barnabas. Again, “when I came to Troas, to preach Christ’s gospel, and a door was opened unto me of the Lord” (II. Cor. ii. 12)—that is, a good opportunity was offered to preach the gospel. And to the Colossians he says: “Pray for us, that God would open to us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ” (Col. iv. 3)—that is, an opportunity to utter the word. And to the church in Philadelphia, He “who opens and none can shut, and shuts and none can open” says: “I have set before thee an open door, which no one is able to shut” (Rev. iii. 7, 8)—I have made an opportunity of deliverance from thy adversaries, and an occasion to do good in my service.

According to our text, an unusual opportunity was afforded at Ephesus for preaching the gospel; it is called a *great* opportunity, in reference to its *extent*, and *effectual* in regard to the effectiveness of the labor bestowed.

We learn from all these texts that in preaching the gospel success depends much on the *providential openings* that are granted. While the means divinely ordained for the world's salvation are always the same, and the gospel is as much the power of God at one time as at another, so far as its essential efficacy is concerned; yet it does not always produce good results, because the means of access to the hearts of men are not at all times equal. It is not the gospel in a book, or in the mind of the preacher, that is the power of God to salvation; but the gospel in the sinner's heart, understood, believed, and accepted. But the means of access to the individual heart, and to the hearts of a whole community, are no part of the gospel. They furnish a channel through which that power flows. Power, even to almightiness, may be locked up in the gospel; but it is just equal to no power at all, until it is brought to bear on the sinner for whose salvation it is intended. It must, in some way, be transferred to his mind, and heart, and conscience; and in effecting this transfer much depends on the door of opportunity that may be opened. The state of the individual mind, the state of the public mind; the influences that may hold up or cast down ancient prejudices; that may carnalize the tastes of a population so as to destroy all desire after spiritual things, or blast that carnality by terrible experiences that set all hearts to hungering and thirsting after righteousness; that may lead a political

power to prohibit the preaching of the gospel, or to allow the liberty of speech; that hold up a system of error or imposture in a strength that defies all opposition, or, in a particular juncture, reveal its untrustworthiness and hideousness so as to cause a decay of public confidence or a revolt of public sentiment—these have much to do with the matter of the gospel's success. Hence, the success of the gospel is dependent on divine providence; and its success is therefore a subject of prayer. God raises up and casts down men and nations, grants prosperity to blind and hardened men, and sends adversity to open their eyes and soften their hearts. The winds and waves, the treasures of rain and hail, and thunder and lightning, the caterpillar, the palmer-worm and the locust; war, famine, pestilence; commercial prosperity and disaster, and all other agencies and instrumentalities that affect the condition of society, and move on the hearts of men for salvation or destruction, are at his command. He opens, and none can shut; he shuts, and none can open.

This suggests a truth of the greatest possible moment. The success of the gospel is not simply a question of ways and means of our creation or at our disposal. The gospel may have in it—as it has—all the saving power necessary for its object; we may have all the means necessary for its promulgation—eloquent preachers, learned advocates, powerful writers, men and money, members, social position, and all else that wise policy or worldly prudence could suggest; and yet, if the door is not opened, if God open not the way of access to the hearts of men, vain is wealth, and learning, and skill, and system, and social influence; and vain, too, is gospel truth and grace. I apprehend

that much of the controversy on spiritual influence would cease, if parties understood each other. I am inclined to think that what others call the work of the Holy Ghost we call Divine Providence; and that the difference is about the *name* rather than about the *thing*. Certain it is, we all admit that while Paul may plant, and Apollos water, it is God, and God alone, that gives the increase. We all pray for the conversion of sinners. We all feel—though none of us as deeply as we should—that if anything is done in the conversion of sinners, the utmost that man can say is: “Behold what God has done by me!” With others this is called the immediate work of the Spirit; with us, it is called the gracious providence of God. Call it what you will, there must be a door opened; and it is God who opens the door. It is ours to pray for the opening, to watch for the opening; and when it comes, to enter in and work with God and for him.

But our text places in juxtaposition with this thought of great opportunity providentially afforded, another thought, not in itself startling, but startling from the place it occupies and the relation it bears; that is, *great opposition*. Great opportunity and great opposition. A great and effectual door is opened; *and there are many adversaries*. Strangely as this sounds, the association is not unnatural. The same soil that produces a luxuriant yield of corn produces also a corresponding abundance of weeds and noxious plants. The same sun and rain that make the grass to spring, start also the poisonous vine; and the slimy serpent is warmed into life by the same suubeams that speed the flight of the lark and wake his morning song. If the press gives us Bibles, it also gives us infidel

books as readily. If free speech enables us to preach the gospel without restraint, it equally removes restraint from the enemy of the gospel. If the influences of the age quicken intellect and promote education, this furnishes power as well to the foe as to the friend of Christ. If steam speeds the movements of the herald of truth, it equally speeds the movements of his adversary. And if the hearts of good men are stirred to attempt great things for God, it is to be expected that the hearts of bad men will be stirred to attempt great things in opposition. Moreover, there is a law in the moral universe corresponding to that which prevails in the material system, by virtue of which harmony and equipoise are developed by the play of antagonistic forces. The centripetal and centrifugal forces belong to both systems; and far beyond what we can comprehend in our greatest grasp of thought, the purposes of God in behalf of ultimate order, peace and blessedness are developed in the fierce antagonism of good and evil, truth and falsehood, life and death. We need not wonder, therefore, at the juxtaposition, in our text, of great opportunities with great oppositions. Inattention to the inevitable association of these is what gives rise to the entirely opposite estimates made of the age we live in. To some it is an age of great progress and of great glory. Slavery is dying, liberty is triumphant; thrones of despotism are tottering; church and state are dissolving their accursed partnership; light is spreading; the public conscience is becoming more sensitive; science is winning marvelous triumphs; war is losing its horrors; sectarianism is being shorn of its prestige; nations are coming into closer relations; barbarous empires are opening their

gates to Christian influences; and the millennium is surely coming! On the other hand we have a most lugubrious outlook, and most dolorous vaticinations. Wars are more terrible than ever; crime is rampant; vice is shameless; pride and fashion are swallowing up all manly virtue and womanly goodness; stock-gambling and drunkenness have utterly debauched the public conscience; marriage has lost its sacredness, and the foundations of society are crumbling; liberty is but a name; imperial despotism and red republicanism are but different phases of the same utter godlessness that blots out all virtue; the pope of Rome is supplanted by the more hateful king of Italy; and crime is increasing even in the lands where it was supposed it had reached its maximum; the world is godless, the churches Christless; and there is no hope left for truth and virtue but for Christ to come and put an end to the controversy by the terrors of omnipotence.

These parties have each but half a picture. They are both right and both wrong, like the knights who fought over the shield which was gold on one side and silver on the other, but of which they each had seen but one side. Our text affords a solution of the difficulty: A great and effectual door is opened; and there are many adversaries.

This leads into the heart of our discourse: the encouragements and discouragements that belong to the work in which we are engaged. It is wise to look at both.

Let us look at the great and effectual door that is opened to us in our missionary work in the State of Ohio. Going back half a century, to the beginning of this reformatory movement, let us look at the errors

and wrongs which the reformers complained of as justifying their plea for reformation:

1. Numerous, ever-increasing and hostile sects, filled with strife and bitterness, "hateful and hating one another."

2. Human creeds, some of them of large dimensions, embodying much more philosophy than faith, and substituting metaphysical speculations for the simplicity of the gospel of Christ; and these erected into standards of orthodoxy and tests of fellowship, so that believers, who ought to have been one in Christ, were alienated and divided by rival systems of theology, and ruled by party watchwords such as the Bible knows nothing of—to the great scandal of the cause of Christ.

3. Religious mysticism—the simple faith and obedience to which the gospel calls us being supplanted by mystical conceptions of spiritual influence, so that dreams, visions, strange sights and sounds, and unusual emotions were of more authority in the matter of regeneration and conversion than the plainest declarations of the word of God; and a text of Scripture springing into the memory under strong excitement of mind was more the voice of God than the soberest deductions resulting from the most careful and enlightened exegesis of the Holy Scriptures.

4. Hierarchical arrogance—the uplifting of clerical and priestly claims to expound the Scriptures and rule the Church of God; so that merely human inventions and pretensions were making void the commandments of God, and defacing if not destroying the character of the Church of Christ as a spiritual brotherhood. Along with this were formalism and ritualism—the other extreme from that blind emotionalism mentioned in the

last item—reducing religion to a stereotyped set of doctrines and round of ceremonies, almost wholly unknown to the primitive church.

5. A superstitious reverence for King James's version of the Scriptures, so that its very errors and absurdities were regarded as inspired, and all attempts to remove them by faithful and learned criticism as sacrilege.

The results of all this were deplorable. Religion was to myriads a matter of awful uncertainty; there was no telling whether one was a Christian or not. Men vibrated between exultant hope and blank despair, all life long robbed of settled peace in believing. Myriads more were driven into doubt as to the truth of religion itself. Party animosities not only divided and distracted the forces which ought to have been moving on in harmony for the conquest of the world, but presented so hateful an aspect of religious life to the world as to rob it of converting power. The clangor and clashing of theological warfare did not sound like that sweet singing of the angels when Christ was born—Glory to God, etc. Moreover, the rivalries of sects gave rise to every sort of effort on the part of each to gain or to maintain the ascendancy; so that the church was largely secularized, and the power of primitive unity, spirituality and singleness of purpose almost utterly lost. This is a sad picture; but it is very feebly and dimly drawn, and does injustice to the truth in its too limited and too feeble statements.

In opposition to all this, the plea for reformation was sent forth, marked by the following distinctive features:

1. The essential unity of the followers of Christ. Sects are unscriptural, mischievous and wicked, and

the people of God should abandon them, and return to the original teaching of one Lord, one faith, etc.

2. The alone-sufficiency and all-sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as a rule of faith and practice. Authoritative human creeds should be abandoned, and nothing be required as a term of membership in the church, or as a bond of fellowship, for which there can not be produced a *thus saith the Lord*, in express precept or approved precedent.

3. The gospel the power of God to salvation, in opposition to all professed revelations of the Spirit in dreams, visions, voices and impressions. The gospel consists of (1) facts—facts replete with the wisdom, grace and power of God; facts to be believed, and which when believed will shatter skepticism, destroy pride, root out sinful desires, and bring the soul in repentance to bow humbly to the will of God; (2) of commandments—of commandments to be obeyed; commandments in cheerfully accepting which we may test our change of heart, and learn how far we are genuinely converted; (3) of promises—promises of pardon, of adoption of the Holy Spirit, of fatherly guidance and priestly intercession, of spiritual fellowship, and of the joys of an endless life; promises to be appropriated and enjoyed as the result of hearty obedience to the gospel. So that when we believe the facts, obey the commandments, and enjoy the promises of the gospel, we are Christians, and may know it and rejoice in it as surely as we may know the existence of God and of Christ. And all this is in the gospel, always, everywhere, day and night, year in and year out, for every one who will accept it, and for all on precisely the same conditions.

4. The equal brotherhood of all Christians—all children of God, all kings and priests to God. No popes; no cardinals; no archbishops; no clergy; no hierarchy; “for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” Fatherly teachers and guides; brotherly helpers, and genuine brotherly coöperation in all good works—these may be and must be; but no lords over the heritage of God—none to have dominion over our faith.

5. The *pure* word of God as our light and our food; and fellowship in keeping the commandments of our Lord Jesus Christ. Every one bound to honor Jesus and obey him; no one bound in aught outside of this. Every soul answerable to God for its convictions and doings in all else; answerable to its brethren only for integrity in the faith of Christ and faithful obedience to his laws. Hence it became a matter of the first importance to possess the pure word of God, and to cast out all interpolations and corruptions of the text. The careful and critical study of the original text and a faithful translation of that text, that all men might know the truth and walk in its light, became an essential demand from the principles already adopted.

In a word, the Church of the New Testament, in opposition to sects; Christ in opposition to all human leaderships; faith in Christ and obedience to Christ, as terms of fellowship, in opposition to all doctrinal and ecclesiastical tests; the New Testament, in opposition to all human creeds, as the standard of truth in the church; and gospel facts, conditions and promises, in opposition to all imaginative, arbitrary or mystical evidences of pardon and adoption:—these are the prominent items of the reformation we have been pleading, which in fifty years has gathered half a mil-

lion of communicants in this land, and thirty thousand in this state.

The conflict has been a severe one—not always wisely waged, it may be; not without some mixture of error and extravagance; but, in the main, it has been manfully and ably waged, and bravely sustained against tremendous opposition. But to-day we are enabled to say, with Paul, in reference to this plea, “A great and effectual door is opened unto us.” These fifty years have witnessed a gradual but wonderful revolution in the religious sentiments of the people. The hyper-Calvinism and Antinomianism then so prevalent, and so fruitful a source of protest and revolt, is scarcely heard of. Many of the fierce controversies of that time have entirely ceased. The theological speculations of that period have given place to matters of more solid, practical import. The theologians and mystics of that time regarded us as little better than infidels, because we fixed the sinner’s attention only on Christ, and received him into baptism on his simple avowal of faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God; but Rationalism has forced this issue upon the Christian world, so that to-day the great question in theology is the Christological question, and everything distinctive between the believing and unbelieving world hinges on the answer to this question: Is Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, or not?

Creed authority is on the wane: has, in fact, largely departed. Even in good old Scotland, where metaphysics and stubbornness find their best embodiments, creeds have lost their sacredness, and their wise men confess that a new departure must be made. In

this country, no one dreams longer of holding the membership of the churches to the church standards; and they are fast learning that they can not hold the clergy either. More and more men are learning everywhere to value faith in Christ and obedience to Christ as the true test of Christian fellowship, and to reduce all else to the plea of expediency. Sect-dominion is also rapidly waning. The demand for the union of Christians is increasing every day, and the charms of denominationalism are not half so prominent in the public eye as its evils and mischiefs. The science of Biblical criticism may be said to have been reconstructed during these fifty years, so that the necessity for a more faithful translation of the Scriptures is no longer debatable.

Add to this the general revolution in the public mind as to investigating all these questions. There is no longer trouble to obtain a hearing. No apology is needed these days for overhauling these questions and pointing out the need of reformation. It is rather demanded. A man needs but to be manly, honorable, respectful and competent, and everywhere his plea will be listened to with interest.

In all this, it will be seen that a great and effectual door is opened to us. I need allude to but one additional fact of this nature. The last year has brought us into a more friendly and favorable relation with our Baptist brethren, in so far, at least, as to prepare the way to exchange the hostilities of the past for friendly and candid inquiry. What may come of this, no one can foresee; but it must be good, and not evil. Essentially we are one people. There are not more serious differences between us than they find among

themselves—than we find among ourselves. In all that is cardinal in Christian faith and practice—standing on the authority of the same New Testament, pleading for the same Lord, the same faith and the same baptism—we are, I repeat, essentially one people, and ought to be able, ere long, to enter into friendly intercourse and hearty coöperation. Our differences belong largely to the past. Those which remain are not sufficiently serious to warrant a hostile array of forces. We have no desire to attempt to force a union; nor have we, indeed, any great anxiety as to the issue of the attempt we have made to overcome the alienations of the past. We have only followed the leadings of Providence, and we have confidence that if union is the best thing, a great and effectual door will be opened.

But now we must look at the other side: “And there are many adversaries.”

It is idle to attempt to disguise the fact that, while the opportunity for spreading the truth is great, the opposition is correspondingly great.

1. Look at Roman Catholicism, with its shameless avowal of the despotic spirit and doctrines of the darkest of the dark ages, and its impious claim to papal infallibility; its open hostility to freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, free schools and state education. And look at her progress, in spite of all this, in our own land; her immense purchases of real estate, her control of politics and of the public funds, and the fear and dread of offending her that is manifested by our politicians generally; and you have one style of opposition formidable in its dimensions and in the practiced skill by which it is conducted.

2. Look at Rationalism, in its varied phases, undei-fying Christ, and pantheistically deifying human reason; plying the inquisitive minds of the age with the follies and discords of the Protestant world, and paralyzing the faith of myriads in the word of God and the divinity of our Lord Jesus. Not so much in the converts openly made as in the indifferentism everywhere engendered, is its power to be dreaded. It is a dreadful reaction from the creed bondage of the past. In rejecting human authority, they reject also the divine, and the inspired creed is swept with the uninspired into a common condemnation.

3. Far more widespread is the mischief arising from the *intensely secular spirit of the age*. The last mentioned evil is one that is realized by thinkers and students; but the mass of people do not think nor study closely on these subjects. Without much thought or study they drink in the spirit of the age, which is grossly material and worldly. It is an age of material interests. Even science is subsidized by materialism, and has its chief value in ministering to the advancement of these material interests. Education no longer proposes intellectual and moral enlargement and elevation as an end. Its end now is to fit us for the successful pursuit of wealth. Money is more than intellect, and intellect more than heart, these days. We are willing to wear the long ears of Midas, if only everything we touch may turn to gold. This insane thirst for riches, and the absorbing interest in the worldly pursuits which it necessarily engenders, puts every spiritual interest in peril. Not only are the devotees of wealth impervious to all attacks made by the Gospel on heart and conscience, but the church is

unnerved for the attack that ought to be made. This secular spirit is eating out the piety of heart and home and church. The closet is forsaken; the family altar crumbles. The Bible is no longer the book of the household. The daily papers, saturated with worldliness, and reeking with vice and crime, and the weekly or monthly journal of literature and fashion, utterly Christless, if not positively infidel in its tendencies, form the reading of the family. Beyond this, if books are reached, they are apt to be frothy fictions, written to minister to sensationalism, and leaving the reader with hot blood and prurient desires. Our children go from these almost Godless homes to secular schools, from which anything moral and religious is being most diligently rooted out in obedience to the atheistic demands of a foreign population, who are not content to enjoy in this land the liberty which Christianity has given them, but seek to establish in our country the same atheistic principles that have already sapped the foundations of morals in Europe and made France the helpless, pitiable spectacle she is to-day. And our churches are invaded by the same secular spirit. The simplicity and spirituality of the Church of God are sacrificed to pride and fashion. The crashing thunders of truth against all sin and wrong are exchanged for dulcet notes of rhetorical elegance, or for the sky-rockets of a sensational oratory. A false and hollow liberalism succeeds to the stern old bigotry that used to reign in the pulpit. Very short prayers and ten-minute sermons are the rage now. For the rest, the house of God must be made a place of refined amusement, so as to draw. Either delicious music or startling oratory must be had, to *draw*. And when our

children go from such homes into such schools, and from such schools into such churches, what sort of a generation are we training for the work of God? I tremble when I think of it.

It is this worldliness, so widespread and so insinuating, that more than anything else paralyzes our missionary efforts. We are so intoxicated with the spirit of the times that we can not be brought to sympathize with a world that is rushing down to death. And we grow so selfish and ambitious in the midst of our earthly prosperities that we have no heart to give as we ought to give in the missionary work. There is ever an increasing selfishness attending our growth in wealth, which very few escape. We have less sympathy with the world, and more anxiety for our own interests. And this operates in regard to our religious givings as in all other things. We lose our sympathy with the world of mankind. We learn to sneer at foreign missions, and figure on it to ascertain how much it costs to convert a soul in Africa or India. Nor does it stop there. We soon lose all interest in benevolent enterprises in our own land, outside of our own neighborhood. Nothing can open our purse, unless it is something in our own neighborhood, for *our* church, and for the benefit of *our* community. Nor will it stop there. For this mean selfishness is ordained to curse its possessor until it withers and blights every generous and noble impulse of his nature, and will eat him up at last with carking care and nervous fear lest he himself should desire some benefit from his possessions and make some needless drain on his own resources. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there

is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

When I look to-day on the gates that God has opened in Italy, and Spain, and Austria, and Mexico, that his people may enter in, and think of the demands for Bibles and colporteurs and preachers, to give the bread and water of life to famishing multitudes, and remember that we have not one man offering for the work, nor one dollar to give to such an one, were he to offer, I bow myself in the dust for very shame. When I look at our own broad land, and listen to the cry coming up from all quarters, from men of every country who have come hither for refuge and rest; and look at the millions of degraded freedmen ready to sink back into the lowest superstitions, and think how little we are doing for them, I begin to ask whether we believe what we preach. But when I look into our own state, and see the demands at our very doors, and the openings that God has made for us, and see how slow we are to enter, and how little there is of spontaneity in our benevolence, I am staggered at the spectacle, and know not what to say.

If we had no higher motives than ordinary patriotism, it should inspire us to greater efforts than we are making. I have alluded to the secular character of our public school education, and to the fact that it is becoming less and less moral and religious. It is to my mind clearly evident that such an education can never subserve the interests of the state, and that the church must do for the state what the state can not do for itself—infuse into society the moral and spiritual potencies which alone can conserve the interests of freedom, and impart the soul-culture without which a merely in-

tellectual education may be more of a curse than a blessing. In Binghamton, N. Y., on Friday last, a criminal received his doom as a murderer, whose intellectual attainments have caused our best scholars to marvel. As a linguist he was a prodigy. His profound and varied acquirements were such that an appeal was made for his life in the interests of literature and science. Yet he was the murderer of wife and child, as well as of others—a thief, and an ingrate of the blackest dye. His sublime recklessness threw a spell about his history until the last moment, and obscenities and blasphemies filled the hours until the last, and without a tear, or a prayer, or a penitential sigh, he sported on the very brink, and carried his audacity and recklessness with him into the world beyond. Such brilliant intellect with such moral recklessness looks like a personification of Satan himself—and pity 'tis that we should seek to conform to such a model in our educational systems. We can not keep this country for God and for freedom, unless moral and spiritual culture shall keep pace with intellectual culture and material enterprise. Righteousness exalteth a nation. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. And this culture the church alone can give. From the very nature of our free institutions, the government can do but little in this line. He is the truest patriot, then, who most effectually promotes moral and religious interests in the community, and wins most hearts to virtue and righteousness.

But this is putting our plea on low, utilitarian ground, and is itself, perhaps, an appeal to selfishness. We must look higher. I said, in the outset, that the Gospel is only the power of God when it comes in

contact with the heart and conscience; and that we must rely on Providence to open the door of access to individuals and to communities. But that is not the whole truth. There is not only room here for divine agency, but for human agency as well. If God opens the door, we must enter in and bear the Gospel with us. Between the printed page of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God and the human heart in which it is to plant the power of God there is room for a great variety of ministries. The parent, the Sunday-school teacher, the preacher, the colporteur, the editor, the tract distributor, the Bible reader, all have work here. And here is our sphere of operations as a Missionary Society. When we look on the deep and dark idolatries of men, the mad devotion of the human heart to sinful pleasure and selfish gratification, the terrible enslavement of men to every form of sin until they hug their chains and bless their bondage, we can not but feel our impotence in attempting the regeneration of society. No human power can effect it. But the power of God is made available for this end. It comes to us in the Gospel. It is a living and powerful word. It penetrates, it smites, it breaks in pieces; it wounds and heals, it kills and makes alive; it reaches to the very foundation of life with the energy of omnipotence; its thunders boom over the conscience with crashing terror, and its tempest-force sweeps like a hurricane over the soul, and pride and stubbornness and the idols of the heart are swept in crushed fragments like a leaf in the storm. It sheds light and peace when the storm is over, and in its light a new creation rises, over whose regenerate beauties and glories the morning stars sing a sweeter anthem, and all the Sons of God shout

for joy. *But this power must be applied.* That is our part. God grants the power. God opens the way for it. But we must apply it. We can not create good men ourselves. But we can let in the creative power of God upon the souls of men, that they may be created anew in Christ Jesus. We are honored with this august position as co-workers with God; shall we be so base as to sell this birthright for a mess of pottage—so ignoble as to refuse, through indolence or indifference, to sway this Godlike power for the salvation of the world?

But I said, we must pray—pray to Him who alone opens the door, who alone gives the increase. And I greatly fear that our lack of work grows largely out of our lack of prayer. Think you, we have ever yet learned to pray? I know some who think the Lord's prayer is a thing of the past; but I doubt if we have ever yet learned to pray that prayer aright. I doubt if we have yet learned the true spirit of its first petitions. Let us see. What is the first petition in that prayer? Grant me life? No. Grant me health? No. Grant me wealth? No. Bless me and mine with all good things, and keep us from all harm and suffering, and let not adversity come nigh us, and let us have our own sweet will to do as we please? Oh! no, no, no. The first petition is, "*Thy Kingdom come*" And the second is like unto it, namely, "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven." And how much does he teach us to pray for of worldly goods? *Just one day's supply of food*—that is all. "Give us this day our daily bread." Christ would thus teach us to subordinate the earthly to the heavenly, the material to the spiritual. We have never learned that prayer,

then, unless we have learned to make the spiritual first in our affections, and the interests of the kingdom of God the first and dearest desire and aim of our lives; and unless we have subjugated our will to the will of God, until we can say, "Thy will; not mine—Thy will be done," etc.

Oh! it is this, it is this, dear brethren, that we need to make us what we ought to be. We are too much devoted to our *theories* of the world's conversion, and too little given to the work of converting the world. We are too little humbled before God in view of our weakness and inefficiency, our selfishness and sinfulness. We know far too little of that absorbing, enthusiastic desire for the spread of the Kingdom of God which would lead us to pray always first, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." It was the first and the last struggle of the tempter with Jesus to persuade him to supplant the will of God with some other will—any other, no matter what; it was the first and last victory of Jesus over the tempter, though it cost bloody sweat, and bitter cryings and tears, to cling to the will of God and say in the darkest hour, Thy will be done. Would that we might all be brought, through whatever humiliation and agony, to this point of entire submission: how mightily would God enable us to move forward the triumphs of his Kingdom! We have the men, we have the money, we have the open door; we want supreme devotion to the will of God, a devotion that shall conquer our love of the world and our carnal security.

Let us learn to say, with one of the sweetest of our American poets :

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night; with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift—
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint;
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less;
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet, in tint and line
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars—
Thy will be done!

Strike! Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain—
Thy will be done!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE PRINTERS' FESTIVAL, IN
WARREN, JANUARY 17, 1853.

Terence, the Roman dramatic poet, in one of his comedies, gave utterance to a sentiment which, when repeated on the stage, is said to have wrought up the vast crowd of auditors to such a pitch of admiration that they burst forth in the most rapturous applause. "*Homo sum, humani nil alienum puto,*" * said the poet. It is a noble sentiment, not only as expressing the sympathy and benevolence due from man to man, springing out of our common brotherhood ; but as setting forth the value and interest attaching to humanity itself. Our nature is furnished with a machinery so wonderful in its combinations, it is a workmanship so exquisite, a creation with such strange and varied endowments, that all its developments, whether in the master or the slave, the civilized or the savage, the virtuous or the vicious, the patriarch, the youth or the infant, ought to possess abiding interest. In the language of one of our English poets,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

We may be allowed, therefore, to connect some importance with the object of our festival this evening—having in view to do honor to the name of one worthy to be called *a man* ; who stands among the tall chieftains of our race, stately in the proportions and majes-

* "I am a man ; nothing human is uninteresting to me."

tic in the mien of his nature, and loaded with honors which all the world accord were well deserved. Great men—the good and great—are God's best gifts to the world. They are rare. It is only here and there, in the vast fields of human activity and enterprise, you can discover one sufficiently prominent to attract all eyes, and challenge universal admiration. And with many, even of these,

“'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;”

a nearer inspection discovering the cheat, and making us sick of greatness. A truly great man leaves the impress of his spirit on his country—his age—the world. Whether he makes the age, or the age makes him, in either case he is the embodiment of great principles and energies, which through him are awakened and expressed so as to give features to the great movements by which his times are distinguished; and no one finds it difficult to trace the image and superscription of the age's man stamped on them. Some great men owe their greatness to the age. They were lucky in the period of their birth. They appeared to public view just in time to avail themselves of that tide which, “taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,” and they had the wisdom to know the age, its wants and capacities and tendencies, and how to avail themselves, with true generalship, of its forces, to accomplish their mission. Such were Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington; such, to take a fresh instance from the world of letters, is Mrs. Stowe. Others, as Kossuth and Mazzini, lacking the favorable circumstances, have failed through the unhappy necessities of the times. Again, there is a host of *deformed* great ones—great in some one at-

tribute, some special endowment. Their phrenological busts develop mountain ridges, breaking up here and there in abrupt fissures and ravines, and sloping off on either side into barrenness and empty nothingness. The immense protuberances of mind and genius, like volcanic peaks, blazing with singular splendor amidst fearful desolation. We are pained to mention such names as Swift, Sheridan, and Byron, as specimens of this deformity of genius and of greatness. Then there are *accidental* great ones, great by the accident of birth, or wealth, or revolution. How many a dunce and fool has been called *His Majesty*, and been worshiped by a world of superiors! And how many a knave has been lifted up on a wave of revolution to greatness, while many a nobler craft has perished from view in the trough of the sea! And others have been great in spite of the age—have risen above it, reached beyond it, mastered it, and made it their own. Aristotle, Columbus, and Luther, are fair types of this smallest class of great men.

It is in view of all these considerations bearing on the question of true greatness that we place the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, as

“One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

We do not find many instances in the world's history where so little of the *accidental* belongs to a great man's life. Franklin's life is rather a perpetual series of triumphs over great odds; and so far from proving that man is the “creature of circumstances,” would go far to establish the proposition that circumstances are the creatures of man. It is in struggling with adver-

sity that true greatness shines most illustriously. Cicero, whimpering like a child in his banishment, and talking of suicide because his prosperity and fame suffer an eclipse, is an object of contempt. But

“ More real joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,
Than Cæsar, with a senate at his heels.”

Leonidas and his Spartan band ; Xenophon, in his famous retreat of the ten thousand ; Kossuth in his exile, with his spirit of unquenchable and unconquerable ardor ; Aristotle, Demosthenes, Columbus, Jean Paul, Milton, Prescott, fighting their way over almost impossibilities to complete success : it is to these that humanity looks for the assertion and vindication of its true nobility.

Franklin did ample honor to his nature in this particular. Poor, uneducated, with none to sympathize with him in his views and ambitions, he worked his way from the post of drudge in a chandler's shop, and factotum in a printing office, to the front ranks of patriots, statesmen, philosophers and philanthropists, where not only the devotion and reverence of his countrymen were awarded to him, but also the cheerful homage of the literary and scientific *savans* of Europe, the enthusiastic admiration of all lovers of freedom, the approbation of kings and nobles, and the tribute, however reluctant, of his enemies' praise ; and a fame was won which will be enduring as the years of time. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or London, he pushes his way on through the difficulties of poverty in a world where he seeks and claims no regard nor favor but such as his own merits shall win for him. With a nature by no means stoical, he nevertheless

steers clear of the whirlpools of vice and folly, and, for so young a craft, comes forth from the assaults of tempestuous passions with remarkable success, not only free from wreck, but scarcely harmed at all. Gaining reputation by his steady, persevering and successful contest with poverty and adversity, it was his lot to be called generally to difficult posts of duty. And if he owes part of his greatness to the times in which he flourished, to the successful issue of a revolution in which he acted an essential part, it is yet clear that the independence and originality and energy of his character would have enabled him, under any circumstances, to carve his way to greatness. It is equally clear that the age owed as much to him as he owed to the age.

But he was distinguished quite as much by his *industry* as by his courage and independence. He was a hard worker—as all great men have been. We read sometimes of the eccentricities of genius, until we almost conclude a man can not be great unless he be lazy, lethargic, slovenly, disorderly, and only spasmodically active. But while it is true that many with great wealth of genius have been spoiled and pampered until their treasures of mind, like inherited riches, costing no labor, prove more of a curse than a blessing, the really great men have all been men of toil. Cæsar, Napoleon, Newton, Luther, Wesley, were men of incessant labor. And such was Franklin. Early and late he worked. He was a very careful economist of time. As he grew older, so far from relaxing his efforts, he multiplied them, and performed herculean tasks of labor in his private as well as his public life; still finding time, amidst the crowded and oppressive

duties of every day life, for literary and scientific recreations, which in themselves would amount to more than the aggregate labors of the lives of most men.

In the *origination of enterprises* he was great. He had a great deal of inventive genius. He owes much of his greatness to this. When all others are at a standstill, his mind, far-reaching and almost intuitively correct in its reasonings, would devise a plan of operations. He could build fortifications, equip armies, establish libraries, found universities, draw lightning from the clouds, and almost anything else within the compass of human means he could perform. He made a bold strike towards the phonographic reform, now asserting its claims and winning extensive triumphs. No magician could work wonders to compare with the amazing results wrought by this calm reasoner and philosopher. One scheme of his especially shows the boldness of his inventive genius—I mean his plan of harmonizing the discords of the moral and religious world in a kind of eclecticism in which all might agree. It is well for his fame that he suffered it not to be identified with the success of such a system. Yet the system itself reveals a spirit prepared to struggle with the boldest evils and the hugest obstacles. But he had no spiritual kite for this experiment; no moral conductor with which to rob of their wrath the storm-clouds that darkened the religious heavens.

His life develops a marvelous *versatility of talent*. His greatness can not be said to depend on any one faculty, or talent, or manifestation of genius—no one act or class of actions. He is familiar with physics and metaphysics. He is a patriot, a philosopher, a statesman, a philanthropist—almost a theologian. He

builds fortifications and meeting houses ; writes squibs for newspapers, and philosophical essays for royal societies of arts and sciences ; pens letters of friendship to shed light on the humble pathway of the sufferer, and arguments, satires, and philippics that make kings and parliaments tremble. He writes on music and on war ; on smoky chimneys, and the stamp act ; on taxes and electricity ; elephants, and small-pox, water-spouts, whirlwinds and tariff ; balloons, and paper currency ; religion, and causes of colds ; swimming, and the reformation of the English language ; the way to choose spectacles, and the way to choose a wife ; planting hedges, linseed oil, and the harmony and melody of the old Scotch tunes ; earthquakes, and a plan of union for the colonies ; perspiration and absorption, and the slave trade ; militia, and the culture of silk ; canals, and spots on the sun ; stoves, shooting stars, and the condition of apprentices ; plans of education, rhubarb, and Chinese cheese ! He speculates on the best plan of gutters for the streets, and the best means of getting lightning from the clouds ; rebukes Britain's oppression of her colonies, and suggests an improvement in the lamps that light the streets of her cities ; persuades France into the cause of Liberty, and warns the Parisians against a waste of oil ; he tries cases as an esquire, presides over the legislature of Pennsylvania, and stands as a witness before Parliament ; he sets up type, upsets tyranny, and knocks the calculations of Tories into *pi* ; edits papers, attends to the mails, and helps to make constitutions. He is printer, editor, magistrate, clerk, delegate, ambassador, colonel, A. M., LL. D., post-master, philosopher, poet, lawgiver ; what is he not ?

His life is marked by *large benevolence*. It is sometimes objected to Franklin that his maxims tend to make men miserly—that they enslave the soul to a penny. But this is neither the letter nor the spirit of his maxims; nor is it the testimony of his life. Poor Richard's maxims originated in a benevolent regard for the poor, and were calculated to do more for their permanent good than the largest munificence could accomplish in scattering alms among them. He seems ever intent on measures that will lessen the evils and promote the happiness of society. His whole life is a life of labor more for others than for himself. He gives his inventions without patent to the world, makes public property of all his vast wealth of mind, and never seeks to evade duty or responsibility, however painful, where the advantage of his friends, the honor of his country, or the interest of humanity are concerned. Counsel, money, time and talent—all were at the service of his country and his race. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of his services to the cause of freedom before and during the Revolution. And the influence of that one life on the habits, manners and maxims of society; on his country's emancipation, the new organization of her government, and on the progress of physical science, it is impossible ever to calculate. It is certainly honorable to his memory that the last public act of his life was to sign, officially as president of an abolition society, a memorial to Congress in behalf of the enslaved African, beseeching them to "promote mercy and justice towards this distressed race, and to step to the very verge of the power vested in them for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of their fellow-men."

We look upon the *goodness* of Franklin as the superior part of his *greatness*. When we think of Demosthenes, venal and a suicide; of Cicero, cowardly, vain, and selfish; of Cæsar, a monster of crime; of Socrates and Plato, both of doubtful morality; of Byron and Burns, with the "infirmities of genius" loading them down; and of Bacon —

"The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind" —

we can not but reverence the pure and noble characters who have joined to their intellectual strength the richer attractions of the *heart*—gentleness, truthfulness, temperance, purity, kindness and benevolence.

Were we asked now to point out what we consider defective in Dr. Franklin's character, we would say, with all possible admiration of his virtues and reverence for his honorable and world-renowned name, it is the absence of a lofty and earnest faith in Christianity, such as his clear and powerful mind might be supposed capable of reaching. Not that he was destitute of religious principle and feelings. He had both. His reverence for the morality of Jesus was almost unbounded. His faith in God's special providence was so strong as to put to shame that of many professed Christians. His motion in the convention that formed the constitution, for daily public prayers, and his speech thereon, show in his old age, the eradication of the skeptical and irreligious tendencies of his youth. There is no reason either to doubt his full conviction of the immortality of the soul and a future state of retribution —although the epitaph, which is generally appealed to as proof, furnishes by no means as strong evidence of it as it would, could we regard it as the conception of

his own mind, and the outflowing of his own religious convictions. It has less originality than anything bearing the name of Franklin. A poem written on the death of John Foster, a gentleman connected with the press, in 1681, by Joseph Capan, closed with the following lines :

"Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now 's set aside, like an old Almanack;
But for the present only 's out of date;
'T will have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair *edition*, and of matchless worth,
Free from *erratas* new in Heaven set forth;
'T is but a word from God the Great Creator;
It shall be done when he saith *Imprimatur*."

This is so much in the same vein, that we can not help regarding the epitaph more as an improvement on this than as an original conception of his own mind, or as a record of his own heart's faith. Still we doubt not that he possessed faith in the doctrine of a future state; that he saw the importance of the Christian faith on the moral improvement of society; that he sought to encourage it, reasoning in his own forcible and practical way: "If men are so wicked *with* religion, what would they be *without* it!"

But a faith that would identify him with Christianity as a joyful recipient of its spiritual blessings, we know not of any evidence that he possessed. This was probably owing to the want of harmony between his intensely *practical* habit of mind and the intensely *doctrinal* cast of religion in the colonies at that time. Brought up amidst the sternness and awfulness of rigid

Puritanism, when the discussions of the pulpit were very largely doctrinal; and residing afterwards among the Quakers, who, just out of the fires of persecution, were very tenacious for the essentials of Quakerism, Franklin was not prepared to admire the abstractions, metaphysical disquisitions, and theological dogmata which were so much insisted on. He did not, indeed, do justice in his estimate of the practical influence of these doctrinal elaborations. Without the discrimination usually marking his decisions, he rejected the creed and the ritual, and attended only to ethics. One can not but smile at his plan for helping devotion when the chaplain complained to him that the soldiers would not attend the religious services; he made the chaplain steward of the rum, authorizing him to deal out half a gill to each man, morning and evening, *after prayers!* On another occasion, when the great Whitfield was charming vast crowds with his eloquence, and swaying them to and fro like the trees of the forest under the sweep of the tempest, when every eye was dim with tears, and every heart was stirred to its depths, and every nature was electrified, Franklin coolly walked back to ascertain at what distance down street his voice could be heard, and to calculate how many thousands could stand within a given area and catch distinctly the burning words and inspirations of the orator.

We could have wished for a deeper religious inspiration; a loftier religious faith, to have given a crown of beauty and glory to a character so noble—that the religious attributes of his nature might not have been hidden amongst the prominent and grand developments of mind, and heart, and life, which make him so deservedly illustrious and immortal.

But the character of this celebration, as well as the life of the illustrious man whom we honor, reminds me that a great art, no less than a great *man*, is to be spoken of and rejoiced in. If great men are God's gifts, great arts are men's gifts by which they multiply means of happiness and advancement for the world. And among these arts it is difficult to award superiority to any over the art of *printing* — "black art" though it be, and strongly suspected of an infernal origin, as appears by the story of Dr. Faustus and the devil. John Quincy Adams said that "the employment of alphabetical characters to represent all the articulations of the human voice is the greatest invention that ever was compassed by the human genius." Plato says it was the discovery of a God or a man divinely inspired. Many learned men have looked on it as of a divine origin. We believe that Mr. Adams has justly placed it as the first of human inventions. We place printing in the second rank in point of importance. Its bearings on human progress are not to be calculated. It has increased ten thousand fold the intellectual wealth of the world, and made common property of it all. When we remember that before the discovery of this art not only were the masses involved in ignorance, but multitudes of priests and nobles and princes could not read nor write; that books were so scarce and dear that even the more educated classes could possess but few of them; that one Bible had often to serve several monasteries; that even bishops had to borrow Bibles and give bond for their safe return; that the donation of a book to a religious house was regarded as so valuable as to merit eternal salvation; that in 1300 the library at the University of Oxford consisted of a few tracts; that about the same

time there were only four classics in the Royal Library at Paris; that the first edition of the Bible printed by Faust sold at first for six hundred crowns each; I say when these and kindred facts are remembered, and we compare them with the facts of the present time, when a penny paper will often contain an amount of knowledge touching literature, science and religion which the great men of those times would almost have died of joy to have possessed, we can not place too high an estimate on this art. The changes wrought by the crusaders, chivalry, and the revival of commerce, would have amounted to but little had it not been for the invention of printing. What Bartholin says of books, we may say of the art which gives us books—"Without it God is silent, Justice dormant, Physic at a stand, Philosophy lame, Letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness." Without it, Luther would have been at best but another Wickliffe. In the dark ages, "communities resembled some isolated galvanic elements, within the contracting spheres of which the affections and aspirations of the soul were forever gamboling in self-exhausting gyrations. Time gradually added other elements; but slow was the progress which men could make in knowledge and power through the mere instrumentality of tradition and manuscript—both indifferent conductors—and the battery, though its multiplied parts endowed it with increasing force, soon wore itself into decay. Then the press at once became the communicating medium of the ethereal fluid, and by its infinitely superior adaptedness raised the civilized world to the proud eminence which it now occupies on the heaving galvanic pile of mind, which seeks to outstrip the farthestmost bounds of the very heavens.

The single-handed seeker after truth, cramped and fettered by authorities, could make but feeble unproductive, and withal hazardous exploring expeditions into the hidden chambers of Nature's laboratory; and consequently the efforts of genius either soared away into the clouds, or else diverged into the winding and obscure paths of a labyrinth, where arose on some circumscribed basis of experiments, the speculative structures of the theosoph, the astrologer, and the alchemist."

The press has brought all the intellectual riches of the world, all the treasures of literature, science and art from their secret depositories, and scattered them among the multitude, and made them the property of mankind. It has been compared to the first day's creation, when God said, "Let there be light." But it is rather like the fourth day's work, when *light-bearers* were created; when to the starless and sunless heavens of former days succeeded a firmament spangled with ten thousand stars of various magnitudes, the glories of many a constellation and galaxy of genius, the brilliance of a bright morning star of reformation, and the blaze of the Sun of Truth which arose with healing in his wings.

No Aristotle now sits down with one royal pupil, to waste his years on him. He may have nations to sit at his feet. No reformer goes from kingdom to kingdom to utter thoughts and appeals that die with the utterance. The press gives him a trumpet through which to pour a blast that all the earth shall hear and be awakened to spiritual resurrection. The tyrants and oppressors of mankind can no longer riot in security, and mock at a groaning world around them. The press

warns them, like the handwriting on the wall, and at its warning "the joints of their loins are loosed, and their knees smite together with fear." "Give them a corrupt House of Lords," said Sheridan; "give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling court; and let me have but an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

A free press is the scourge of tyrants, the dread of oppressors. It is like the angel in apocalyptic visions, who illuminated the earth with his glory, while in thunder tones he proclaimed the downfall of Babylon, and the introduction of millennial peace and blessedness. The man of letters, the devotee of science, the champion of freedom, the reformer, the statesman, the jurist, the theologian — all multiply their power infinitely, and secure for themselves almost ubiquity and omnipotence in the accomplishment of their mission. Franklin owed much of his power to the press. In every emergency he sought it, and by its aid prepared the way for success. Without it the foundations of the despotisms of the old world had not yet been sapped, nor had the anthem of freedom's triumph been sung in the new. We may well glory, then, in art to which mankind is so deeply indebted for the spread of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge, the blessings of liberty, and the treasures of science and religion. We may be proud of the only manual profession which was not accounted a derogation to nobility; which conferred such honor that many who were of noble families, and eminent ecclesiastics were glad to learn it. We need not be ashamed of an art to which is lent the glory of such a name as Franklin's,

and which has given the first lessons of learning and greatness to many who have succeeded in winning an honorable name among men.

“When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle-ax on his shoulder, till the fierce hosts filed to new victories and carnage, the pale onlooker might have fancied that nature was in her throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be that on that very gala-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to them than Tamerlane’s! The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like the whirlwind, to be forgotten forever; but that German artist has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand throughout all countries and all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of Captains, from Walter the Pennyless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with the movable types of Johannes Faust?”

But we should be proud, not only of our connection with this noble art, but of its wonderful progress, especially in our own beloved land. In January, 1639, just two hundred and fourteen years ago, the first printing was done within the limits of the territory now occupied by the United States. The first production from that press was the *Freeman's Oath*. In 1671, Sir Wm. Berkely, Governor of Virginia, said, “I thank God we have not free schools or printing; and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years. For learning

has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them, and libels against the government. God keep us from both." As late as 1683, Lord Effingham, as Governor, was ordered expressly "to allow no person to use a printing press on any occasion whatever."

On the 24th of April, 1704, appeared the first number of the first regular newspaper in North America. It was the News Letter, published at Boston. In 1721, Franklin says that his brother was dissuaded from publishing his paper by his friends; one paper, in their judgment, being enough for America. "At this time," (1771) says Franklin, rather exultingly, "there are not less than *twenty-five*." In 1810 there were upwards of three hundred and fifty newspaper establishments, and the number of papers issued annually was estimated at twenty-two million. While in 1850 the number of papers and magazines was twenty-eight hundred, and the number of copies printed annually four hundred and twenty-two million six hundred thousand. In 1816 the aggregate circulation of all the papers in New York City was ninety-five hundred. Now, three of the daily papers issue in the aggregate more than one hundred thousand. When we take into account the increased size of the present issues, and the amount of talent and capital employed, and the vastly increased and enlarged range of subjects to which newspapers are devoted, it presents an immensely rapid progress in the power of the press. When we think of the interests of commerce, politics, agriculture, manufactures, sciences, arts, education and religion, as identified to a great extent with the press, this increase of its power is a great fact. And we know

not what bounds to set to human progress, if a free press is allowed to assert its power, and pour over the world its illuminations. But we venture not into the future. We will only say, as Franklin said, when an ambassador in England, he visited the press at which he had worked forty years before, and drank with the pressman then at his old post. "SUCCESS TO PRINTING" was his toast; and "Success to Printing" say we still, standing this much farther along the pathway of time, and seeing a fulfillment of his wish larger and ampler than he could possibly have anticipated. *Success to Printing!* May the craft ever be distinguished for intelligence, enterprise and moral worth; and from their midst may many rise to eminence—if not to Franklin's greatness, at least to honorable distinction, to be a blessing to the world, and an honor to human nature. May the beams of truth, radiating over the earth from a free press, dispel the gloom of mental night, chase from the world the superstitions and falsehoods and iniquities that can not live in day, unmask the tyrannies and gigantic wrongs of despots, wake humanity from the degradation of a long reign of ignorance, and bathe the whole world in light, until the victory of truth is universal and complete—until the "wilderness and the solitary place be made glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And may you, gentlemen, though addicted to the *black art*, and on this account condemned to the *galleys*; though constantly dancing attendance on *balls*, and frequently found engaged with *cards*; though practicing frequent *impositions*, almost without a *parallel*; having intercourse with the *devil*, and perhaps once so unfortunate as to have been taken for the *devil* yourselves;

may you, notwithstanding the unhappy *case* in which these facts seem to leave you, be able yet to make good *impressions*, and present many a clean *page* to the world's eye. Amidst the *press* of business and worldly cares, may you enjoy many *tokens* of prosperity and peace; may the influences of life be so happily *distributed* that every chapter in your history may present the cleanest *proof* that your character is *set up* according to *copy*. May the *colophon* of life's volume contain a good report of you; and when the book is used up, its contents are torn out, and it is stript of its lettering and gilding, may Franklin's hope be cherished, that "it will appear again in a new and more elegant *edition*, *revised* and *corrected* by THE AUTHOR."

A PLEA FOR HOME MISSIONS.

In consenting to deliver this address, I have been moved by one consideration, and the only one that makes it proper that I, rather than another, should perform the task. Identified as I am, and have been from the first, with the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, it is wise to guard against any apprehension that my interest in home missions is abated, or that attention to the interests of foreign missions tends, in any degree, to a depreciation of the great missionary work to be done in our own land. The missionary work is one. It seems to me impossible to cherish an interest in missions in foreign lands, and at the same time be indifferent to the claims of missions in our own land. At least, such an interest would not be healthy or rational. Selfishness might prompt exclusive attention to our own land, our own state, our own district, or our own neighborhood; and I fear that often this is the real hindrance to an adequate mission work in the distant frontiers of our own country. But selfishness will not dictate missionary labor in foreign lands and withhold it from our own. The love of souls, the reverence for our Lord's authority, which leads us to go to "the frozen Laplander and the sunburnt Moor" with the message of salvation, surely will not forbid or discourage the desire and the effort to save those who are about our own doors. It is probably on this principle that foreign missions have always reacted healthily and vigorously on home missions. And it has been with me, in the little I have been able to do for foreign

missions, a constant desire and a constant conviction that success abroad would inspire greater efforts at home; that a faith and hope and love that reach to the ends of the earth can not but comprehend in their ample folds the interest of those who are within easier reach, to bless whom is a much lighter tax alike upon our faith and our benevolence. Simply as a spiritual gymnasium—as a training-place for feats of moral and spiritual strength and daring—were there no other result to follow, I regard foreign missions as a necessity. My conviction is that the stronger we grow in the work of faith, and patience of hope, and labor of love in the difficult and heroic task of bearing the Gospel to remote and unpromising regions, the stronger shall we be in the faith, hope and love needful for mission work at home. I have, therefore, gladly consented to appear before the General Convention in a plea for home missions.

It is impossible to take even a hurried glance at the destitute parts of our own land—destitute, I mean, so far as our own plea for the restoration of primitive Christianity is concerned—without being impressed, nay, overwhelmed, with the magnitude of the work before us. Rapidly as we have grown, our strength is confined mainly to a few states, and these in the West and Southwest. In the Middle States we are feeble; in the New England States we are hardly known; in the South proper we are known much more in name than in power; in the Northwest our forces are scattered; while beyond the Rocky Mountains, on the Pacific slope, neither in numbers nor in organization are we capable of meeting the demands upon us. All of these vast fields are more or less inviting, and all are urgent in their appeals for help.

New England not only pleads that in the prevalent upheavals of religious thought, and the marked discontent with and revolt against the religious faith of former times, multitudes could be arrested in their tendencies to skepticism by a presentation of our plea for the restoration of the simple faith and unity and catholicity of apostolic times; but that if we were once well established in that region there would be a steady stream of emigration from her churches to the western churches, and we would soon be abundantly repaid for all our outlay in the influx of intelligent and enterprising disciples to our western communities. It is a sound plea, and ought not to be disregarded.

In the South are the freedmen—as needy a people as almost any to be found on the face of the earth—whose education in morals and religion is demanded by enlightened patriotism as well as by Christian philanthropy; a patient, toilsome task to which our love of country and our love of souls give us a double invitation. It is also becoming more apparent every year that the white population of the South, in its whole range from the most ignorant to the most cultivated, but especially in what may be regarded as the substantial class, can be successfully reached, and that only systematic and prudent effort is needed to give us, in that region, a fair degree of success.

Then there is the great West and Northwest, to which the star of empire is rapidly taking its way, and where the foundation of new communities, the upbuilding of new institutions, and the enlistment of the sympathies, the rapidly growing fortunes, and the almost boundless enterprise of the bravest, strongest, most earnest, and soon to be the most powerful populations

in all the Republic, invite us to a work which may well task our benevolence and our zeal to the utmost. Pause and think of this. The western migration of the last year is soberly estimated at six hundred thousand. Within the last five years it is calculated that two million five hundred thousand people have crossed the Mississippi on their way to western homes. Of these, one million eight hundred and eighty thousand were from the Atlantic States, and the vast majority Americans. This emigration was going on when immigration from Europe was at low figures. In 1878, for instance, less than one hundred and fifty thousand immigrants came to our shores, while six hundred thousand emigrants settled in the new regions of the West. Of these six hundred thousand, but eighty thousand were foreigners, leaving five hundred and twenty thousand (more than half a million) of our own people. One hundred and forty thousand farms and lots are reported to have been taken, averaging one hundred acres to a family. It is estimated, this year, outside of Texas, ten millions of acres of public lands will be taken up.

Then think of the immensity of the territory in the West, Northwest and Southwest, in which these growing millions are settling. In Nebraska, for instance, one hundred thousand people settled last year. There is Dakota, containing more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles—as large as all New England, New York and Pennsylvania, or equal to New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana combined. Through Northern Dakota runs the Northern Pacific railroad, which is destined to be a success. After all the prognostications of evil, there is found in that region the very best wheat-growing country in the United States.

It is now estimated that within three years there will be one continuous wheat field, four hundred miles long, and from fifty to eighty miles wide, containing more than fifteen million acres. There is already an enormous tide of people—Canadians, Scotch—flowing into Dakota; also, there is a very large immigration into Southern Dakota as new railroad lines are being pushed westward and northward, and new avenues of commerce are springing up on every hand. In Montana, too, the Northern Pacific will soon be extended one hundred miles into the valley of the Yellowstone, and the Northern Utah railroad one hundred miles further towards the capital of the state, opening the way for new myriads of the bold and enterprising spirits that stand ready for new adventures. Of the new Red River country, Bishop Peck, who recently visited it, says:

“The Catholics, keen-eyed as usual, are there with men and money, and are as rapidly as possible pre-empting the country. The Episcopalians, with a stir and enterprise quite new for them in America, are everywhere getting church sites, and advancing money for churches, missionaries and rectories. The Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Baptists are imitating the early pioneer push and power of the Methodists, with sums of money which we never had, sticking their stakes and founding their churches as rapidly as possible, and here and there, with more or less *modesty*, sometimes ordering us off their ‘claims.’ Indeed, the idea of ‘preëmption’ projects itself beyond landed estates.”

Thus it is that all the religious organizations rush in to secure the advantage of early settlement, and gain possession of the country, while we sit idly down,

and fold our hands, and console ourselves with the assurance that "great is the truth, and mighty above all things ; it must and will prevail!"

Then look at Texas—as large as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and four-fifths of Illinois—a goodly land, into which is pouring a constant stream of immigration, and which will soon be of itself a grand empire.

But we refer to these merely as specimens. The time would fail us to tell of Kansas, and Nebraska, and Minnesota, and Wyoming, and Colorado, of California, and Washington, and Oregon; and even had we time and ability, it would be overwhelming; the very magnitude of the work before us would discourage us.

I. In regard to these vast home-fields, we desire to submit a few thoughts :

1. It is a question which seriously affects the future of religion and of free government, whether the new communities in these vast territories are founded in the fear of God and the love of righteousness, or in godlessness and lawlessness. The character they first take on will be apt to remain for a long time. More can be done in a year for God and Christ and country at the start, in laying the foundations of empire deep and strong in the love of truth and righteousness, than can afterwards be done in twenty years in attempting to overcome the evils and mischiefs of a wrong start.

2. So far as our own plea is concerned, it has a comparatively easy task in new communities, where men are freed from their old surroundings, are hungry for instruction, and are ready to greet with earnest

welcome the religious teachers who will share with them the hardships of frontier life, and bring to them the benefits of moral and religious culture. One dollar will go further in securing a good footing then, than one hundred dollars will go afterwards when the land and the hearts of the people are preoccupied.

3. Do not forget that among those attracted to these new territories are thousands of our own brethren; and that, unless they are cared for and helped, the majority of them will be lost to us, if not entirely to faith and righteousness.

They will be swallowed up in other communities; or, in their haste to be rich, will fall into temptation and a snare, and into foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. Here and there will be found well established and unyielding souls, who will be themselves heralds of the faith and founders of society in their new homes; and such instances are seized on and held up to view as triumphant demonstrations that missionary societies are needless. But let it be remembered that for one such instance there are scores of instances of failure and wreck, which suitable help and encouragement might have prevented. Not only for the sake of new and large gains, but to guard against heavy losses, we should have faithful preachers and teachers in all these new fields.

There are thousands of lone and plaintive voices coming to us; each from a separate Hagar in the wilderness, pathetically pleading with us, for their own and their children's sake, that springs may be opened in the desert, lest they die. They are shut out from Christian fellowship. They have none to hold up their hands when they pray, and the Amaleks of

worldliness and greed and folly are prevailing against them. They are longing and praying for the proclamation of the blessed old gospel, and the singing of the songs of Zion, and the conversion of their neighbors ; but they long in vain.

What are we doing ? To supply these vast fields and these millions of perishing sinners, we raise five thousand dollars per annum ! It were well nigh as sensible and as pious to hold our conventions at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and gravely unite in shooting paper wads from popguns to overturn them from their base, as to meet in grave council here and deliberate about missionary work in these great home fields on the strength of such an income. Bishop Peck said, in regard to Methodist enterprise in the Northwest :

“The truth must be owned—the Methodists are behind in this part of the great Northwest, and are feebly struggling against great odds of men and money to begin our work in the rising settlements of this coming empire. I tell the Methodist people it is a shame that we have slept while others have sown good seed, and yet others abundance of tares, in this field. I have traveled and talked and prayed and preached from St. Paul to Bismarck, and north into the region bounding the British possessions, and I am pained, I am filled with indignation at our tardy, inefficient, half-dazed, snail-like movements in this competitive race of world-wide interest.”

If this can be regarded as a just censure, in view of what we know of Methodist enterprise, what language would suffice for a just expression of humiliation, mortification and shame, in view of *our* shortcomings ?

II. But now, as to the means of overcoming our inertia, and starting us forward in a new career of missionary enterprise. This is really the essential point at present. It is needless to go into a further array of figures and facts. It ought to be regarded as an insult to the intelligence of this convention to attempt to prove the importance, the vital necessity of worthier effort in these great home fields, as if they did not know it, and feel it, and were not grieved and pained over our past inefficiency. But how to remedy our past inefficiency, is the grave problem. It is quite fashionable to say, just now, "Let us be done with talk about *plans*. We are tired of hearing about *plans*." This would be well if we had agreed on any one plan, and were really at work to execute it. What is called the "Louisville plan" never pleased me; yet, when the brethren generally adopted it, I resolved to work in harmony with them, and did all I could to make it successful. And if we were working now on any well defined plan, I would do the same until it was fully tested, and say nothing about my own preferences. But the fact is, we are working according to no plan at all, and therefore we are working blindly and vainly. In name, we still adhere to the Louisville plan, so modified as to strip it of whatever vitality it might possess, and we are doing nothing worthy of mention. While I was, and still am, in my judgment, opposed to the plan, I am by no means certain that it is best to abandon it without another effort to vitalize and utilize it. I see one way, and one way only, in which it can be made effective. When it was adopted, I urged on several of our state secretaries that the only chance for its success was to concentrate

attention and strength in its district feature, and work up the districts with all possible diligence. I still think so.

Were I state evangelist in any one of our strong states, I would proceed in about this way: I would start out with a conviction that to be successful in raising money, *I must get near to the people*, and the only way to do this all over the state is by district organizations. I would divide the state into districts—small districts—with from twelve to twenty churches in each district. I would shape these districts, not necessarily according to county lines, but in view of the highways, the means of access by turnpikes, rivers, railroads, etc., grouping those which could most readily coöperate. In each district I would persuade the churches, if possible, to employ one evangelist for the district; not to divide his time as a preacher among the churches, but to work for the largest good in the district; caring for the weak churches, getting idle preachers to work, holding protracted meetings at needy points, visiting the strong churches to get them to help the weak, and instituting and keeping up regular quarterly collections in every church for missionary work in the district, the state, and the world at large; his own salary having been previously agreed on by apportionment among the churches. Where districts would not or could not employ such an evangelist, I would have the churches select a board, say of one from each church, and a secretary who would make it his business to see that the quarterly collections were regularly taken up, and would feel it my duty to pay special attention to such districts, and foster them until they were prepared to employ an evangelist of their

own. Each of these districts should have a yearly meeting, made up of a large delegation from the churches, and attended as far as possible by the members of the churches to examine the work of the past year, and prepare the work of the coming one. The State Convention would then be composed of delegates from these district conventions; would receive from them the contributions of the districts for state and general purposes; would receive reports from all the districts; would report on work done in the state, outside of the districts; would appropriate out of its funds received from the strong districts for the help of the needy ones, and make such changes in or additions to the districts as, in the general judgment, should be deemed admissible.

If an efficient state evangelist would thus work up his state, and make it his special business to see that the districts were kept at work until this became a settled system of working, I believe we might, from six or seven strong states, receive a missionary fund for general purposes that would enable us to help the weak states and do a good work in the new states and territories. In no other way does it seem to me possible to operate on the plan which is nominally the plan under which we are now operating, or rather failing to operate.

If it is settled that this can not be done, that district work is a permanent failure, then the plan must be abandoned; and the sooner the better. In that case, I see nothing but to fall back on the plan which ought never to have been abandoned—that of associations of individuals, as we now have it in the Foreign Missionary Society; and if it comes to this, I see no good

reason why the home and foreign work should not be again united in one society. But before any such change is contemplated, it should be definitely settled that district work can not be carried on in the way we have suggested. We deprecate any further changes if it is at all possible to succeed on the present basis. I believe that with state evangelists possessed of the organizing faculty, and gifted with the final perseverance of the saints, it could be done, not all at once, but gradually; and rapidly enough to tell effectively upon our treasury in a year or two. This, however, is only my own individual judgment. If it prove not to be the general judgment, then let us face the difficulty bravely, and devise some other means of effective work.

With the return of prosperity to our country, we shall be without excuse if we fail to increase ten-fold, yea, twenty-fold, our contributions for the home mission work in charge of this Convention. Like the man at the feast without the wedding garment, we shall be speechless when inquisition is made into our failure. We can give no reasonable apology for our existence if we fail to do according to our ability to redeem the world to God, and the failure will be traced at last to that most inexcusable of sins, indifference, alike to the love of God and the wants of humanity. No religious body has a right to exist unless it has some spiritual interest in charge for which others are not properly caring, and for which they are determined to provide. We are strong in the conviction that we have such spiritual interests in charge, interests that, to say the least, would be put in hazard if our advocacy were withdrawn. We are seeking to call the scattered people of

God to the original unity and catholicity of the Church of God; to overthrow sectarianism and denominationalism, and to proclaim to the sinful and dying the pure gospel of the grace of God, unencumbered with and unembarrassed by the abstruse, perplexing, speculative and contradictory doctrines of various sects, and the commandments and traditions of men. That our work is distinctive, and essential to the vindication of a pure Christianity, worth living for, and, if need be, worth dying for—none of us, I presume, have a doubt.

The question that remains is, Have we the courage, the zeal, the self-sacrifice necessary to guard the trust committed to us?

We have reached a point in our history when this question must be met. It is vital in its bearings on our future. We are, in a sense, on trial before the world. In point of argument and success in making converts, we have so far succeeded as to challenge the attention and the respect of our religious contemporaries, and of the onlooking world.

Now, for its *fruits*. Will the principles and practices for which we contend result in making men more godly, more humane, more philanthropic? Standing on the Bible and the Bible alone, while the shackles of human authority are broken, will there still abide a power to unite Christians in all good works? Or shall we confess, with the Bible in our hands, that it does not thoroughly furnish us unto all good works—that we are unable to unite our means and efforts in any coöperative movement for the world's redemption? If we fail here, the failure will be disastrous. And we will fail here, unless we rise out of the unfruitful experiments of the past into some form of coöperative effort

that will command general confidence, sympathy and support.

Pardon me if for once I seem to indulge in seeming censoriousness. I believe I can say with truth that I have never been a croaker in this camp. Through all changing fortune in our mission operations, I have kept good heart, and have withheld no labor or counsel or means at my command that would tend to inspire hope in others. If I seem to strike another keynote in this address, I ask you to believe that it is not from any decay of interest in our mission work, but from the increasing intensity of interest in it, and because I am fully persuaded that the time has come to face our responsibilities squarely, and determine on an onward movement. If, in probing the difficulty, it is found that we are lacking wisdom, then let us have a day of prayer, and ask Him who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not. If we shall be compelled to the conclusion that the real difficulty is a lack of heart in the work, a lack of consecration, then the sooner we know it, and humble ourselves before God in repentance and confession, the better.

I do not lose sight of the fact that we are yet young ; that we are not rich ; that we have had and still have much to do in maintaining the cause where it is already established, and that for this purpose our outlays have been larger in the way of church-buildings, schools, colleges, etc. I do not therefore look for the large income to our missionary treasury that is seen in wealthier religious bodies. But surely five or six hundred thousand people are able, in addition to their expenses at home, to give ten times as much as we are now receiving, yea, fifty times as much, and find it no burden.

And remember we can not make a satisfactory demonstration of the regenerating and sanctifying power of the principles for which we plead until this is done.

I do not doubt that a part of our failure may be traced to the lack of proper consecration to the service of Christ. For myself, I am free to confess that the one thing that smites me with dumbness and overwhelms me with shame, and scatters to the winds all my confidence in my own spiritual integrity, is to look at Him who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. In that wonderful presence, all my complacency vanishes, and what seemed the brightest passages in my life in the way of unselfish labor become dark as midnight, and I can only bow in the dust with broken heart, and cry with the publican—"God be merciful to me, the sinner." Yet I do not believe that this is the greatest of our difficulties. I do not think that, in this respect, we have occasion for a larger share of reproach than all who love the Lord must feel when they look at their best performances in the light of that example. I believe that, more than to any other cause, our feebleness is owing to a lack of wisdom in devising proper methods, joined to a lack of that love which will command all individual preferences into submission to the general good, and inspire us to unite on *any* plan, in *any* way, that will help the good work onward.

Solomon said, "The words of the wise are as goads." I do not pretend to wisdom; I am willing, indeed, to be counted a fool for Christ's sake, if only my words may prove as goads to urge you to grapple with the difficulties of the situation and master them. Let us rise to the demands of the occasion. If, under divine

direction, we shall be able to decide on the measures that will ultimate in sending forth scores and hundreds of preachers into the vast home fields that now invite us, the memories of this occasion will be green and fragrant for generations to come.

A VIEW OF THE HISTORY OF OUR RACE,
AND OF THE DIVINE OBJECTS THUS FAR DEVELOPED BY
HIM WHO RULES THE AGES AND THE NATIONS.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

In honoring me with an invitation to deliver the annual address before your literary societies, I presume you have had a higher object in view than a mere amusement for the hour. At least, in accepting your kind invitation, I have done so from a conviction that an opportunity would be afforded me to impress some of the great and earnest lessons of life on the hearts of many young men and women who, in a very few years, are to be active workers in the great fields of humanity, in this most stirring and glorious age. With me, life is an awful, earnest, glorious thing, especially in this age and in this land. I have no respect for anything, except as it contributes to a true life. I attach no value to education, except as it furnishes the means and the inspirations to develop, control and energize heart, conscience and life, so as to make manhood and womanhood true, pure, and noble; and, by a wise economy, enables the possessor of this brief life to marshal its forces for the most effective and honorable performance of life's great task. We have but one life to live here. In it are wrapped up the destinies of the eternal future. The saddest and awfulest of all failures, therefore, is to fail of a true life—for from it there is no recovery; out of it there is no redemption. It sinks the soul in a hopeless bankruptcy, where there is no compounding with creditors, no opportunity to regain

lost ground, no opening of the prison doors to a new career of wiser experiment. Deeply do I feel, therefore, in behalf of the young, to whom the paths of responsible life are just opening, and who are putting forth their inexperienced feet toward life's great pathway, to join the mighty throng who are working out the awful problem of character and destiny; deeply do I feel for them, and I desire to aid them in a proper estimate and plan of life, and help them to such an understanding of themselves and of the age as may enable them to look intelligently and wisely upon their duties and responsibilities, and accept with brave and holy resolution the solemn and mighty task that God has set before them. But this is no easy matter. It is easy enough to tell one to understand himself, and to understand the age, and all that, but to be able to reach such an understanding is another thing.

This age is the product of all past ages. The people who now live are not merely human beings, born into the world with the common capacities and endowments of our nature, but the legitimate heirs of the immense treasures of intellectual and moral wealth which the past has bequeathed, and of all the holy duties which that past enjoins. Lord Bacon truly says, "We are the ancients." We are older than any who have preceded us. We can not, therefore, understand ourselves except as we understand the past; nor our age, except as we comprehend the designs and marches of the ages that have gone. The burden of this address, therefore, as preparatory to the great practical lessons which we wish to enforce, will be a view of the history of our race, and of the divine objects thus far developed by Him who rules the ages and the nations. This

we will make as brief and as rapid as possible. And as I am addressing those who are accustomed to look beneath the surface, and search for the roots of things, I shall not fear, as I might before some audiences, the charge of dullness or prolixity. If, occasionally, I lead you by a path that seems sinuous and unpromising, it will soon guide you into some sweet valley of serene beauty and freshness; if, sometimes, it calls you to steep and rugged ascents, be sure that when you gain the summit of the inquiry it will open such extensive and sublime scenes of contemplation as will abundantly compensate for all the toil of the journey.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was banished to the little island of the sea, and his spirit of boundless ambition, like a caged lion chafed and maddened in its confinement, roared in vain for deliverance, he turned in bitterest despair from a starless future, and said, "Let us live upon the past." This was a vain effort. It is impossible that any earnest soul should satisfy itself with the past. The future—the limitless and eternal future—glowing with innumerable stars of promise, where the angel of hope, with lively pencil dipped in gayest colors, paints visions of grandeur and blessedness of which the past knoweth not; and points to heights of glory, crowns of victory, and scenes of felicity, such as eye hath not seen nor heart conceived—this is the source of delight to a nature whose every ambition and aspiration tells of immortality. The past is too sober, too tame, too real. There is a charm in the deceitful *mirage* in the desert of life, which kindles new hopes, tempts us on to new efforts, and involves us in new disappointments. We are not apt to turn to

the past, until, like the son of ambition of whom we have spoken, the spell that links us with the future is broken, and the enchanted scene in which we have reveled melts away, and is succeeded by Egyptian darkness. Yet the study of the past is profitable; profitable as it relates to our individual lives; profitable as it relates to the lives of nations, and to all the developments of humanity in the history of our race. As a source of profit and, we may venture to hope, of pleasure also, we propose to listen, in the present lecture, to the voice of history.

There is a tendency to discard the past; to talk of it as a region of shadows, of spirits and hobgoblins; as a long reign of night, during which humanity was bestridden by some ugly fiend, and groaned in horrid nightmare, out of which, in this glorious age, it has just awakened, and gathered up energy enough to remove the incubus and emerge from the agony. Now we beg leave to submit that, according to the lowest computations, the human race is well nigh six thousand years old. And if nearly six thousand years have passed without substantial results, there is certainly little hope for the future. If a childhood running through six millenniums has developed nothing but idiocy and insanity, alas! for all our dreams of progress. "The child is father of the man;" and there is nothing to do but consent that this rickety, creaking, jarring, crazy world shall be kept on hand forever as a mad-house for an unfortunate and imbecile race; and amidst the antics, and riotings, and swellings, and tumults of lawless humanity, trust our keepers to hold us within some bounds, or let

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

No, it will not do to ignore the past. The anti-historical view of humanity is most unphilosophical. The future will be the product of the past. "What hath been is now, and what is to be hath already been ; and God requireth that which is past." Every rational scheme of human progress must be grounded on an *historical* view of human nature. If there has been no divinity shaping the ends of human history ; if society, as now existing, is the result of blind and senseless combinations ; the mere upheaving of a sea swept by lawless storms, then we can profit little by the study of the past, and as little by any plans for the future. But if there has been an overruling providence in the affairs of men, guiding on the movements of individuals, tribes and nations to an intended consummation, then the study of history is one of the most important to which we can devote our attention, and the future is only to be correctly viewed in the light of the past. In this view the pages of history bear traces of the handwriting of Jehovah. Somewhat like the *palimpsests*, from which ignorant men erased the most valuable records to give place to senseless legends, on many of these pages of time the handwriting of Deity is defaced and almost obliterated, and can only be traced here and there, underneath the confused histories and false philosophies of men. Yet enough can be recovered, perhaps, to understand the intentions of the divine Author. In the midst of the darkness that hangs over the past, enough stars are yet seen shining above the eastern horizon to furnish a correct horoscope ; and in the study of these we learn to prognosticate truly the coming fortunes of our race. This is the only true view of history. It can not be that God has

arranged the material universe with so nice a regard to order, and with so exact a balance of forces, and then left the intelligent nature, for which it was all made, ungoverned. It can not be that dateless ages were employed in preparing the globe to become the habitation of man merely to furnish a Bedlam where a crazy nature might be free to play its pranks, and mar with horrid discord the otherwise pure harmonies of the rational universe. Rather let us believe that in the grand *oratorio* which heaven has composed, and for the performance of which all orders of intelligences are placed under tribute, *man* has an important part assigned him; and if, sometimes, he strikes a discordant note, it is only as a foil; if, sometimes, he appears out of time as well as out of tune, it is in *fugue* performances; and that *in the end* these apparent clashings will make more rich and charming and triumphant the full swelling harmonies and melodies of the clashing strains, when the universe shall resound with the magnificent utterance of praise, and men and angels shall sing the most perfect chords, and sinners and devils shall beat silent beats, and never utter another discord more!

Let us look, then, after a satisfactory view of history. It is observable that the mightiest results are wrought out quietly by unobtrusive agencies. The destinies of nations frequently hang on a look, a word, a single act. Gibbon has noted a moment in the life of Mohammed, when the lance of an Arab might have changed the destinies of the world. And taking into view the whole subsequent history of Mohammedanism, it is curious to look back and reflect how different the fate of Europe and Asia might have been, had there been

a single movement of that lance, numbering Mohammed with the slain. Hence we learn that if the Divine Ruler governs at all in the affairs of the world, he must govern the very smallest events; and there is such a thing as a special providence. He not only

"Sees, with equal eye, as Lord of all,
The hero perish, and the sparrow fall;"

but is able to make the falling of a sparrow or the weaving of a spider's web the occasion of mighty changes, which in time may convulse the world. But we can not, in the limits of a lecture like this, pause to trace out these details, or pursue to their sources the little rills which, combined, form the larger streams of history. We only propose to note results—the conclusions growing out of an acquaintance with these details. We can only look at the mountain summits, where are seen the "footprints of the Creator," and trace the majestic marches of providence in the onward progress of the ages. "The adventurer in Central America, after climbing over range after range of volcanic hills, rising one above another, stood at last on the dividing summit, from which he could view both oceans at once." So is there a dividing line in history—a lofty summit from which to look into the eternity past, and the eternity to come. The ages of the past stretch away into remote and unrecorded antiquity, and the ages of the future lie before us, stretching out into a distance impenetrable to human gaze; and many richly freighted argosies are making their way over the deep, perhaps to some secure port, perhaps to wreck and ruin.

That dividing line is *the establishment of Christianity*. All things in former ages tended to that one event.

All things since are tending onward to another event, yet future—the subjugation of the whole world to the peaceful and blissful reign of the Messiah.

The progress of nations from barbarism to the highest civilization is marked by two words — *Poetry* and *Philosophy*. The first awakening of the mind is marked by poetical fervor and brilliancy. Rude ages have always poetical inspiration in them. Traditions, moral lessons, religion, and even laws, are full of poetical breathings. As civilization advances, the poetical gives place to the philosophical, and the realms which have sparkled and glowed and blazed with a thousand glorious imaginations are invaded by the stern and cold materialist, who, with pickaxe and shovel, and hammer and crucible, reduces all the universe to weight and measurement, exorcises all the demons, and drives away all the fairies, elves, sprites and nymphs that used to people forest and field, and river and sea, until, in dull materialism of rigid science, we sigh again for the wildness and grotesqueness and excitement of

“the merry olden time,

When the fairies were in fashion, and the world was in its prime.”

Unquestionably, the union of poetry and philosophy is necessary to realize the most healthy and beneficent influences on the human mind, and this is what *religion* furnishes. Religion is, indeed, the union of poetry and philosophy. To recognize God philosophically, as a cause uncaused, or an absolute essence with certain qualities and relations, and then poetically as manifested in the ten thousand forms of life and beauty and glory around us, that we may worship Him with

mind and heart and strength, is the lofty purpose of religion. Religions are more or less perfect, according to the proportions of these which enter into the combination. Hence in idolatrous religions we have a vast preponderance of the poetical—the philosophical element being almost entirely banished. In theism the philosophical prevails, and the poetical is last. But Christianity is at once the highest philosophy and the highest poetry. It is the union of these in faultless proportions. It is, therefore, that on which, *a priori*, the highest forms of civilization and human progress depend; and, *a posteriori*, that to which all in former ages was tending, as the embodiment of all the heart seeks after in intellectual vigor, moral purity, and spiritual loveliness. Indeed, as one author has justly remarked: "The history of Christianity, including the life and death of its divine Founder, the moral heroism of its martyrs and apostles, and the long warfare which it has waged against ignorance, sin and misery, is a mighty epic, of which God is the Author, and the refinements of chivalry, the triumphs of art, and the glories of science are the episodes." Taking Christianity, then, as "the summit level of the line of communication opened between earth and heaven," and tracing back from Rome the streams of art and knowledge, we pursue them through Greece, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia to Egypt and the plains of Chaldea. The modern progressive, who glories in the philosophies of to-day, will be astonished to find these streams so clear and fresh and strong at their sources. In place of leading him back to ages of barbarism and tribes of savages, they lead him back to empires of might, to seats of learning and science, to monuments

of greatness which are still the wonder of the world. His own ideas are but grains of gold washed down from ancient mines, in which patient laborers wrought ages before he was born, and fashioned the material into a thousand glorious and immortal forms, which, but for his near-sightedness, he might have been profitably employed in studying. If he looks at Rome, all that Rome could glory in was imported—even her most wonderful monuments, her literature, science, and religion. If to Greece he turns his eye, her teachers traveled to the East to gain their knowledge. Orpheus, Rhadamanthus, Minos, Lycaon, Triptolemus, Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, all went to Egypt, and imported thence their theology, philosophy, and learning. Egypt was the seat of learning and refinement, and her very ruins are eloquent in praise of her greatness. Babylon, with her gates of brass, and temples and towers, was the center of learning and science. Her sages had counted every star in the oriental heavens. Language, art, science and religion have all come down to us from these ancient nations, from the ages which we are so prone to ridicule and condemn. Could we be cut off from all the patrimony which those ages convey to us, we should be little better than grinning, chattering monkeys, for whose existence nature could scarcely furnish an apology. "The Indians, Egyptians and Phœnicians, before the Greeks and Romans, made very great advances in geometry, astronomy, natural history, philosophy, language, politics, oratory, and the fine arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music." Back of all these, before the light of profane history had dawned, the sacred volume opens to view patri-

archs and seers who lived in communion with God, in whom the divine *afflatus* lodged the ideas, reasonings, eloquence, poetry, and refinements of the heavens. They were representative men who gave birth to ages and nations, and from whom have descended, through the various ramifications of Noah's family, the original inheritance of language, science, and art. Jacob and his family brought all this rich patrimony into Egypt. It was some little time after this that Cadmus, with his Phœnician colony, founded Thebes, and Cecrops and Danaus, with their Egyptian relations, founded Athens and Argos, carrying with them the science and learning of Egypt into these new states.

But without pausing to speak minutely of these patriarchs, and of the ancient Persians, Chaldeans, Indians, and Egyptians, and the causes of their declension—for their progress, especially in morals, be it observed, was a progress downward and backward, and not upward and onward—we remark that, as they declined, a few small tribes immediately around the Mediterranean were made the chosen depositaries of the elements of progress. The structure of modern society had its foundations laid in those remote ages by the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and Germanic nations. With the Hebrews, God deposited moral and religious truth. To the Greeks he assigned the empire of reason and imagination. And to the Romans, military genius and prowess, by which, with their civil institutions, and the literature and religion of the other two nations, they were to lay a broad and deep foundation for the Christian civilization on which the Germans were to build the modern world.

The heroic ages of Greece gave birth to a poetry and a religion whose influence on the intellectual and spiritual culture of mankind has never yet been spent. Their idolatries, and the noble deeds of heroes, wrought up by Homer into immortal song ; the victories of feeble bands over Persia's innumerable forces ; the glories of Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ ; the splendid life of Pericles ; the teachings of Socrates, and kindred causes, gave birth to that great army of poets, philosophers, historians and rhetoricians who conquered the conquerors of the world, and made the Greek literature one of the chief sources of modern culture. But while we look to Homer and Æschylus as the fathers of epic and dramatic poetry, let us not forget the great masters in philosophy, Aristotle and Plato, whose influence was felt, not only in those ages, their teachings following the conquests of the Roman arms everywhere, and gaining an intellectual sovereignty more absolute than the political dominion which the Romans wrested from the Greeks, but in after times also, when, in the middle ages the Grecian literature was again revived, and gave fresh vigor to the reawakened mind of the world.

Another power, very unlike the Greeks, arose from obscurity, marked peculiarly by invincible military spirit. Poor, illiterate, unrefined, the Roman people grew up and passed through all their changes of government, and all the chances of fortune, possessed of a solitary idea, that of *conquest*. Whether under kings, decemvirs, dictators, or consuls ; in the midst of plenty or of famine ; reposing in peace, or drenching their own streets with the blood of brethren ; invaded or invading, it was all the same ; an invincible determination never to yield and always to conquer, bore them

on to unparalleled triumphs, and justified the prophetic symbol of Daniel, of a monster exceedingly great and terrible, which under the tread of iron feet broke in pieces and devoured the residue of earth's kingdoms.

Then we have the Hebrews, presenting the singular spectacle of a semi-barbarous nation in possession of the purest morals and the best religion the world had ever known. We can not here speak much of their mission. It was, in some respects, a bloody one; so much so, that many recoil from the thought of such blood-stained enterprises having the sanction of Jehovah. It is, however, a mawkish sensibility. These very sensitive philosophers and moralists must needs go out of *this* world, at least, to get rid of such unpalatable facts, for what is seen in the history of the Jewish people is seen, more or less, in the history of all peoples. Everywhere that God's providential hand is seen are witnessed murders, and famines, and pestilences, and strifes and agonies, and great ends made to grow out of all these. It is so to this day, and will be so till the moral and spiritual faculties prevail more fully over the selfish and carnal feelings and propensities of our nature. The moral as well as the physical universe has its thunders and lightnings, and floods, and tempests, and earthquakes. Every great principle and every great movement *struggles* into life. But apart from this, let us note that through this people the doctrine of the unity of God, correct views of moral duty and obligation, and the capital idea of redemption, were preserved from ruin, amidst the clash of arms, the overturnings of empires, the speculations of philosophy, the charms of mythology, and the gross superstitions of idolatry; and not only preserved,

but by means of their colonies and their captivities, carried to the great centers of science, commerce, and government, and diffused among idolatrous nations, so as to turn attention to a particular age, a particular country, and a particular people, when, where and through whom a better system of things should have birth, for the regeneration of human nature.

Accordingly, when Rome had extended her military triumphs on every hand, and established a vast empire ; when Grecian literature and science had gone with Roman arms and conquered the conquerors, and softened the rudeness and sternness of a warlike people ; when Judaism had diffused the knowledge of God and of a coming Redeemer, and when, in Rome herself, all factions had been subdued, and the republic had given place to the empire ; when the municipal institutions and laws of Rome, and the literature and laws of the Greek and Latin languages were beginning to mould all the subject nations into one homogeneous civilization, and thus build up all around the glorious Mediterranean a magnificent theater for new and mightier evolutions of the purposes of God, and the destinies of man ; *then* appeared that Deliverer, whose birth marks the most glorious era in the annals of humanity, and whose religion is destined to pursue its way to universal triumph, and consummate its earthly history in the glories of a millennial reign.

I am aware that in making this the great dividing line in history the results of the introduction of Christianity may not, to many minds, seem to justify it. We are told that the *dark ages* have been since then. There has been no steady onward progress ; humanity has undergone its most terrible oppressions in Christian

ages and countries ; and Christianity itself has degenerated into a fierce spiritual despotism. Listen, then, while we attempt, in the light of history, to vindicate the new religion from these aspersions. That Christianity has not been uniformly prosperous, is admitted ; it has to be admitted of every system the world ever knew. But look, in this case, at the reasons :

1. *The ancient civilization was in its dotage.* The sturdy virtues of primitive times had given place to effeminacy and debauchery, and the moral condition of the most enlightened portions of the world was most deplorable. The various conflicting sects of philosophy had little moral power. Like the cold pale moonbeams which sometimes encompass with rainbow beauties the roaring cataract of Niagara, throwing arches of triumph over the eternal tumult, and spanning the scene of uproar and madness with their mild fascinations, the light of human philosophy rested on the tide of human passion, and gave beauty and fascination to the foaming, dashing, leaping, tumultuous currents of superstition and vice, which it could not arrest in their resistless outpourings, nor even cause them, like the tides of ocean, to ebb and flow under a benign heavenly influence. The Epicurean philosophy prevailed. The republic had been supplanted by the empire. Even the military prowess of former ages was decaying, and it required the infusion of new life from some source to save civilized humanity from sinking into a bottomless pit of perdition. In view of such a moral condition of human nature, the new religion did work wonders. Its new ideas of "the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man ;" its sublime developments of divine love ; its matchless purity ; its

charming revelations of a lofty and blissful immortality, won for it amazing victories. The empire of spiritual darkness, which had defied the assaults of philosophy, gave way before the humble men who planted the cross on the ruins of the Pantheon, and transferred the sovereignty of the moral world from the cloudy Olympus to the bloodstained Calvary.

2. *Then came the irruptions of hordes of northern barbarians.* There was design in all this. Strange as it may seem, those very irruptions prepared the way for our liberties. Yet, for the time, they necessarily checked, and almost destroyed, the advances of the Gospel. It is true that as conquered Greece gave her literature to Rome, so conquered Rome gave her religion to those barbarian conquerors. But it was the work of ages to elevate them. They were rude, fierce, sensual, lawless. They had been accustomed to the wild excitements of the chase, to predatory warfare, to perpetual broils, to midnight revels. They drank their beer out of human skulls; and their *religious* hope was that if they fell in battle "they would be carried immediately to the star-paved halls of Valhalla, where, in the presence of Odin, the god of war, they should sit down to the feast of heroes, and drink oceans of beer out of the skulls of their enemies." With these men for subjects and for civil rulers, religion had an almost impossible task to perform. Their translation from the cold rude North to summer climes, amidst the luxuries and profligacies of the decaying empire, was not at all favorable for their religious growth. Christianity modified itself to meet these exigencies; and the growth of papal authority was not without the plea of a necessity of the times. The ecclesiastics of those ages were

necessarily the depositaries of learning; and although sharing in the vices of the times, they were generally much in advance of the people and of the civil authorities. When kings and nobles were fierce and reckless oppressors, the church was generally on the side of the people. The priests alone could hold these lawless men in subjection. There were no books; intellectual pursuits did not please barbarians. The preservation of learning, and the erection of barriers against the desolating vices of the times, seemed to require just such a centralization as took place in the church, at the sacrifice of its original simplicity and democracy. That this was afterwards abused, with the increase of wealth and power, is only to say what has been demonstrated a thousand times, that whether in church or state, on the part of individuals or societies, human nature can not be safely trusted with great affluence, or with irresponsible authority. Still, we wish to say, in opposition to much Protestant declamation, that the history of the Roman Catholic Church is not all dark. She has many glorious records. The conversion of the barbarians, her missionary enterprises, her protection of learning, her rebuke of royal and imperial oppressors, her lessons and practical exemplifications of humanity and mercy, did much for the rescue of the world from barbarism, as well as from the corruptness of the old civilization.

Another great service rendered by the church was the preservation of the *municipal institutions* received from pagan Rome. The municipal mode of life became a passion with the Romans. "Ancient Italy alone contained eleven hundred and ninety-seven cities; Gaul boasted of twelve hundred; Spain of three hun-

dred and sixty; three hundred African cities at one time acknowledged the authority of Carthage; and in the time of the Cæsars, Asia Minor alone counted five hundred populous cities. Here were but five members of the Roman empire, a mere fraction of its territory, containing thirty five hundred and fifty-seven cities. These cities, through priestly influence, were preserved from the destruction to which the barbarians would otherwise have doomed them. They became the centers of ecclesiastical power. They were also the nurseries of the arts. They were the seats of trade and commerce. And, more than all, they were, in the peculiar structure of their internal police, the nurseries of freedom; and became the strong bulwarks of liberty against the attacks of kings and emperors.

The rise of Mohammedanism is not without significance. It was not all imposture. It was better than that which it supplanted. It embodied many noble ideas of God, of truth, of justice. It had infused into it a poetical enthusiasm which lends much of refinement to it. Learning and science also are somewhat indebted to these Arab conquerors for services rendered to an ignorant and besotted world. Mohammedanism had sometimes more of generosity about it than some of the forms of Christianity against which it was arrayed; and even in our own day, in conflict with a Christian power, it was so far in advance in acknowledgement of the true doctrine of civil and religious liberty, and in the justice of its cause, that the sympathies of the best part of Christendom were given to the crescent rather than the cross.

Chivalry—"the poetry of arms"—which derived much of its refinement of valor from the Mohammed-

ans, did much for society. It has been described as "the martial enthusiasm of the terrible warriors of Germany, refined by the poetry of the Arabs, and exalted by the great moral ideas derived from Christianity." But we can not stop to speak of this, nor of many earlier and later agencies in the recovery of human society from the thralldom of the dark ages; the Justinian Code, the revival of learning, the crusades, the spirit of commercial enterprise, the compass, printing, and gunpowder, the discovery of America—every one of which played an important part in lifting up humanity from the stagnation and darkness of the middle ages. Neither can we speak as we ought of the scholastic philosophy, the intellectual sway of Aristotle, of such pioneers as Alfred the Great, and Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, who unconsciously opened the way for after struggles, bold marches, and desperate encounters of mind, in which, host encountering host, carried on a mighty warfare, and out of which Freedom grew into new life, and, we hope, immortal vigor. We merely note these as topics which the student of history should ponder well.

The reformation of Luther was the result of these. It was the product of ages. Before Luther, all these influences were at work, and Wickliffe, and Jerome, and Huss, and the Waldenses and Albigenses, had sown, in tears and blood, that after generations might reap in joy. Luther was but the embodiment of the tendencies of the times. His work was wonderful; he was wonderfully trained for it. His protest was not a mere protest of Germans against certain dogmas and abuses of Rome, but the protest of human nature, standing in the light of God, and lifting up its hand to Heaven,

against priestcraft, kingcraft, laycraft — against all monopolies of religion, learning, and authority. It was a giant stride of humanity towards its true destiny. It had in it the germs of all true progress. It was the awakening of human nature from the troubled sleep of centuries, during which it had been growing in helplessness under a terrible incubus. And, newly awakened, with all the horror inspired by its fresh recollections of the torments of this night-fiend of religious tyranny, it swore, on the Holy Bible, by the God who alone is worthy to reign over the soul, *that it would make war on all tyranny forever!* That the Reformation has done much to emancipate the human mind, none can doubt. In its wake have followed intellectual, social, political and moral results, which we can not but contemplate with admiration.

And allow me here to say that the name of John Calvin is scarcely less illustrious than that of Martin Luther, albeit his memory is linked with a sterner theology. All truth has a negative as well as a positive pole, a repelling as well as an attractive power. And the Calvinistic battery, curiously constructed, when surcharged with its terrible logic, and sparkling and flashing with the awful justice of an unchanging God, if touched by profane and ignorant hands, is apt to give a fearful shock, not easily forgotten. Yet no adherent of that creed has any reason to be ashamed of its history. Calvinism is identified with the progress of modern freedom in all its stages. It had its birth in Republican Geneva; and among the Presbyterians of Scotland and Holland, the Huguenots of France, and the Puritans of Old and New England, it has ever shown its hate of tyranny, and its devotion to the true

interests of liberty. They felt themselves to be "the sacramental hosts of God's elect," who, under the outspread wing of the immutable Jehovah, by whom they had been called to glory and courage, dared to do battle against the sons of Belial. For that peculiar stage of the world's history, no creed was so well calculated to give birth to true heroes and to work out great results.

In England we find a peculiar population, made ready to receive the benefits of this regeneration of mind. The Celtic population, whose "mercurial temperament, marked by quickness, vivacity, and thoughtless enthusiasm, is still seen in France and Ireland, and still marks all their unproductive efforts for freedom," gave way in England, first to the Saxons, and then to the Normans. These German tribes we have alluded to, in their original wild barbarism and independence. We have briefly noted their conversion to Christianity, and the influence of ages of ecclesiastical rule. These people with, first, their native firmness, energy, love of freedom, and indomitable perseverance; second, the softening and refining influence of Christianity; and third, the intellectual and moral quickening of the Reformation, are clearly the dominant race of the world. The union of the people and the nobles against the intolerable tyranny of the Norman kings, paved the way for *Magna Charta*; and, favored by the insular position of their country, which made them less liable to the invasion of foreign foes, and left them less at the mercy of their monarchs in times of peril, the Anglo-Saxons, or more properly the Anglo-Normans, carried on a persevering warfare which resulted in the constitutional liberty which the British nation now enjoys.

Thus we trace from the forests of Germany, where our naked ancestors drank out of human skulls, through all the changes of so many ages, the development of those peculiar features of character which, as a race, we inherit, and which have made our country and government what they are.

It has been truly said, by a modern writer, that if we would "possess just and comprehensive views of American society, of that singular compound of race, of genius, and of character, which now individualizes, distinguishes, and elevates the American family, we must not only begin with the decline and fall of the Roman empire, but push our inquiries to the ancient lands of the Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, the hundred tribes and nations of ancient Germany, and Asiatic Scythia: we must visit the plains beyond the Oxus and the Jaxartes; we must go to Mt. Caucasus, and trace the meanderings of a hundred rivers, along plains five thousand miles in length and one thousand in breadth, before we find the germs of our own greatness, the root and origin of our own family, and the causes of the political institutions, manners and customs of our own country."

The destinies of the world are now largely in the hands of the Anglo-Saxons. This conquering people have the following elements of permanent greatness:

1. An unconquerable energy and perseverance, which seem to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.

2. An inheritance in the portion of the world most favorable to physical, intellectual and moral development.

3. The principal treasures of literature, science and art.

4. The possession of the greatest practical talent.

5. The most free and enlightened governments.

6. The best educated population.

7. The largest share of the commerce of the world.

8. A language—certainly one of the noblest of living languages—constantly spreading over the world, and promising to become universal.

9. The largest military skill.

10. The purest forms of religion.

We have thus glanced over this vast field, and taken observations enough to show that history is not entirely a tangled web—a rude chaos; but that amidst all the appearance of disorder and confusion there is order and design; and that all the busy and tremendous scenes of time are unfolded with more and more clearness a promise of the world's redemption. God is in history—

“From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.”

Let us briefly note, in conclusion, some results drawn from the facts and evidences in our field-view.

1. *The modern progressive philosophy is built on a baseless assumption.* The idea of a gradual, regular, constant growth of humanity from a low animal life, is not sustained by history. The development, by any innate force, of faculties and powers, every increasing in strength, is unsupported by testimony. It is a mere

imagination. There is not on earth the history of a single tribe or nation which by its own unassisted efforts ever made one step in the career of intellectual and moral improvement. In every case, nations, if left to themselves, deteriorate. Savages are only brought up by foreign aid; civilized nations are only kept up by an infusion of foreign influences; and the present highest civilization of the earth *did not make itself*. As we go up towards the original fountains of history, we do not approach monkeys and savages, but nations farther advanced in intellectual and moral attainments than their successors.

2. We should learn *patience* as the wheels of the car of improvement move tardily on.

The facts of history admonish us not to expect rapid onward movements. The tribes of humanity, like the tribes of Israel, may be kept a long time in the wilderness, wandering round and round, ere they reach the land of promise. It is enough if they have the pillar of cloud and fire to direct their journeyings, and the angel of Jehovah's presence to go with them. This globe swung lazily in its orbit for ages while growing up into a home for the human race; what wonder if the marches of humanity should be slow for ages more, and be sometimes checked by counter-marches which the shrewdest of earth's soldiery can not guess the meaning of until the campaign is over. The world was four thousand years old before Christianity was revealed; and at the end of eighteen centuries and a half that religion numbers but a small majority of the human race among its votaries.

Guizot, in his great work on the civilization of modern Europe, in speaking of the slow movements of European society, says its history "may be thrown into three periods. First, a period which I shall call that of *origin* or *formation*, during which the different elements of society disengage themselves from chaos, assume an existence, and show themselves in their natural forms, with the principles by which they are animated. This period lasted till almost the twelfth century. The second period is a period of experiments, attempts, gropings; the different elements of society approach and enter into combination, feeling each other, as it were, without producing anything general, regular or durable. This state of things, to say the truth, did not terminate till the sixteenth century. Then comes the period of development, in which human society in Europe takes a definite form, follows a determined direction, proceeds rapidly and with a general movement towards a clear and precise object. This is the period which began in the sixteenth century, and is still pursuing its course.

It is not worth while to get out of humor with the world because it will not quicken its pace to please us. It is all in vain. It will jog on its own way; and after we have fretted and worried over it until our strength is gone, we have not mended it in the least. *We must take things as they are.* And our labors for the regeneration of the race must be taken in a wise comprehension of the present bearings of society; the present latitude and longitude of the vessel in which we are sailing.

In our own country everything is pitched on the principle of *compromise*. Our constitution is a com-

promise between slaveholding and non-slaveholding societies; between centralization and state rights; between progress and conservatism. The love of equipoise is a characteristic of the Saxon mind. It was the nice sense of equilibrium, his perfectly poised character, which gave our beloved Washington his greatness; and in this he was but the perfect embodiment of the principles and tendencies of his age and country—principles and tendencies which gave a permanency to our revolutionary movement, to which France, with her destructive rather than constructive spirit, could not, with all her military prowess, and learning, and genius, attain. And our second Washington—the martyred Abraham Lincoln—had his great secret of power in the *perfect balance* of his character. He was great not in any one particular, but in the happy equilibrium of his powers; now putting on the brakes to check the too rapid movement of radicalism; anon spurring up the cautious conservatives by a timely bold stroke of reform; but in all cases keeping his steady eye on all sides of every question, and moving only at the right time. It is this magnificent *combination* of qualities which causes him to be mourned by the whole civilized world.

Whatever we may suppose to be the mischiefs of this prevailing spirit of compromise, we can not help it. It is a stubborn fact found on all the pages of Anglo-Saxon history. Idealism on one hand, and a dull, leaden materialism on the other, have never marked the doings of this race. A safe, moderate, practical spirit of reform is its characteristic. Whoever presumes to rush too fast will have the satisfaction of ending his days in doleful lamentations over the hope-

lessness of the condition of society. Whoever, on the other hand, presumes too far on the spirit of moderation, and seeks to abase it to unworthy ends, will rouse a spirit of resistance which he can not tame. It were easier to calm the ocean than to smooth the indignant swellings and heavings of Anglo-Saxon society when this long forbearance has been too far abused. The present developments in our own land but confirm the truth which stands forth on all the pages of English history; and admonish us to guard against the Scylla and Charybdis which threaten our ship of state; namely, an extreme radicalism, whose triumphs are always short and disastrous, and an extreme conservatism, which like an ostrich buries its head in the sand, and refuses to see the danger and the duties of the hour.

3. *We learn the certainty of progression*; not from the new-fledged theories of yesterday; not from the results of any one age or country, but from the connected view of historical events of all ages and nations. And it is one of the advantages of an enlightened view of history that it prepares us to accommodate ourselves to this forward movement, and forbids us to struggle against the resistless tide of events. It is not possible to be believed that we have reached the height of the civilization to which the ages have been pointing. Guizot—himself surely sufficiently conservative—says: “Society and civilization are yet in their childhood. However great the distance they have advanced, that which they have before them is incomparably, is infinitely greater.” Who that looks at the supreme selfishness yet reigning, the fierce competitions, the huge oppressive monopolies, the wild spirit of speculation, the oppression of the poor, the extrava-

gance of the rich, the abominable vices yet approved or winked at, slavery, duelling, war, and the rampant spirit of conquest, can doubt that even the best Christian society is yet in its infancy? Sacredly as we may cling to the present or the past, we are admonished not to cherish more than a pilgrim's admiration and love for that from which we must soon pass away. It is said that sailors coming over the ocean drink, the first half of the voyage, *to friends astern*, and the latter half of it *to friends ahead*. It is well to remember the friends astern; they who too easily forget the friends left behind will not be apt to prove true friends ahead. Yet if a voyager knows he *must* be separated from former friends and scenes, 't is not worth while to sit forever in the stern of the vessel, and snivel and weep life away in vain regrets over a dead past. Yet such is the folly of the rigid and croaking conservative, who is forever reminding us that the former days were better than these, and sullenly refusing to see anything in the future but fearful portents of storms, earthquakes, and every possible disaster. Living in the days of Jesus, he would have been a dignified Pharisee; in the days of Luther, a defender of indulgences; in England's struggles, a conformist; in the Revolution, a Tory; yet the world has lived through all the fears and forebodings of the enemies of progress, and we humbly opine will live on still, and move on still, till the hungerism of to-day shall be laid up among archæological remains, as a curiosity over which the hero of a thousand years to come may amuse himself, and from which he may seek to demonstrate to the fearful of *that* period how vain and empty are *their* forebodings. We would not forget friends astern, when half way

over the ocean ; we would *never* forget them, but we would sometimes go to the masthead and look out for land ahead. The mutineers in the crew of Columbus, who were bent on a return from a fruitless search, have sunken into eternal nothingness. The glorious man who still held on his way till the joyful cry of *Land!* rewarded his anxious toils and sacrifices, won an envied immortality.

Let us, then, in this broad view of things, have heart to labor in the day that belongs to us. With the rich heritage of the past, the stars of promise that burn so brightly in the future, and the inspirations and opportunities that belong to this wonderful present, let us labor with good heart to bring order out of Time's confusions, harmony out of its discords, and peace out of its conflicts, until the whole mighty scene of human toil and strife shall be flooded with millennial glory, "and earth keep jubilee a thousand years."

Before I conclude, let me say a few words touching the lesson for ourselves in this age and this country. I have already alluded to the origin and peculiar characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. They are the most wonderful people on earth, both for increase and for energy. In Britain the population doubles itself in 35 years ; while in Germany it requires 76 ; in Holland, 100 ; in Spain, 106 ; in Italy, 135 ; in France, 138 ; in Portugal, 128 ; and in Turkey, 555 years. In 1620, at the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, the Anglo-Saxons only numbered six millions, and were confined to England, Wales, and Scotland. Now they number about seventy millions, planted on all the continents and islands of the earth. At their past rate of increase, they will in less than one hundred and fifty

years number one hundred millions. They have, at this time, a merchant fleet of ten million tons burden, and govern one hundred and seventy-five millions of the population of the world. By 1900 they will probably number at least one hundred and fifty millions, and if they gain control of India and China, will govern six hundred millions of human beings. Into the original composition of this race entered all that was vigorous in the Celt, the Scandinavian, the Saxon, and the Norman.

But in this country of ours it is adding to its original vigor by much larger mixture with the most vigorous races and nations of the old world, whose hardy sons and daughters flock here in myriads for a home of freedom. The sturdy and obstinate Englishman; the brawny and astute Scotchman; the genial and generous Irishman; the tough and fiery Welshman; the little, nimble, mercurial Frenchman; the broad-shouldered and imperturbable children of Germany; the gay and artistic Italian; the hardy sons of Norway and Sweden; no inconsiderable sprinkling of Spanish and Portuguese; the ingenious and unique Chinese; the cosmopolitan, money-loving and money-making Jew; almost everything comes in here to blend their races and their interests with ours, until like the Corinthian brass, formed from the fusion of various melted metals, we produce a type of humanity the most valuable the world has ever yet seen. At the end of the present century we shall have in these United States a hundred millions of inhabitants, and four hundred and twenty thousand millions of taxable wealth, with the freest institutions and the grandest territory that God ever gave to a nation.

With all these advantages, our mission is to develop before the world *the capacity of man for self-government*. The peculiar feature of our government is that *it puts confidence in human nature*; not in princes or potentates, popes or clergy, states or congresses, but in *the people*, and our work is to show before the whole king-ridden and priest-ridden world the spectacle of a mighty, free, prosperous, educated Christian nation, *where the people govern themselves*. Lord Macaulay, a year or two before his death, uttered some doleful prognostications touching the fate of our country. He thought he saw, in the absence of any conservative aristocratic class, the certain downfall of our government, as soon as an overcrowded population should assert their irresponsible democracy in tumults and riots and intestine feuds which there would be no hand of power strong enough to control. Great men are not always wise. He did not know that even when he was writing we were just on the eve of the most awful intestine strife! And it serves to show how ill-informed was his judgment, that this strife came not from the *people* whom he so feared to trust, but from the slaveholding aristocrats and would-be oligarchs of our land; and that *the people* have been true to the holy demands of the laws which themselves had made. What a grand demonstration of the capacity of our people to govern themselves has the history of this rebellion furnished? An enormous conspiracy burst in its terrors upon us, when we had no preparation for it; no army, no navy, no money. What had we? We had *the people* with strong arms and willing hearts, who soon rallied and furnished an army and navy, which for brains, and culture, as well as for bravery and skill, never had its

equal; and in four years they have made a history which embraces more of invention and of revolution in war and in statesmanship than is generally to be found in any hundred years of the world's history. But where could the government get money for the unexampled outlays necessary for this war? Money to be estimated no longer by hundreds of millions, but by billions? *The people* gave the money! The farmer, the mechanic, the factory girl, the kitchen maid, the seamstress, the day laborer, along with the merchant and the manufacturer, opened ten thousand rills, through which all that was needed poured in on the national treasury until the world looked on in astonishment to see a nation that had its seat of power in the hearts of millions, its strong arms of defense in half a million of her own sons, and its treasury in every purse in the land. And who ruled over this nation through all this scene of darkness and of peril, and guided the ship of state gallantly and safely through the breakers, and subdued this awful mutiny? One of *the people*, a big-fisted, unfashionable, unaristocratic, but long-headed, honest hearted, well balanced, fatherly man, with a single eye to duty, an abiding confidence in the people, and an honest trust in God. Thirty-five years ago, the hand that penned the emancipation proclamation might have been seen swinging the maul in his honest task of rail-splitting, and bringing it down with as hearty a vim as that which has since split the head of treason, and shivered the Rebellion into a thousand splinters! And that man of the people, victorious against everything but the stealthy stroke of cowardly assassination, was followed in funeral procession by six millions of people, and was laid to his glorious rest

amid the tears and lamentations of a whole nation—nay, amid the unexampled sorrow and mourning of the civilized world! Emperors, kings, nobles, cabinets, senates unite with the masses of the people, and with four millions of emancipated slaves, to do honor to the memory of the once humble rail-splitter, but now and forever the second Washington, the redeemer of his country, the emancipator, the pacificator, the martyr-statesman of his age!

And who now sits in the presidential chair? A child of the people. A child of poverty and of toil; who grew up amid the struggles of hard but honest toil, amid the oppressions of supercilious and purse-proud aristocrats, until in every drop of his blood, and every fibre of his body, and in the very marrow of his bones, there was deposited a hate of privileged orders, and a scorn of aristocratic pretensions. Learning his A, B, C's from his wife, he has made glorious strides, through manly toil and honest devotion, to a place where there are more millions waiting on his word than on that of any living man. The potentates of earth are watching to catch every hint that falls from his lips. And this people, covered with the glory and armed with the power of lawful victory, with a martyr from their own ranks for whom all the world weeps, and another from their own ranks on whose word all the world is waiting, are now the sublimest spectacle, politically, intellectually, and morally, that the world presents.

The downfall of the Rebellion is not only the downfall of slavery; it is the downfall of *aristocracy*; it is the noblest triumph of true democracy. The leaders of the Rebellion were not men of the people. They were the pets of blood, of wealth, of slave-despotism. They

were men who sneered at republican government; who only valued laborers as mudsills of society; and who were never so enraged as in contemplating the thrift, intelligence and wealth of the masses of the free states. Under the courtesy and polish of external refinement, they concealed a bitter scorn and hate of the plebeian throng; and hoped that with cotton for king, and negro slavery for the corner-stone of a new social structure, they would be able to flaunt in the face of the civilized world, with reckless impudence, a wealth and a power which would sanctify all the wrongs of oppression, and justify all their contempt of northern mudsills. Poor fellows! How their scornful lips have been made to bite the dust! How has their king been dethroned! How has the corner-stone of their new edifice been ground to powder! How have their proud hearts been broken, as the old hunters of fugitive slaves have been chased over their own sacred soil, themselves fugitives from the eager pursuit of negro soldiers! We do not rejoice over a fallen foe, but we do rejoice over the downfall of this enormously wicked pride, this vaulting ambition, and all the treachery and cruelty and perfidy that were wedded to it.

We have suffered as only the Anglo-American race could suffer, through this tremendous strife, and have borne, as no other people would have borne, its wrongs and its burdens. But the people have triumphed. The cause of republican liberty stands before the world to-day stronger and more hopeful than ever before. May you, young men and women, understand your mission as you enter the great harvest fields which the tears and blood of the past and the warm sunlight of the present, have ripened for your sickles, and in this broad

view of things, have heart to labor earnestly and hopefully for the regeneration of humanity. Only let us work out the problem to its full issue honorably.

THE LESSONS OF A CENTURY.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE CECROPIAN SOCIETY OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY, DEC. 22, 1881.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE CECROPIAN SOCIETY,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Was there ever a century so crowded and burdened with wonders, so ablaze with glories, since the world began? Not to speak of our own country in particular, but of the world at large, what beneficent changes, what magnificent strides have been made, out of darkness into light, out of weakness into strength, out of oppression into liberty, out of political, social and ecclesiastical degradation into something of the dignity and freedom and joyous hopefulness of true manhood! It is just a century, I think, since the first attempt at steam navigation in American waters. And I may state here that in my boyhood, about half a century ago, the only ferry-boat we had at Pittsburgh was a flat-boat poled across the river, and a large part of the freighting of the Ohio river was done by keel-boats, rowed down the river to Cincinnati and Louisville, and poled up.

Steamboats, steamships, steam printing presses, the cotton gin, railroads, locomotives, the telegraph, the telephone, the spectroscope, and the almost innumerable applications of steam power, electricity and magnetism, with their prodigious multiplications of power, all belong to the century of which we speak, not to speak of the vast marches in astronomical and meteor-

ological science. By virtue of these, man has been lifted into godlike grandeur and potency, so that he conquers time and space, rules the winds and waves, flashes intelligence round the world in an instant, unlocks the forces of nature and enlists them to do his bidding, harnesses the lightning, subsidizes the oceans, plunges into the fires of the sun, and compels it to disgorge its secrets, brings suns and planets and stars under his sovereignty, riding sublimely in the chariot of science far up the Milky Way, and hanging the banner of victory on the outer walls of millions of worlds that own him conqueror. If he has not yet tamed the storm-fiend, or cured the earth of its tremendous shakes, he has at least stripped them of half their terrors, and he is rapidly fulfilling the grand purpose of his existence, as announced by one of the sacred writers: "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands."

This vast increase of power, and its employment in ministering to the wants of humanity, is itself an immense civilizer; and in connection with moral causes and providential inventions in the affairs of men, necessarily tends to bring the various nations of the earth into closer contact, into mutual relations, and into greater or less fellowship of ideas and interests; so that the ideas of liberty, of the dignity of human nature, of the value of man as man, and of human brotherhood, force their way into the dense ignorance of the past with illuminating and vivifying and regenerating power. Hence the changes of the century in the governments of the earth have been great, and generally hopeful. The gates of the Celestial Empire are opened to the outside barbarians; and had it not been for the in-

famous opium trade forced on her by the accursed greed of a professedly Christian nation, the effects of contact with Christian civilization would have been much more marked and beneficent than they now are. Japan has risen, as if by miracle, out of her grave of heathenism, and is rapidly adjusting herself to the demands of a new civilization. Africa has had the vail of darkness that concealed a great continent, of almost boundless resources, lifted away, and Livingstone and Stanley and others have opened the gates of empire to the Christian nations of earth. Russia, in spite of all that is forbidding in the despotism that still reigns, and in the nihilism which it has engendered, has really made wonderful progress. The emancipation of forty millions of serfs and crown peasants is one of those events which, in connection with many other imperial measures of reform, tell unmistakably of emergence into the light of the present century. Italy has thrown off the shackles of politico-ecclesiastical dominion, and attained to a unity and a freedom that are full of promise. France has fought tremendous battles with the forces of civil and ecclesiastical despotism, and has borne herself so wisely, and used her victories so prudently and skillfully, as to give strong hope that the republic will live and prosper. England has been undergoing slow but steady progress, such alone as the Anglo-Saxon mind will permit—so slow that we are scarcely sensible of it, yet so sure that it can not be arrested, until she is found now on the borders of a certain revolution on the land question, if not on the question of a union of Church and State; impelled by the slowly accumulated forces which can not be resisted, and which leave to her statesmen only one path

to glory—that of leading the onward movement prudently and in good faith, step by step, until the rights of the people are fully established. Germany and Austria show fewer signs of change in the right direction, not because revolutionary forces are not at work there, but because the strong hand of imperial government represses for the present the manifestations of the spirit and sentiment of the people. Even Spain is waking out of her lethargy, penetrated by the light of the age, which no civil or priestly authority can quench.

I may add that the Bible societies and foreign missions belong to this century. The translation of the Bible into hundreds of languages and dialects, and the establishment of missions in all parts of the world, until converts are numbered by myriads, and the services rendered to humanity by turning cannibals, base idolators and brutal savages into gentle, humane and industrious subjects of law, and humble followers of Jesus; and the service rendered to literature and science and commerce by the discoveries and labors of missionaries, has won the tribute of praise from enlightened statesmen, and Christian missionaries are coming to be recognized as important factors in the world's progress. Within this century, also, the slave trade has been practically put down, and slavery has been abolished over almost the entire world, and philanthropy, in a thousand noble and beautiful forms, and with organized forces, has asserted a faith in a common humanity and the ties of a common brotherhood, as the world never saw it before.

Let us say, in closing this general survey, that in all this wonderful progress in discovery, in invention, in philanthropy, in the development of science and the

practical arts, in statesmanship, and in moral and religious reform, this country, alike in leadership and in working forces, occupies among the nations of the earth an honorable position, and furnishes in some departments names as illustrious as any in the world's history.

Coming now from this general survey to a more special view of our own country's progress, it is difficult to believe, even when dealing with cold statistics, that we are not indulging in a fairy dream.

We said in the outset, that the experiment of self-government made in this country was a bold one. It was more than this—it was sublimely daring. It exhibited a faith in human nature that can not be called other than sublime. I am aware that it was not the offspring of a day, or of any particular brain; but the ripe fruitage of that tree of liberty rocked by the storms of centuries, and watered by the tears and blood of patriots and heroes for generations; and which only needed to be transplanted to the western world to attain a growth and a ripeness and a largeness of fruitage, in a virgin soil and a free atmosphere and an unclouded sun, which it could never reach under the shadow of thrones, or in the unfriendly atmosphere of courts, or under the frowns of State churches. I do not forget that the long, heroic and successful struggle for constitutional liberty in England prepared the way for our revolutionary struggle; nor that the glories of the Dutch Republic gave inspiration to our revolutionary sages and patriots. I am not unmindful that, back of all these, there were forces at work in Europe for ages—subterranean currents that flowed unknown until they came to the surface and burst forth

with living power in England and in this country. I am even disposed to say that ever since Christ deposited the leaven of his doctrine concerning God and man in the hearts of men, there has never been an hour when the hopes of freedom were dead; and that all that is comprehensive and ennobling in the American doctrine of freedom can be traced back to that heart that bled on the cross of Calvary "for every man," and to that Gospel which, dipped in His blood and inspired by the Holy Spirit, proclaimed a philanthropy which could have originated only in the heart of God: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Still, I say, the American experiment was daring. The history of the world, unless read by an eye of faith and interpreted in the light of divine philosophy, did not justify it. The history of former republics did not justify it. The theology of the church did not justify it. The kingcraft and priestcraft that sat astride the heart of humanity, and filled the world with the groans of a horrid nightmare, were tremendous potencies in opposition to it. That human nature, so depraved as it was held to be, could be trusted with freedom; that the masses so long held in chains, as incapable of freedom; as born to serve the favored few who were anointed to "rule them legitimately by the grace of God," and had for ages been stifled, cramped, perverted and crushed under the heel of despotic authority, could be safely freed from their fetters and be trusted in the free air and warm sunshine of republican liberty, to govern themselves and to grow into strength and dignity and nobleness, and at their own instance and of their own free election ordain laws and establish institutions for the promotion of the general welfare, and

maintain their freedom against all the world, and thrive and prosper until the world should be compelled to respect them, and honor the flag in every sea and in every port around the world; this, we say, was a bold faith, and to put it to the test was a daring experiment. But the experiment was made, and now, a hundred years after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—a surrender that made this experiment possible—let us see what is the result.

The territory ceded by England in 1783 was 815,615 square miles. Our present territory is 3,578,392 square miles. It has been more than quadrupled. Counting the water surface, it is over 4,000,000 square miles. It is estimated that our natural resources, fully developed, would afford sustenance to nearly five billions of inhabitants, or about four times the present number of people existing on the globe.

In 1775 the population was 2,389,300. It is now more than 50,000,000.*

We had originally thirteen states; we have now thirty-eight.†

Of railroads, of course, we had none a century ago, and as late as 1849 we had but 6,117 miles; while the length of railroads built in the year 1881 was 6,113 miles—lacking only four miles of the extent of railroads in the entire country thirty-two years ago. In 1881, or January 1, 1882, the railroad mileage of the United States was 104,813 miles. In 1882 the length of railroads built was about 12,000 miles. The length

* The census of 1890 gives 62,622,250.

† Forty-four states, five territories, not including the District of Columbia or Indian Territory.

of railroads is now 116,000 miles, representing a capital of \$4,250,000,000, with aggregate gross earnings last year of \$675,000,000; and we have 122,000 miles of coast and river navigation, and six thousand miles of canal.†

As late as 1783, there was not a daily paper in the entire country. One paper had been started as a tri-weekly, but failed, and changed to a semi-weekly, and then to a weekly. There were but forty-nine newspapers established in the colonies from 1748 to 1783, all weekly or semi-weekly publications. It was in 1784 that the first daily was started, in Philadelphia, and the second in New York, in 1785. Until 1786 there was not a newspaper printed west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Number of daily papers,†	574
Tri-weeklies,	107
Semi-weeklies,	115
Weeklies,	4,295
Semi-monthlies,	96
Monthlies,	622
Bi-monthlies,	13
Quarterlies,	49
Total,	5,871

† The railway mileage of the United States on June 30, 1890, was 163,597.

		<i>No. of Issues</i>
Weekly.....	14,000	1,385,189,000
Tri-weeklies.....	46	7,566,000
Semi-weeklies.....	238	45,162,000
Semi-monthlies.....	327	35,700,000
Monthlies.....	2,625	140,817,000
Bi-monthlies.....	76	997,500
Quarterlies.....	180	1,807,000
Bi-weeklies.....	90	5,466,500
Dailies.....	1,791	2,397,720,000
Total.....	19,473	

—*American Newspaper Directory, 1891.*

But this gives a very inadequate idea of the mighty progress in this department. We have to take into view the difference in size, in circulation, in variety of information, in the ability employed; and when these are taken into account, it is very difficult to grasp the thought of the growth of the century in the means of information.

There is more valuable information contained in a single issue of some of our modern newspapers, and of infinitely greater variety, than could be packed away in a whole year's issues of the weekly papers of a century ago. And then, as to circulation, the entire circulation of all the newspapers and periodicals we have mentioned was in 1870, 20,842,475, which would be about six apiece to every inhabitant of the United States, man, woman, and child, one century ago. The number of copies annually issued by those papers and periodicals, was 1,508,548,250. The number of copies issued by the daily press was 800,000,000; of weeklies, 600,000,000; of all other publications, 1,000,000. Look at it! In 1775, the number of papers and periodicals, 37; in 1870, less than a century, 5,871. In 1775, the number of copies annually printed, 1,200,600; in 1870, 1,508,548,250!

Then take into account the learning and ability employed to instruct the people through the press, the intelligence from all parts of the world, only a few hours old; the reports of lectures and sermons, and reviews of books; the discussion of all questions in articles which, within a column or two, often condense all of value on a given subject to be found in the large libraries; the logic, the rhetoric, the wit, the humor, the

sarcasm, the forcible and eloquent writing, as well as the embodiment of all these in the cartoon, and you will begin to have a faint idea of the marvelous growth in the means of public information. Think of the revised New Testament telegraphed from New York to Chicago, and a large part of it published in a single issue of a daily paper, along with a variety of other matter, and you will have some idea of that matchless enterprise which makes out daily a bill of fare embracing intelligence from every part of the world, and an almost endless variety of the best thoughts of the best minds in every department of literature, science and art, and puts it on your breakfast table for half a dime, often sending it hundreds of miles and delivering it before you are through with your morning nap.

I have not spoken of books, nor will I tax your time and patience to do so, for I am only presenting such specimen facts as will outline the progress of the century.

But I must pause long enough for you to get some grasp of the thought of the tremendous power operating on society through the press. It was Jefferson who said, "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government and without newspapers." And none was better capable than Napoleon I. of knowing the correctness of his own utterance when he said, "Four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than a hundred thousand bayonets." It ought not to be surprising, therefore, that we get along without a standing army; for we have enough newspapers to answer the purpose of millions of bayonets in maintaining the peace and order of society, and in putting down any

dangers that threaten our safety, our freedom or our prosperity.

“Give me but the liberty of the press,” said Sheridan, “and I will give to the minister a venal House of Peers, I will give him a corrupt and servile House of Commons, I will give him the full sway of the patronage of office, I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence, I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him to purchase up submission and increase resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack the mighty fabric he has reared with that mightier engine; I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it amidst the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter.”

If such the omnipotence of the press, surely we have in this country the most ample means of perpetuating our free institutions, and of conserving every interest of a free people.

The latest report of the Bureau of Education,* published in 1882, places the number of students in American colleges and universities at 61,740; of whom 42,338 are males, and 19,402 females. The number in preparatory schools of all grades is given as 30,297. In the 142 schools of theology the number of students reported is 5,093; in schools of law, 3,134; in schools of science, 5,100; in medical schools, 9,876. The

* Number of scholars in public schools, 1891.....	12,291,259	
Number of scholars in private and parochial schools.....	1,500,000	
Number of scholars in intermediate, private schools.....	140,000	
348 universities.....	86,996	
141 theological colleges.....	6,989	
52 law colleges.....	3,906	
92 regular.....	} medical {	12,238
9 eclectic.....		669
14 homœopathic.....		1,159
198 female colleges.....		26,945
239 Indian schools.....		11,552

grand total of students reported in the advanced schools of the country is, therefore, 115,240. The number enrolled as pupils in the public schools is given at 9,781,521, with an average daily attendance of 5,805,242. The whole number of persons receiving instruction in all the various schools of the United States is not far from 10,000,000. This includes freedmen and Indians—all classes for whom provision for instruction is made.

It is a century since the first English Bible printed in America was launched from the printing house of Robert Aiken, in Philadelphia, and the first vessel of war built by the Government of the United States was launched from the Portsmouth Navy-yard.

One other point we ought to notice, that is the moral and religious progress of the century; especially as we have not a few whose piety is chiefly expended in croaking, and in mournful inquiries why the former days were better than these. We talk of the infidelity and the drunkenness of the present time, and they are certainly serious obstacles to true progress; but at the close of the revolutionary war intemperance was a much more formidable evil than it is now, and so was infidelity. From Rev. Daniel Dorchester's book called "The Problem of Religious Progress," and other sources, the following conclusions have been carefully reached.

In 1800 the population of the United States was about 5,500,000. In 1880 a little more than 50,000,000. In 1775 there were 1,918 church organizations in the country. In 1870 there were 54,914; in 1880, 97,090. In 1775 the ministers numbered 1,435. In 1880, 69,870. In 1800, of members of evangelical churches there were 364,872. In 1880, 10,065,963. In 1800 there was one evangelical communicant in

14.50 of the whole population. In 1850, one in 6.57. In 1870, one in 5.78. In 1880, one in 5. While the inhabitants of the country increased beyond all parallel in the world's history, the members of these churches not only kept pace with them relatively, but far outsped them.* The former advanced 9.45 fold; the latter 27.58 fold, or almost thrice as fast. Moreover, "the increase of communicants from 1850 to 1880 was more than twice as large as the increase from 1800 to 1850. The last thirty years, therefore, have been the period of the grandest progress, both relatively and absolutely."

Then think of the Bible societies, missionary societies, publication societies, Sunday-schools, and the various forms of benevolent and reformatory organizations and agencies, all of which are the creation of this century.† There are some twenty foreign missionary boards in the United States, supporting about one thousand missionaries in foreign lands, and about forty home missionary organizations, supporting nearly ten thousand laborers in domestic missionary work. There are in the United States, 84,730 Sunday-schools, 932,283 teachers, and 6,820,825 scholars. One Bible society alone issued, in a period of fifty-nine years, 1,893,332 Bibles and Testaments, for home and foreign circulation. When you add to these about nine hundred collegiate institutions, most of them

* In 1890 the membership of the most important Protestant churches, as compiled in the New York Independent, was :

Methodists.....	4,980,240
Baptists.....	4,291,292
Presbyterians.....	1,229,012
Lutherans.....	1,086,048
Congregationalists.....	491,985
Episcopalians.....	480,176
Reformed German and Dutch.....	282,856
Friends.....	106,930

under religious control, and one hundred and twenty-three theological institutions, with permanent funds of over eight million dollars,* and thousands of students yearly, preparing to become religious teachers and missionaries, and that the amount of benefactions to the various benevolent and educational institutions amount to probably from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 per annum, it will be seen that the moral and religious forces now at work are by no means insignificant, while there is unquestionable room for enlarged beneficence and increased activity. It is said that for educational purposes alone the benefactions for fifteen months ending June, 1881, amounted to \$19,000,000. This may be an exaggerated statement. But the readiness and extent of benevolent contributions of late years is among the most cheering signs of the times. In ten years, 1871-80, the private benefactions for education were \$10,000,000. Our public schools receive about \$100,000,000 per annum, and of this the western states expend about \$36,000,000.

I have gone about as far as the limit of this address will warrant in furnishing statistics outlining the progress of a century. I ought to add that the assessed value of property in the United States is \$16,877,135,567,† being \$336.87 per capita for the whole population; and that does not express more than half its real value; and that of \$118,000,000* in gold produced in

* In 1889 the universities had an income of \$3,444,100, exclusive of the regular income.

† The assessed value of the property in the United States in 1890 was \$24,249,589,804. The estimated value of the property in the United States in 1890 was \$66,000,000,000.

‡ The value of the gold mined in the United States in 1880 was \$36,273,690. The value of the silver mined in the United States in 1888 was \$59,097,523.

the world in 1880, nearly half was from the mines of the United States; and that of \$90,000,000 worth of silver, \$70,000,000 was American. In brief, in point of enlargement of territory, increase of population, increase of wealth, growth in all elements of prosperity, advance in general intelligence, education, and in all that relates to the possession and enjoyment of a high Christian civilization, and especially as it relates to the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and in all that betokens the permanency of our republican institutions, it is evident that the experiment so boldly attempted by our fathers has been more than justified by the history of the century.

If the venerated Washington and his illustrious compeers could look upon our land to-day, and behold the magnificent and stupendous results of their perilous and heroic undertaking, they would say that it far exceeded their fondest dreams, and wildest imaginations.

But I have yet to add another fact, without which the full value of this experiment can not be estimated, namely: During this hundred years, our republican government has undergone very severe strains, and has in every instance stood the test successfully. It has been tested by wars with other powers. It has been tested by a civil war, a war not as cruel, indeed, as many, but as stoutly contested, and as bravely fought as any in the annals of time, and in which a tremendous national debt was accumulated, which, without the loss of a dollar will be paid. We have not only survived the strife, but are rapidly overcoming its bitterness, and are ready to-day to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of our common country, equally dear to us all. It has stood the test of a political contest so close

and so doubtful, that eight to seven finally decided it; and although many trembled at the possibility, and even probability of a violent revolution, the people were true to their better instincts, and peace was preserved. It has stood another test in the patient endurance of a calamity which filled the world with horror, and called forth the sympathies of all civilized peoples. And although for three months we may be said to have had no President, and the absorbing anxiety in all departments of the government was such that we might almost be said to have had no Cabinet, yet everything went on smoothly, and the death of a beloved President, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole land, and the sympathetic sorrow of all nations, did not for a moment disturb the safety of the government, or interfere with the peaceful accomplishment of its functions. Even now, when the hideous assassin, with Satanic cunning and heartlessness, and matchless impudence and insolence, is outraging decency, and defying all authority on his trial, and humiliating the nation by transforming a solemn and dignified trial into a disgusting farce, the nation patiently waits for a final vindication of justice and the majesty of law, and the odious wretch is carefully guarded and protected from harm, and freely granted all the advantages that the law allows him, to the utmost limit. If he were the noblest of men, in place of the fiend he is, or innocently unfortunate, rather than horribly depraved, he could not be more considerately dealt with.

In presenting so encouraging a view of our progress and our present condition, I must not be understood to say or to imply that there are no evils to be deprecated, and no dangers to be apprehended. There

are evils numerous enough and prevalent enough to humble our pride, and there are dangers sufficiently threatening to subdue our exultation, and chasten our hopes with anxious fears. I can do little more than suggest some of these dangers as I hasten on to the practical lessons with which I shall close this address.

1. Our prosperity is a source of danger. Only as merciful Heaven shall lovingly chasten us ever and anon, can we hope to escape this danger. Such a career of almost unbroken prosperity is sure to land us in ruin, unless God, in using us to work out his own vast designs, shall in his own wise way, afflict us for our good. It was the ruin of Sodom that "pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness" was in her; and these will be our ruin if we go on increasing in wealth, and yielding to its seductions and corruptions. It is vastly more difficult to learn "how to abound," than it is to learn how to be abased.

2. There is danger ahead in the large importations of foreigners, and their speedy incorporation into the body politic. Many of these immigrants are doubtless valuable acquisitions, and contribute effectively to the general weal, and are among the most devoted lovers of freedom. But hundreds of thousands of them are of a different character. Their ignorance, their vices, and their false ideas of freedom do not fit them to discharge the duties of citizenship; yet they are hardly landed until they are invested with all the rights and powers of citizenship, and are equals, in their power to decide on the gravest and most vital questions that the nation is called to decide on, of the wisest and best in the land. Ignorance and vice are no bar to citizen-

ship. When you take into consideration the multiplication and growth of large cities, and reflect that the ignorant and vicious congregate in them and become a ruling element in politics which can readily be swayed by demagogues, and that these great cities largely control the politics of states, and even of the nation, it will appear that we are not free from danger at this point. Do not forget that the most careful estimates of the vote at the last presidential election give about twenty-two per cent. of illiterate voters—nearly one-fourth. It is easy to see how such a vote as that, swayed by caprice or passion, could overpower all the intelligence and virtue of the country.

3. There is danger in the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, and of a conflict between labor and capital. The rise and rapid growth of monopolies in this country, with their necessarily heartless policy, and their power to control legislatures and courts and the press, and through them the popular elections, gives additional emphasis to our fears. It is probable that even now the press is subsidized in the interests of some of the great monopolies to an extent not generally suspected.

These are not all the dangers that seem to me to be ahead of us, but they are sufficient to awaken us to vigilance. I do not think these dangers are immediately threatening, and I am not without hope that the free and healthful development of our institutions will fit us to cope successfully with these and other evils when we shall be called to face them. But I will say, in the language of our lamented Garfield:

“Our great hope for the future, our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and

thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education. And all these elements depend in a large measure upon the intellectual and moral culture of the young men who go out from our higher institutions of learning. From the standpoint of this general culture, we may trustfully encounter the perils that assail us. Secure against dangers from abroad, united at home by the strongest ties of common interest and patriotic pride; holding and unifying our vast territory by the most potent forces of civilization; relying upon the intelligent strength and responsibility of each citizen, and most of all upon the power of truth, without undue arrogance we may hope that in the centuries to come our Republic will continue to live, and hold its high place among the nations, as 'the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.'"

And this brings me finally to the lesson to be drawn from this survey of a century's progress, of special value to the young men of our time. If, as Gen. Garfield said, the elements of safety and prosperity "depend in large measure upon the intellectual and moral culture of the young men who go out from our higher institutions of learning," then a heavy responsibility rests upon you, young gentlemen, and all genuine Cecropians will hold it a first duty to learn how they may prepare themselves to perform their part in conserving the interests of freedom, and bearing on to a higher perfection the civilization which is their inheritance. It is difficult to conceive of a higher or more responsible task than this to employ the brain and heart, the nerve and muscle of young America. I must be very brief under this last head, and trust to

your intelligence and ready perception to interpret aright the hints which I submit.

1. Lay a broad and deep foundation for your manhood in as broad and thorough an education as possible. Do not be in too much of a hurry to assume the responsibilities of life. Take plenty of time to prepare for your life-work. A liberal education means much more now than it ever did. I am not disposed to counsel less attention to classical literature and metaphysical studies, for I most cordially despise the utilitarian notions of education that have become so popular of late years; but I am sure, in view of the wonderful growth of science and art, that you need a great deal more instruction in physical science, in political economy, and in the history of our own country, her constitution, her laws, and the structure of our government, than was formerly deemed necessary, or was formerly even possible. Form habits of study that will compel you, all your life long, into wider fields of thought and investigation than the "pent up Utica" of your special calling, whatever that may be, will afford. Educated mind rules the world, and always will, but it must, for future generations, be the educated mind that can unlock the mysteries and the treasures of heaven and earth, and sea and sky, of mountain and valley and plain, of river and lake and ocean, of wind and light, of sun and moon, and society and government, and of the spiritual as well as the material universe. The mere smatterer, though he may succeed by trickery for a time, and live by deception a life of small success, yet in the long run will be a miserable failure, and inherit only contempt and ridicule. He may clothe himself in the lion's skin and pass for a lion

for a little while, but everybody will know him when he brays. You will find it true economy of time and labor to take all the time and bestow all the labor necessary for a thorough preparation for your life work.

2. Have fixed moral and religious principles. Without these you might as well be brutes as men; for if man's superiority is not seen in the supremacy of his moral and religious nature, mere intellectual superiority, while it may add to his power, can not add to his happiness. If we must live on the animal plane of life, and walk by sense, the more completely animal we are, the happier we shall be, and instinct, better than reason, would guide us to suitable activities and enjoyments.

Just here I fear more for the young men of this age than at any other point. The rapid and wonderful developments of physical science tend to materialism. Hence there have sprung up, in connection with them, theories and systems which involve a denial of the spiritual and the supernatural, and reduce everything in the realms of mind, as well as of matter—for in these systems mind is matter—to the iron despotism of material laws, and hence to the sway of blind necessity; and man is but a passive and helpless machine, acting only as he is acted on. He is the irresponsible product of environments, what we used to call circumstances. His thoughts, his affections, his conscience are but evolutions out of material substances under the operations of blind and inexorable laws, for which there never was a lawgiver, and which assert no sovereignty but that of unintelligent force. These audacious theories reason God out of the universe, the soul of man out of responsibility, and the universe out of all intelligent

design. They are theories and systems of vast sweep, ably advocated and zealously propagated. They lend their influence to the literature and science of the age, and penetrate all departments of thought and of culture. Young men who are eagerly seeking information can not escape their influence; and though they may not be absolutely captured, they are puzzled and worried, and their faith in revealed religion is disturbed, and often paralyzed. They are not able, while pursuing their regular studies, to get more than a smattering of these modern (and yet most of them quite ancient) speculations. They catch just enough to unsettle them, and not enough to lead to any decided convictions. Hence, they start out in life without a positive faith, and with no settled principle by which to regulate their lives. A safe and prosperous journey, under these circumstances, would be a greater miracle than any on record. And yet there is no necessity for this. Grant that there is much that is uncertain in these questions—much that is perplexing, much concerning which you have to say, “I do not know how to dispose of it;” still, there is a path of perfect safety, which you may travel without closing your eyes against any truth, or acting dishonestly with any doubts that may arise in your hearts. Among all the stupendous facts of history there is one that stands forth as the miracle of the ages, Jesus of Nazareth! He belongs to history and to humanity, and the world can not get rid of him. Whatever you may think of evolution or no evolution, materialism or spiritualism, the natural or the supernatural, there stands Jesus. After eighteen hundred years of scrutiny, even unbelievers and skeptics are compelled to say, “I find no fault in this man!” His life and doctrine, as tried by

reason, as tested by the experience of eighteen centuries, make **Him** a safe guide; safe for the individual life, safe for the family, safe for the state, safe for all the interests of humanity. There is in **Him** an enlightening, regenerating, sanctifying, ennobling power beyond anything the world has ever known; and not only has the world's learning and genius failed to improve on him, but in their utmost stretches they have failed to exhaust the comprehensiveness of **His** teaching or the beauty and significance of **His** life and character. In the freest and highest assertion of our nationality, therefore, we are compelled to say, "Whatever else is false, Christ is true; whatever else may lead into perils, Christ's teachings are always safe. I can not make surer work than to take **Him** for my guide, and shape my life according to **His** counsels." Why, then, need there be any doubt about the principles of your life? Would you try to cross a chasm on a single rope, with millions of chances against you, when there is a safe and grand highway over which millions have passed in safety, and where there is no doubt that you too will be safe? Do you dare to believe that in the great battle of life you can fight your way without leadership, and that through ten thousand snares and witcheries, and perils of every kind, you can grope your way in the dark, and make sure work of it? No, no; it is madness, it is certain ruin. For perfect safety, for highest moral and spiritual attainments, for the achievement of the largest possibilities of your nature as regards righteousness, goodness and usefulness, for the harmonious development of your whole being and the surest preparation for a happy eternity, you need to be a humble, earnest, loving disciple of Jesus.

3. Then, when you have, under Christ, adjusted yourself in harmonious relations to God and man, to time and eternity, go out under his guidance and do whatever your hands find to do for God and humanity.

“Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's.”

There is work enough to be done to fill your hearts and hands, as long as you have hearts to love what is right, and hands to perform the heart's promptings. We talk of a Christian civilization, but the world has never yet seen a Christian civilization. There is much that is barbarous and degrading still lurking in our civilization. We need no new Bible, no new religion, no new doctrine of human rights; but we do need a higher and wider interpretation, and a juster application of the principles of the religion of Jesus, and of the government of the country, than we now see. It is not a new material universe that science needs, but a better understanding and interpretation of the universe we have. And just so with Christianity. A full understanding and faithful application of its divine principles will yet revolutionize men's conceptions of right in many particulars, as to the social structure, the getting and the use of riches, the regulations of commerce, criminal jurisprudence, international law, and the aims of individual life. Laws and institutions based on just views of men's relations to each other will banish vices, crimes, injustices, oppressions, strifes, wars, and a thousand evils that now disfigure our best civilization, and regenerated humanity, under the benign sway of divine philanthropy, will present a sight

“Such as earth saw never,
Such as heaven stoops down to see.”

That you may bear an honorable part in this onward march of Christian civilization, and hand over the precious heritage which you receive to another generation, not only unwasted, but greatly enlarged and ennobled, is, next to the prayer for your eternal welfare, the best wish and prayer of my heart for you, young gentlemen, and for all the young men of the present time. And when the second centennial of the surrender at Yorktown shall come, and heaven shall look down upon a population of two hundred millions in this fair land of ours, may there be a salutation from the hearts of the American people, not only of the British flag, but of the flag of every nation under the heavens, that shall tell over the round world that wars have ceased, that all men are brethren, and that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ that he may reign forever and ever.

It would not do to close this address without the beautiful apostrophe of Longfellow, which is indeed, in this case, the most fitting peroration :

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shriek,
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!"

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

ADDRESS BY ISAAC ERRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE FOREIGN
CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, DELIVERED AT ITS
ANNIVERSARY MEETING, IN RICHMOND, VA., OCTOBER
18TH, 1876.

In attempting to address you on the question of Foreign Missions, I am aware that my theme is not popular. I know that even among the intelligent and upright of those who, although not Christians themselves, are, nevertheless, well-wishers to Christianity, a large majority are either hostile or indifferent to foreign missionary enterprises; regarding them as chimerical, and as involving heavy outlays of money, of labor, and even of life, with contemptibly small results. I know, too—and this is more surprising and more discouraging—that among those who profess to be Christians, and notably in our own ranks, it is much the smaller number that take any interest in such missions. If the majority ever pray, “Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven;” if they ever ask the Lord to fulfill his promise that “the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ,” it can not be regarded as an “effectual, fervent prayer,” for it is not the prayer of faith. They have not the least idea that it will ever be, unless they have some theory of purely supernatural conversion, through the direct power of Jehovah, without Bible, or preacher,

or church ; for they set themselves sternly against every effort to supply these means of conversion to the perishing nations of the earth, absolutely refuse to lift a finger towards the answer to their own prayers, and, many of them, denounce all such efforts as foolish and vain. I deliver this address under the conviction that many—perhaps a majority—of those to whom I speak belong to this class, and will feel that they are already described in what has been said ; or, if they think my picture is an unfaithful one, it is because I have sketched them as inconsistent in praying in one direction, and looking in another, whereas, in fact, they have not faith enough in foreign missions even to pray in their behalf.

You will understand, therefore, that my object is to change your convictions on this subject, and enlist your sympathies, your prayers, and your labors in this direction. Since I first gave this subject a thorough examination, some thirty years ago, I have had a profound and unflinching conviction that we, as a people, will never reach the culture in faith, in self-denial, and in godliness that we need and are capable of, and will never occupy the position before the religious world which, so far as our principles are concerned, we are entitled to occupy, until we give ourselves heartily and permanently to missionary work in the broadest sense of that phrase ; until our hearts and homes and pulpits and pews and presses are all aflame with zeal for the spread of the Gospel in all the earth ; until “the ancient order of things” is reproduced in that supreme consecration to God which not only spends money freely, but offers life freely, and welcomes toil, privation, persecution, imprisonment, aye, and martyrdom,

if only Christ may be preached and the gates of salvation be thrown open to all the world. It is in the largest view of our future prosperity and usefulness, therefore, and not merely with an eye to a transient impression or an immediate result, that I now undertake to reason with you on this question; wherefore I beseech you to hear me patiently.

Those whom I would convince are not opposed to missions. They are in favor of missions. Nor are they opposed to foreign missions as unscriptural, but merely as impracticable, or as of inferior importance when compared with home missions. "Let us confine ourselves," they say, "to home missions, where there is enough to be done to enlist all our means and efforts in fields that we know will yield a good harvest, until our work here is done; and then we will turn our attention to some other part of the world." That is, I believe, the popular view and the popular cry. That has been the cry, largely, among us for the last fifty years. Now, taking the last fifty years as a basis of calculation, and looking at the present condition of our home missionary work, will the advocates of that policy tell us how many thousands or millions of years must elapse before we get through with our home fields, and in what future age of the world they expect we shall be in readiness to make a beginning in foreign missions? It will be much easier, I incline to think, to calculate, from our present data, how soon we shall utterly break down in our home missions, and demonstrate our utter incompetency to establish missions either at home or abroad.

Now, let us understand each other. Let us know precisely what the difference is between the advocates

of home missions, and the advocates of foreign missions. I have no wish to make a false issue, and certainly time is too precious with me and with you to be wasted in the discussion of unreal difficulties.

First, then, let me say, to guard against mistake, there is no difference as to the importance of home missions. You are in favor of them; so am I. You desire to raise money to support them; so do I. You are not willing that any money which can be obtained for home fields should be diverted to the support of missions or missionary experiments in foreign fields; neither am I. I would much rather increase the amount a thousand fold for home missions, than to diminish it to the extent of a single dollar; nor would I willingly or knowingly persuade any one to take a dollar which he meant to give to home missions and devote it to foreign missions. So far we are agreed.

Nor, secondly, is our difference about the obligation resting on the Church to use her full power to disciple the nations. I insist on this as true, and none of you, I presume to say, will dispute it. Where, then, is the difference?

Just here—as to the best way to accomplish this result.

You say: For the present, it is wisdom to confine ourselves to the home field. We need all the money and all the preachers we have, at home. We can do more with them here than can be done in any part of the world. We must economize our forces. Anxious as we are to have the Gospel preached in all the world, to every creature, we are not able to do that all at once. Let us do, for the present, all we can at home; and trust in God for such growth and increase

of strength as will enable us, at some future time, to enlarge the area of our operations.

The advocates of foreign missions say: Not so: let us indeed carry on our home work. Let not that fail. But let us, at the same time, reach out to other parts of the earth, wherever God opens a door, and carry on the work both at home and abroad.

That is just the difference. It is not a difference of faith, not a difference as to doing all in our power to turn men to God; but it is a difference of opinion, of judgment, as to the wisest methods of working to this end. It is one of those differences which may exist without any disloyalty to Christ, and which should not, therefore, disturb the fellowship of Christians. But it is a difference which may be soberly and kindly discussed, with a view to overcoming it; for, certainly, it is desirable, even in matters of judgment, that we be, if possible, of one mind.

Now, I am willing to admit that the argument in favor of confining ourselves exclusively to home missions, is plausible and forcible, and has a good deal of truth in it. Those who employ it are not simpletons, neither are they dishonest. They have an honest conviction that they are right; and because of this conviction they look either with indifference or with jealousy on attempts to establish foreign missions, as likely to draw away, into doubtful enterprises, money and men that could be much more profitably employed at home. But while I admit the plausibility of the argument, and have no desire to diminish the force of any truth it contains, I am thoroughly satisfied that, as it is presented and urged, it is delusive and mischievous. For, mark you, it is not that, in view of the facts they state, it is best

to employ *the larger portion* of our means at home, and only a small portion in less accessible and much less promising fields. All that might, for the present, be granted. But it is that these facts warrant us in keeping *all* our means at home, and closing our eyes and ears against all appeals from a perishing world, and against all opportunities, however inviting, that Providence may point out to us, outside of our own territory. Against this we protest. We say it is an unauthorized conclusion, and that the arguments brought to support it are unsound. This we now propose to show, and in showing it we desire to make as fair and strong a statement of the arguments used in behalf of exclusively home missions as if we were ourselves advocating that view.

I. One of the most recent arguments in behalf of that position is that the Scriptures make no distinction between home and foreign missions; it is simply *missions*, without regard to this land or that; and if we are carrying on missions anywhere, we are fulfilling the commission given to the apostles.

Now, my brethren, if this be so; if the Scriptures make no distinction between home and foreign missions, then home and foreign missions stand on a precisely equal footing. Is it not passing strange, then, that those who make this statement should make it for the sole purpose of making a distinction which the Scriptures do not make? It is made in opposition to foreign missions. The argument is this: The Scriptures make no distinction of missions into home and foreign; *therefore* let us make a distinction, and have nothing but home missions. As well say, The Gospel makes no distinction between rich and poor; therefore

let us attend exclusively to the rich, and object to all labors in behalf of the poor. Do you perceive anything convincing in that? It might do for us, as the advocates of both home and foreign missions, to employ such an argument, for we really have no need for the distinction. We go in for missions, whether home or foreign. But to oppose foreign missions, and advocate home missions, on the ground that the Bible knows no distinction between home and foreign, is a downright absurdity, as every one must see at a glance.

But I have no desire to take advantage of a false position. My position needs no such help. The statement lacks correctness. The Scriptures *do* make a distinction between home and foreign missions. They do not use these *words*, but they describe these *things*; and they stand out in bold contrast. The Jews had missions, but they were home missions. At different times prophets and priests were sent out to instruct the people and recover them from their apostasies. But they were sent only to the tribes of their own land. They had no missions to other nations. Even when sent into captivity, or when settling in any of the great marts of commerce, they were never instructed to make proselytes. They were to seek the peace of the city or the country in which they dwelt, and if any from another nation wished to be incorporated with them, they were to receive him; but beyond this they were not authorized to go. This was the exclusive home missionary spirit in its perfection. For Jewish purposes it was a wise and righteous arrangement; and if we are Jews, or have a mission similar to theirs, it may be the best arrangement still. But we submit that it is not Christian.

Our Saviour started two great missions in subordination to his own. These were all home missions. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "Go not into the way of the Samaritans, and into any city of the Gentiles enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." These are clearly and exclusively home missions. They were right. And if we have not got further along than this in Scriptural knowledge and development, it may be wise to stay within the limits of our own land until we obtain a higher education in the gracious purposes of Messiah's reign. But when we pass the law and the personal ministry of Jesus, and come, by the way of the cross and the forsaken sepulcher, to the announcement of the grand purpose of the new dispensation, it is no longer home, but foreign missions. "*Go, disciple the nations.*" "*Go ye into all the world,*" and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*" Is not that foreign missions? The home missions of His personal ministry were preparatory, and lasted but a year or two; but these foreign missions are to continue always, even unto the end of the world. There is, then, a distinction between home and foreign missions: the home missions were introductory, preparatory, transient; the foreign missions are the permanent order of the kingdom of Christ. It is neither *come*, nor *stay where you are*; but *go*; and *go into all the world.*

"But even here," you are ready to say, "*home* is not ignored; for home is in the world, and our American home is a very considerable part of the world; and our first duty is at home." Very true. All the world can not be reached at once; and there must be order and wisdom in our goings forth. Hence our Lord,

with perfect wisdom, said: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." And Paul says: "To the Jew first, and also to the Greek." So that even in the Gospel we have home and foreign missions. There *is* a distinction, and that distinction gives the preference to home missions. "Unto you *first*, God having raised up his Son Jesus, hath sent him to bless you, in turning every one of you from his iniquities." There is the strongest common sense in this. Do the thing that is next to you. Begin at home. Your first duty is there. But, mark you, while the *first* duty is there, the *last* duty is not there. *Begin* at Jerusalem, but pause not until you have reached the "uttermost part of the earth." I think the early converts to Christ, with all their zeal and benevolence, did not realize this. They acted as if their first and last duty was at home. Jerusalem was all in all to them. Years passed without an effort being made outside of that city. No mission was undertaken even in behalf of the places to which many of the Pentecostian converts must have returned. But while they thus lingered at home, God let loose a bloody persecution upon them. Saul of Tarsus, even before his conversion, was the first man to start Gospel missions; for, by reason of the persecution which he headed the disciples were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, and "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." They reached even unto Phœnicia, and Cyprus, and the great city of Antioch, before they were done. So you see they were not allowed to stay at home. If they would not go, they were driven. And if we attempt to shut our-

selves up within the limits of *our* Jerusalem, and to content ourselves with our home work, the Lord, if he loves us, and means to use us, will find means to scatter us and compel us into the performance of our duty. He will make us know that there *is* a difference between staying at home and going unto the uttermost part of the earth.

II. But it is urged, in the second place, that our ability is the measure of our accountability, and that as we have not the ability to carry the Gospel into all the world, we are not accountable for the failure to do so. In other words, we have all we can possibly do in our own land; and we are not really furthering the interests of the Gospel by withdrawing our means from this really needy field, where the yield is certain, and sending them to foreign fields, where the results are altogether uncertain. We need all our money here, and all our men here. One dollar will yield more here than perhaps a hundred in a foreign field, and a preacher may make more converts here in a year than in a foreign field in a life-time.

I put this in as strong a light as I think any of you would put it. I am frank to say that it has great apparent force; yet I think I can convince you that it is altogether too unguarded a statement. I venture now the prediction that none of you will be willing, after ten minutes, to be responsible for its legitimate conclusions. For what is true of this whole nation is true also of every state in the nation. There is not a state in this Union in which the Disciples may not say, with equal truth: "We have need of all our men and money at home. Our ability is the measure of our accountability. Our first duty is at home. When our

state is filled with churches, and our work here is done, then we may make a beginning abroad." And what is true of every state is true of every district. So the states will not help in any national work, and the districts will not help in any state work. Then, again, what is true of any district is true of every church in the district. Who knows of a church that can not find employment for all its money at home? So the districts will get no help. Our strongest churches find so much for their preachers to do that they can not spare them, even for a few weeks, to a needy neighborhood, and so much trouble to raise money for their home work that they excuse themselves from doing anything for other fields. That is not all. What every church says, every member of the church can say: "I have my own family to provide for. My first duty is at home. My family can spend money as fast as I can make it. When I spend money in my own family, I know where it goes. I have no right to take the money that my family needs, and give it where it may be wasted on some lazy or incompetent preacher, and do no good. Charity begins at home." And so the church gets nothing! I have not carried this to the last analysis, but I have taken it far enough. It will not do. There is something wrong about it. There is a screw loose somewhere. Such reasoning, faithfully followed out, would kill all home missions as well as all foreign missions. Indeed, it has already killed most of them, and it is high time we had our eyes opened to detect the fallaciousness and mischievousness of such reasoning.

Where, then, you ask, is the fallacy? Let us see if we can detect it.

Let us begin where we left off, and reason backward.

Here is a Christian family. Do I deny, you ask, that the first duty of a family is to its own members? No; but I deny that it exhausts its duty in providing for its own members. Is it not true, you ask, that many families are unable to do more than provide for themselves—unable to do even that properly? Yes, that is true in some cases, but it is not generally true. It is not true of the average family. Most families, in addition to providing for their own, are able to do something to help others not as well off as they are. And—let this be especially marked—if they will not do it, if they shrivel into such selfishness as to excuse themselves from all kindness to others, a withering curse will come into their own bosom, and their own capacity for happiness and for genuine family life will, in the end, be lost.

So with a church. There are churches that can not do more than provide for themselves, and some that can not do even that, and need to be helped. But this is not true of the average church. Most churches are able, by proper self-denial, to do something—it may not be very much—to help weaker churches and to help the world. If they fail to do it, they cripple the very powers on which their home prosperity depends, and soon they will not give even for themselves. In giving they increase the power to give, and call down the blessing which Heaven is more than willing to bestow on the liberal giver, and they will do even more at home than they would otherwise have done.

So of the district and the state. There are weak districts and weak states. But others are strong.

And if the weak struggle to help themselves, and the strong go up to their help, with the effort to do and to give comes increased power to do and to give ; and if they fail to do and to give, the very power to do and to give diminishes, and they are soon dwarfed into insignificance or shriveled into nothingness. We have had some states that tried this. One year ago one of our western states withdrew from all participation in our general work, and resolved to devote itself entirely to home work ; and God sent such leanness into their ranks, and the experiment was so ghastly in its results—less than \$1,000 being raised for their home work—that they wisely took the alarm, and resolved on amendment. The same thing is practically true in most of our states and districts. We are poorer in faith, poorer in our treasures, and weaker in our power to give, even for our home work, just in proportion as we have quenched the spirit of giving by listening to this unchristian and selfish plea in behalf of home.

And what is true of the family, the church, the district, and the state, is true of the nation. It is not true that we are unable to do anything outside of our own land. It is true that we need the larger part of our means at home. But we are also able to do something for other lands ; and as to needs, they are everywhere, and much greater abroad than at home. It is *not* true that if we do nothing abroad we shall do more at home. On the contrary, it is certain that we will do less at home ; for, in refusing to do any thing abroad, we dwarf our sympathies, we blunt our consciences, we paralyze our faith, we smother our heroism, we enervate our philanthropic impulses, we gratify our selfishness ; and we have less faith, less

sympathy, less conscience, less heroism, less benevolence, to draw upon for the home work. We bring to it a weakened moral nature, and a strengthened selfishness, and the home yield is lessened. Forever and ever it is true that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

This is not mere theory. It is supported by the plainest and most abundant facts. It amounts to demonstration. Not to go out of our own country, let us call your attention for a moment to facts here which are beyond dispute. When Judson's conversion to Baptist principles roused the Baptists of this country to give for missions in India, did it take away from their means for home missions? On the contrary, pretty much all their organized home mission work has grown out of and been fed by their interest in foreign missions.

Here is an extract from a letter recently received from a Baptist who is a member of this Society. In remitting his annual subscription, he says:

"Herein please find \$20, and credit it as first installment of my pledge. I am a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years have co-operated with them in foreign mission work, and can not doubt that the prosperity which the Baptist Church has enjoyed may be traced to the blessing of God, in fulfillment of His promises, on account of their noble, persistent, and successful efforts, from the days of Judson until now, to extend the glad tidings, in accordance with the last command of our Lord, 'Go ye into *all* the world, and proclaim the glad message to *every* creature.' And although this message is delivered by them *less clearly* than the Disciples would announce it, and its glory is obscured by mystery and error, their zeal is worthy of imitation

by the Disciples of Christ. I believe the blessing of God must be withheld from the Christian Church so long as it is characterized by a *selfishness* that withholds the means necessary to extend the knowledge of God to *every* creature; and will be given a large measure when, with heart and soul, it shall engage in this work. 'Daily' will they 'praise the Lord,' and 'continually offer' acceptable 'prayer to him,' who first with *willing* hearts give to him 'the gold of Sheba.' (Psalm lxxii. 15). That your annual meeting at Richmond will fully enlist the hearts of the brotherhood in this great work, is my earnest desire and prayer to God; assured as I am of the blessing of God upon the handful of corn they shall plant upon the tops of the mountains. 'The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.' Then 'they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth;' because the Lord hears their prayers, and their alms have gone up as a memorial before Him. Then, too, 'men shall be blessed in Christ, and all nations shall call Him blessed.'"

And in perfect harmony with this is the language of a recent editorial in the *Watchman*, a Baptist paper published in Boston:

"But no one will question that our foreign missions should occupy the first and largest place in our benevolence. It was in prosecuting them that we gained grace to work more earnestly for lost souls in our own land. To our labors in India we owe much of our enlargement in America. That which was first in the order of our growth, should be first in our sympathies and toils. It still holds its supremacy of influence: as we give for the conversion of the heathen, so shall we gain spiritual and temporal gifts for our hearts, our homes, our churches."

And among the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, what was their home mission work previous to the time that Samuel John Mills, Gordon Hall and James Richards met at that haystack on the bank of

the Hoosac River, and gave themselves to God and to each other, and formed a society "to effect, in the persons of its members, a mission or missions to the heathen"? Out of that arose the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, and the African School, under the care of the Synod of New York and New Jersey; and, indirectly, the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions; and in the wake of these pretty much all of their home mission work has been accomplished. Scarcely any thing worth mentioning had been done in home missions, until they enlisted in foreign missions.

And in our own history, do we not see the same thing illustrated? Until our missions in Jerusalem and in the island of Jamaica were undertaken, nothing had been done worthy of mention in organized home mission work; but along with these missions we carried on the home mission work successfully. We never did as much to plant the Gospel in destitute home regions as during the years that we sustained those foreign missions. This I have abundant reason to know, for I was then, for several years, in the service of the General Missionary Society, and knew all about its affairs. The records show that these years were years of unparalleled success in raising money, and of unparalleled prosperity in home mission work. In an evil hour, under the pressure of adversities to which our faith was not equal, we abandoned our foreign missions, and from that day to this we have been smitten with confusion and cursed with barrenness in our home work. All our painstaking, laborious efforts to unite our brethren in any scheme for the evangelization of

our home fields have been confounded. I do not mean that nothing has been done, but that nothing has been done to fulfill the promise of those years in which we were stretching out our hands to the needy of other lands. Some of the strongest states report less than \$1,000 collected this last year for missionary work in their own borders—and these are the very states in which have been heard the loudest complaints about the folly of wasting money in foreign missions that is so much needed at home! I have no reason to believe that God will ever lift the curse away from us that has brought blight and desolation everywhere to our missionary enterprises, until we repent of our folly and begin anew to act a part worthy of us under the broad commission, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.” As a friend of home missions, therefore, anxious to remove the obstacles to their success, I am the earnest advocate of foreign missions.

III. In the third place, it is argued that the expenditure in men, in time, and in money, in foreign missions, is out of all proportion to the results. The small success does not warrant the great outlay.

We answer :

1. If this argument is worth anything to-day, it will be worth as much always and evermore ; for whenever a beginning is made, the work of the first years must be expensive and comparatively barren of results. It is equivalent, therefore, to saying that *it shall never be attempted*. Either this, or you must imagine that God has reserved some special method of converting the heathen, without the preaching of the Gospel—like the venerable Dr. Ryland, when Wm. Carey proposed,

at a ministers' meeting, as a topic of discussion, the duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands. "Sit down, young man," said Dr. Ryland, indignantly, "sit down; when it pleases God to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." That could hardly be called inconsistent, in view of the theory of regeneration and conversion then prevalent; but it would be a monstrous absurdity if uttered to-day by any man who professes to believe that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." We do not wish to conceal the fact that, for a time, there may be much toil, and outlay of money and time, with but little apparent result. On the contrary, we desire to emphasize it. We do not seek to gather into this Society any who are not willing to labor and to wait. This work of faith and patience must be undertaken *sometime* by *somebody*, or the work will never be done. We ask you to pause long before you commit yourselves to a position which practically surrenders as hopeless, for all time, the fulfillment of the commission.

2. Let us say that this may be the very thing we need. *The trial of our faith* in this very way may be the very best success for us; for it is much more precious than gold that perisheth; and if only it is found "unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ," what we have paid or suffered will not have been an useless expenditure. It may be that we shall spend thousands of dollars with no apparent result; that lives will be sacrificed in the effort; and that many years will come and go which shall only be years of tearful seed-sowing without so much as a sprout to tell of answering life or coming harvest.

But that is not our concern. If it is *duty* to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," then let duty be done, and let God take care of the consequences. If God bids me go and quarry in flinty rocks that defy the hardest steel, it is nothing to me if I can do no more than dull my drill and sharpen it again. I must sharpen and drill and dull, and sharpen and drill and dull, if I can do no more. And when He comes who sent me there, if I can do no more, I will answer His flash of fire from the skies with a shower of sparks from the stubborn rock which I smite in His name, and He shall find me pecking away, even if there be no result—*because He told me to*. The rock may not be the worse for it, but my heart will be the better for it. If the rock has not yielded, my soul has grown stronger, and has risen into a stateliness and might that only come as the reward of faith clinging to duty for duty's sake. And when I shall show Him my battered pick and broken drill, and stand before Him, covered with the sweat of my unyielding toil, and only those broken and battered tools as the fruit of my labor, I shall expect to hear Him say, "Well done." But if He come not, I must work away.

I believe that what we need, above all things else, is an infusion of the heroic element into our faith—a heroism that laughs at impossibilities, and balks not when asked to remove mountains. We have reasoners, exhorters, debaters, planners, critics, scribes—and perhaps Pharisees—in plenty; now we want heroes and heroines! A few martyrs for Christ's sake, would be worth more to us than thousands of gold and silver. If, on coming here, we had received letters from

brethren and sisters pining in dungeons for the truth's sake, and messages sent to us from the blistered lips of martyrs suffering in the flames for the dear love of Christ, it would do more to rouse us to enthusiasm and bring us nearer to the heart of God and consecrate us anew to his service, than the tidings of a thousand victories on easy fields, won almost without cost. Our faith is too soft, too effeminate. The cross is on our lips, in our songs and sermons, but not on our shoulders. We are sound and respectable and intelligent and dignified and polished, and all that, but we are not heroic. We are scared at the very shadow of the cross. We dare not, like Abraham, go out at the voice of God, not knowing whither we go—content that God shall lead us. We hug the shore in our sailings, and tremble to get out of sight of land, no difference how many stars of promise hang over us, or how steadily the polar star gives forth its light, or how many voices of Providence come on the breezes to tell us of bright lands of promise far away. If we send out spies, they can only tell, when they return, of the giants, the sons of Anak, and the walled cities, and say, "We be not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we." And if here and there the form of a Caleb or a Joshua is seen, holding up the mighty clusters of the grapes of Eshcol, and testifying, "Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it," we proceed at once to pelt them with derisions and drive them from the camp. If I were asked what, above all other things, we need to pray for, in view of our present circumstances, needs and perils, I would say, "Let us pray God to give us a few heroes—men like Judson,

who will go forth and welcome toil and suffering, and apparently fruitless labor, for the sake of Christ." It was six years before Judson was cheered with a single convert. After he had been three years at Rangoon, he wrote thus :

" If any ask what success I met with among the natives, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the missionaries labored nearly *twenty* years, and, not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite was considered a shame to the cause of missions; but now the blessing begins to descend. Tell them to look at Bengal, also, where Dr. Thomas had been laboring *seventeen* years, that is, from 1783 to 1800, before the first convert, Krishno, was baptized. . . . If we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again."

And they did hear from him again—glorious man ! Look at the Baptist missions to-day in the East, and behold the glorious rewards of heroic faith. There are now sixty thousand Christians as the fruit of the work begun in Burmah by Judson.

Have we said enough in reply to this argument ! We can best embody our own view of this feature of the question in another statement concerning Judson. When compiling a dictionary, and performing an arduous work in which he seemed to be continually putting forth his hands into the dark, he wrote on the cover of a book he was using :

" In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
Our course be onward still ;
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill."

3. But, in the third place, we deny that the results of modern missionary effort have been so unfruitful or

so unpromising as is generally represented. Modern missions are only about seventy-five years old. Only two Protestant missionary societies existed in 1790—the Moravian, and that for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. In 1796, when two overtures in behalf of foreign missions were laid before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the scheme was denounced as “highly dangerous to society,” and it was held to be “improper and absurd to propagate the gospel abroad while there remained a single individual at home without the necessary religious knowledge.” We have already referred to William Carey, and the treatment of his proposition by Dr. Ryland. From only one minister in London—the good John Newton—did Carey at first receive any sympathy. Such was the unpromising beginning some eighty years ago. Of course, outside the Church the opposition was still more pronounced. We can not take time or space for a detailed statement of results, but we will give enough to show that the work has been anything but a failure.

Where Judson began to sow on “Burmah’s barren plains,” there are now, as already stated, sixty thousand Christians, and a host of faithful native workers. In Madagascar, where the first effort was made a little over fifty years ago, the London Missionary Society now reports 64,896 church members. There are other missions there. Here are the missionary statistics of India :

Population of India, according to last census,	300,000,000
Languages spoken,	23
Missionary societies at work,	35
Missionaries employed,	600

Native ordained preachers,	381
Native day preachers,	2,528
Native pupils in school,	143,192
Of these, girls and young women,	26,611
Female missionary societies at work,	4
Mission presses,	25
Bible societies,	8
Tract societies,	11
Native christian communicants,	85,000
Native christian population,	330,000
Increase in ten years, sixty-one per cent.	

At this rate the Protestant native Christian population of India, in one hundred and thirty years, will be one hundred and thirty-eight millions!

From a recent book, called "A Survey of Mission Work," we submit the following summary of the present status of foreign missionary work:

"Grouping together the figures, we have the following approximation to the present membership in the Mission Churches as collected from different sources, and it is in no way an overstatement:

Africa, including Madagascar,	130,000
Europe, including Scandinavia and Germany,	53,500
Asia,	120,000
Polynesia,	70,000
America, North and South,	21 500
West Indies,	105,000

Total,	500,000
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"The number of ordained missionaries in connection with these various missionary organizations is about 2,300; in 1825, the true number was not over 400. The greatest increase has been in native laborers, but as there is no uniformity among the societies in classifying the different workers, whether ordained or simply catechists or helpers, it would be difficult to give a fair exhibit of the ordained

preachers. The membership has gone up from 40,000 to 500,000 in fifty years. There is also a difficulty in stating positively the exact sum expended on missionary work. Thus the Wesleyans of England and the Propagation Society received last year \$1,570,000, but a large amount of this was spent on colonial work in Europe, Australia, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, etc. The average for the last few years of the missionary societies—British, Continental and American—may be set down at \$6,000,000. This is a great advance in the last fifteen years; showing that the work is taking a deeper hold upon the hearts of God's children."

When the young men at William's College first formed a society for foreign missions among themselves, they adopted as one of the articles of their organization, that "the existence of this society shall be kept secret"—such was their fear of opposition. Now, in the lands outside of Christendom, there are four thousand centers of Christian instruction; over two thousand five hundred congregations have been organized; there is a membership of five hundred thousand; and populations adopting the Christian name, as in opposition to other religions, aggregating about 1,500,000 people.

We have said nothing about the services rendered to civilization by missionaries outside their immediate work of preaching the gospel—in literature and in science, in opening up unknown countries to the civilized world, and in various ways which we can not now detail. One such life as that of Livingstone, in its bearings on the interests of philanthropy, of science and of Christian civilization, is too mighty to be estimated by any human standards. He was a missionary; his strange work was all done in the mis-

sionary spirit, and he died on his knees, in prayer! Contrast his peaceful, Christian work with the worldly-wise mission of Stanley, carrying death and destruction with him wherever he goes, and you will be able to form some idea of the value of genuine missionary services to the cause of humanity. The work of such men as Carey and Judson and Morrison and Livingstone, measured even by worldly standards, has been of incalculable value to the interests of the human race.

Let us add, that the gates of the world are now thrown open as never before to missionary enterprise. Mexico is surely working her way out from under priestly domination, and opens a vast field to missionary effort. In South America the same result is gradually being brought about. Japan has already adopted Sunday as the national day of rest, and her own statesmen, as the result of contact with Christian civilization, are beginning to express the judgment that theirs must, in the end, be a Christian nation. Her converts to Christianity are from the intelligent and influential classes. China gives us access, by one language, to some four hundred millions of the human race, who will be found accessible sooner than we will be ready to meet their wants. Already there are ten thousand converts in the Protestant missions. Italy, so long the center of an accursed despotism, is free to the gospel now. Germany, long since weary of her state religion, and disgusted with its irrational formalism and arbitrary requirements, having vainly sought relief in Rationalism, is in a better mood than ever before to appreciate a pure gospel. Denmark, in her popular agitations concerning Church and State, is ready to question the politico-ecclesiastical source of

her religious faith and practice. In Southern India the Protestant missions are, in the judgment of unprejudiced observers, "silently revolutionizing the life of the nation," and the prospects of success in this work are continually brightening.

Surely, in view of past achievements, and present opportunities, even the weak in faith may be emboldened to enter on this work and prosecute it vigorously. Look at it. In addition to all we have stated of the success of the last seventy-five years, let it be remembered that within the same period Bible societies have issued one hundred and thirty-five million copies of the Scriptures, in most of the languages spoken among men. There are now some two hundred and seventy-five versions of the Scriptures. It is estimated that at the end of the first century there were not half as many Christians on the globe as are found to-day in India, from less than one hundred years of effort. In Madagascar alone, a nation of five millions of people, it is claimed that there has been wrought, within fifty years, as complete a revolution as was found in the Roman empire down to the days of Constantine.

Sandwich Islanders and South Sea Islanders, fifty years ago savages and cannibals, now have homes and schools and laws.

Seventy years ago there was not a solitary native Christian in Polynesia; now, it would be difficult to find a professed idolator in Eastern or Central Polynesia. They present a very fair and encouraging form of Christian civilization.

Is it worth while any longer to stand in paralyzing doubt and ask, "Can these dead bones live?"

Impressed with such considerations as we have now submitted to you, a number of us have organized a Foreign Christian Missionary Society. We did this, not because of any opposition to the General Convention, but because we had grown weary waiting for the Convention to undertake this work, and hopeless of even the possibility of such work being undertaken by the Convention, under its present plan of operations, for many years to come.

We, therefore, proposed a voluntary association of such Christians as are in favor of foreign missions, and are willing to pay for their support, to operate in fellowship with the General Convention, the latter working in the home field while we go abroad to foreign fields. We propose no controversy with any as to plans and methods. Those who can not work with us are at liberty to stay out, and work in their own way. We believed that a sufficient number would be found to agree to work in this way to give assurance of at least moderate success, and, with faith in God, we have humbly sought to lay the foundations of an enterprise which we trust will grow into goodly proportions. The result of the first year's operations was laid before you this afternoon. It is a small beginning, but it is a good one. We undertook the work at a time when the business of the country was prostrate, and our first year's contributions have been gathered in the very face of business disaster and wreck, when it seemed almost heartless to ask men for money. Moreover, we have made but little special effort outside of a small circle. Having under such circumstances been able to make as encouraging a report as you heard to-day, we, of course, expect,

with better times and greater effort, to increase and abound in means, in labors, and in results. We show you our "handful of corn" which we have planted in faith; we expect that the fruit thereof shall "shake like Lebanon." We ask all who share with us in these convictions, and are willing to participate in this work, to come into our Society, and unite their means, their labors and their prayers with ours. We ask none others. We are weary of discussion, and want to see something done in which all good hearts can rejoice; and all hearty *doers* and *goers* will find a hearty welcome.

Let me, in conclusion, call your attention to a fact which studious men have noted, and which Christians ought all to understand. The leading religions of the world, apart from Christianity, are ethnic, that is, they are religions of races or nations. Brahminism for more than three thousand years has been confined to that section of the Aryan family that has inhabited India. The doctrine of Confucius has been confined to the Chinese; that of Zoroaster, to Persia. Although they conquered many nations, they never communicated their religion. So of the religions of Egypt, of Greece, of Scandinavia, of Judea, and even in a good degree of Mohammedanism and of Buddhism. Mohammedanism has been propagated by the sword; but even this spirit of proselytism comes to it through its connection with the religion of the Bible, for it is an offshoot of Bible religion.

Christianity is the religion of the race. It appeals to humanity, it is adapted to humanity, its fundamental ideas and principles are such that it has no worthy meaning short of the redemption of humanity; and it

can not be justly handled by any people who are incapable of appreciating its divine adaptedness to human nature wherever found, or unwilling to act in the spirit of its world-wide philanthropy. We shall best vindicate its claims to a divine origin by acting in harmony with its broad benevolence, and demonstrating its adaptedness to man in every condition. All cavils and oppositions will give way before that perfection of wisdom and of grace which touches all hearts alike with heavenly influence, and brings the babbling and hostile races of men into loving brotherhood, so that there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, for all are one in Christ Jesus. A Hindoo and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's faces. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. He exclaimed, "Halleluiah!" The New Zealander in delight cried out, "Amen!"

When these halleluiahs and amens shall echo round the world, and men that can not speak to each other shall love each other for Christ's sake, and all differences of race, of language and of rank shall retire before the universal halleluiah that binds them all in a divine fellowship, this miracle of grace, grander than all miracles of power, will be the crowning evidence of the divinity of the religion of Jesus, before which all unbelief must give way, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. That blessed consummation may seem very far off; but it may be nearer than you think.

These missionary efforts are doing more than you see on the surface. They are drilling here and there into hard rock, and their progress seems slow ; but every now and then there is a blast that tells of progress. Let us drill steadily, and pack away here and there, in the very heart of the flinty rocks, the dynamite of gospel truth, and plant the batteries of gospel churches, and stretch between these the wires of faith, and get everything in readiness. It may take many years to do all this. Much of our work may be subterranean, and to the unbelieving eye may seem to be all in vain. Even when all is done, we may have to wait for favorable conditions of success. But when the shafts have all been completed, and the dynamite has been properly bestowed, and the batteries have been erected, and the wires have been stretched, He who governs all, and knows the time, has but to command the key to be touched, and Hell-Gate itself will explode at his command. We can not turn men's flinty hearts to God. It can only be done by divine power. But that power operates according to known laws, under given conditions. We can mediate between the power of God and the stubborn hearts of men. We can do the drilling. We can lodge the dynamite in its place. We can plant the batteries. We can stretch the wires. And we can touch the key that lets in the power of God upon the stubborn hearts of men and breaks them in pieces. God has highly honored us in granting us a share in this blessed work. We can preach, we can teach, we can live for Christ. If we can not go ourselves to work in the far-off quarries, we can supply the money that will enable others to go. And we can work at home to

interest others, and prevail on them to give their money and their work.

Dr. E. C. Wines recently reported the history of a convict—an imprisoned thief, who, while in prison, was brought to repentance. After his release, he established so good a Christian reputation, that when he offered himself to a benevolent organization to be educated for the missionary field, he was accepted, and made rapid progress in his studies. At the seminary he made the acquaintance of a student who shared his own ambition to redeem what remained of life to the noblest purposes. They went together into the very heart of heathendom in India, among tribes that had never seen the face of a missionary—the Santhals. The result in eight years is a Christian population of 6,000; actual communicants, 2,100; churches, 30; schools, 40; training schools, 2, and the prospect of a college for native preachers next year. All this without cost to any missionary society, and the churches and schools entirely self-supporting. Thus, if we neglect the work, God will raise up men out of the very prisons to perform it. As, in our Lord's time on earth, the publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before the respectable Scribes and Pharisees, so now the very thieves go into God's great vineyard ahead of us. Only sixty millions of dollars in twenty years to send the gospel to the heathen, but six hundred millions of dollars in one year for strong drink! Shall this continue to be the disgrace of Christendom?

My brethren, let us awake to our duty. The night is far spent; the day is at hand; let us cast off

the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Our duty is plain. The world is perishing. It can be saved only by the gospel. We have the gospel. God gave it to us. We hold it in trust. We are debtors to all who have it not, and, as much as in us is, we must preach it in all the world.

BIBLE TRANSLATION.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN BIBLE UNION, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21, 1864.

When Lord Bacon undertook the Great Instauration, to recover the realms and laws of physical science from doubt and mystery, and call the intellectual world back from their universal apostasy, he found, in his approaches to the temple of Truth, four species of idols, blockading the entrance with their busy and devoted tribes of worshipers. These he denominates the idols of the *tribe*, the idols of the *den*, the idols of the *market*, and the idols of the *theater*. The *idols of the tribe* are those which are inherent in human nature—the universal tendency to hasty and false conclusions; to put appearance for reality; to allow the immediate to ignore the remote; to suffer superstition, arrogance and pride to smother the calm voice of truth, and hinder the patient investigation of principles.

The *idols of the den* are those of the *individual*, those which spring from idiosyncrasies, education, and the blind deference paid to revered authors, etc. The love of novelty, of antiquity, of this or that favorite system, or party, or leader, occupies the den, and intercepts or corrupts the light that would enter.

The *idols of the market* spring out of the commerce and association of men, and assert their dominion principally through *words* and *names*, which come to have a talismanic power over the indiscriminating multitude. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

The *idols of the theater* are those which spring from theories and dogmas of philosophy, which, in a fictitious and theatrical show, parade their false and hollow attractions, and hold men spell-bound by the weight of names, reverence for antiquity, and veneration for mystery, so as to be insensible to the attractions of truth, which comes in simpler dress, and often with a sterner mien.

Although Bacon treated of these chiefly as impediments to the restoration of *physical* science, every worker in the field of progress has found the same obstacles in his way. Especially is it true in the efforts for the instauration of religious truth. There is a fearful idolatry reigning in the hearts of men. We wonder at the constant departures of Israel from the stupendous displays of Jehovah's presence and power, to bow down to the paltry idols of surrounding nations; yet *we* forsake more glorious shrines of truth to give our devotions to the idols of the tribe, the den, the market, or the theater. We especially marvel to see those tribes, at the very base of Sinai, on the very environs of divine majesty, creating a golden calf, and merrily dancing around an awkward piece of human workmanship, until the fruit of their apostasy is seen in a mutilated law, and the wide-spread reign of death. Yet, at the base of Mt. Zion, amidst the sweet voices and pure light of inspiration that break upon us from the Jerusalem above, do not we erect our idols of tribe and den and market and theater, and witness a broken law, and spiritual death as the result? I venture to say, without knowing much of the private history of the Bible Union and the translators she employs, that they have seen and known all these idols uplifting their heads, to

stay them in their work. I should not be surprised if many who fail to approve this enterprise would find, if they searched aright, that their disapproval has been whispered into their ears by some of these idols. And as a preparatory admonition to all acceptable investigation of this and every other theme of truth, I desire to repeat the apostolic admonition: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Translators, managers, patrons and inquirers, all need a thorough lustration at the laver in the outer court before they enter the temple to live in the light of the seven-branched, golden candelabrum, or dare to penetrate the Holy of Holies, with Urim and Thummim to seek from Him that dwelleth between the cherubim a knowledge of His will.

When William Tyndale was about to suffer martyrdom for his translation of the Scriptures, and his faithful advocacy of God's word, his dying prayer was: "Lord, open the eyes of the King of England." At every step of progress in the discovery and development of truth we have need to offer a similar prayer in behalf of the multitudes of opposers. We look back with a sort of horror on the dark and bloody period when the bones of Wickliffe were dug up and burned, and Tyndale was given to the flames, and Luther was hidden away from the rage of his enemies, that he might translate the Word of God; and multitudes of those whom they enlightened were flayed alive, cast down from towers, starved in prisons, suffocated in caves, driven up the mountains to perish in the snows, and subjected to every kind of torment that fiendish ingenuity could devise, for no other crime than that of reading, loving and circulating the Bible. We weep as we read of the

heroic Waldenses, in the valley of Luzerna, when, twenty-four hours being given them to choose between abandoning the Bible or exposure to fire, sword and cord, on bended knee, they said: "We here promise, our hands on the Bible, and in the solemn presence of God, to maintain the Bible, whole and alone, though it be at the peril of our lives, in order that we may transmit it to our children pure as we received it from our fathers." We garnish the sepulchers of these heroes, and build them monuments, and say, "If we had lived in that day, we would not have done as did the religionists of that time!" And yet, how eagerly we oppose enterprises which involve loyalty to the same principles for which the faithful men of the Past suffered!

Whether the Bible shall be translated *at all* into the vulgar tongue, and whether it shall be translated *fully* and *faithfully*, are questions involving the same principles. He who decides in favor of partial and unfaithful translations, whose timid conservatism, or sectarian bigotry, or ignorant superstition, would raise a cry against the fullest, clearest blaze of light that the most accurate translation can give, ought, for consistency's sake, to give his voice for quenching entirely the light which he fears, and rank himself with those who dishonored Wickliffe, killed Tyndale, discouraged Coverdale, sought the life of Luther, burned the translated Bible, and raised the arm of power against all who endeavored to make the Bible the Book of the People. Still do we need to pray, "Lord, open the eyes of men that they may see." The squint eye of unbelief, the blear eye of prejudice, the jaundiced eye of the sectarian zealot, the closed eye of the bigot,

the distorted eye of the superstitious, all need to be anointed with true eye salve. When Lord Nelson, in a naval battle, was signalled to abandon the fight, he, determined not to obey orders, put the glass to his *blind eye*, and declared he could not see the signal! Many, for a similar reason, but from a less honorable motive, affect to investigate, when in fact they do but put the glass to the blind eye! But, as we look over this audience, let us rather say, with the Apostle: "Beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak."

The argument for a better translation of the Scriptures is very plain, very clear, and, it seems to us, very cogent.

1. God has spoken to man. He has chosen language—human language, written language, as the most desirable medium of communication between His Spirit and man's spirit—between the heart of man and his Maker. We have a right to infer, from the fact that God has thus selected it, that it is the means best adapted to the wants, capacities, and circumstances of human nature, of all that God has at his disposal. This gives to human language an immense dignity, value and sacredness. It is the divinely ordained channel through which light and life, love, peace, and blessedness, flow from the heart of the Infinite into the souls of men. It is the magazine of Jehovah's moral power. It is the material out of which is fashioned the sword of the Spirit—that sword which pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and discovers the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is the lamp which, filled with the beaten oil

of the sanctuary, shines with heavenly radiance in this dark world until the day shall dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts. We are drawn, therefore, to the study of language from the most sacred of all considerations, and by the most imperative of all necessities.

2. But human language, from one, has become many; and is undergoing constant changes; so that, if God's revelations are meant for all, they must, in whatever language or dialect first spoken, be translated into various other tongues. The very first gift, therefore, after inspiration, on Pentecost, was that of translation, so that the many nations represented there might be able to hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

3. The object of translation is to convey the ideas that are couched in one language, into another language, by means of words that represent the same ideas. Translations are perfect in proportion to their success in conveying ideas out of one language into another. A word is of no value except as it represents an idea. If a wrong word is chosen, a wrong idea is conveyed, and so far as translation is concerned, a falsehood. This makes the work of translation very important, and oftentimes very difficult; and many times, where it is imperfectly or unfaithfully done, ludicrous or mischievous. For instance, in a French translation of *Paradise Lost*, the sentence, "Hail, horrors, hail," is rendered thus: "*Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs, comment vous portez vous!*" equivalent to: "How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?" And in a translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the words, "Moses flayed alive," are made to convey the idea of "Moses almost devoured alive by fleas." And Shak-

speare's expression, "So woe-begone," in describing a spiritless and grief-stricken man, is made to read, "So, grief, be off with you!" Now it will do to laugh at these blunders in the translation of merely human compositions; but when we think of the danger of similar errors in the translation of the words of the Divine Spirit, it is really awful to contemplate. If it be important, in translating the works of men, that their ideas be faithfully conveyed, how infinitely important is it that the ideas that were born in the mind of God—the thoughts, loves, wishes, yearnings, counsels, laws, and ordinances of the Only Wise God—should be conveyed with the extremest possible accuracy. If, then, from any cause whatever, an ignorance, which the imperfect state of Biblical criticism could not enlighten; an age, whose idols of the tribe, the market, and the theater could not be destroyed; a king whose idol of the den controlled him; a sect or national establishment whose authority coerced translators; if, from any cause, the best efforts at translation have been materially defective, so as to dim, in any degree, the light of God, obscure to any extent the mind of the Spirit, corrupt, or impair in any wise, the message of truth and holiness; common sense, righteousness, and piety will all say: Correct the errors; let in more light; give us the whole will of God. Opposition will only come from the shrines of the idols to which we have referred.

Let us look at some of the distinguishing characteristics of this revelation, in the light of which the need of faithful translation may be appreciated.

1. The word of God is *life-giving*. It is *life-giving* because it is *light-giving*. It is, indeed, life-giving,

life-sustaining, life-directing; and all these because "the entrance of the word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." The immense quickening power of the Word of God, even in its reflex influence, in the refractions of its light, may be seen at a glance, if you compare heathen with Christian nations, Catholic with Protestant countries, Medieval with modern ages, Protestant countries where the word of God is bound, with Protestant countries where it is free. *All life is sheathed in light.* All teeming life of the material creation is developed and sustained by the light of heaven. The first creative fiat was, "*Let there be light,*" and the first spiritually creative fiat is, "Let there be light." Christ is called, therefore, "the true light—the light of life." Now the purer and fuller the *light*, the richer and completer the *life*. Every thing, therefore, that dims and obscures the light is an injury to the soul. It is not enough that I have sufficient light to live by: I want all the light that God has provided, in order to all the fullness of life that I am capable of developing and enjoying. It is not enough that you give me a chart that is in the main correct, and assure me that many have successfully navigated the sea of time by its directions; if it is not fully correct, if it leave out a rock, or shoal, or fail in any particular of the exact truth, I have a right to ask, when I am about to embark my eternal all, that it shall be made correct to the last particular. If God has kindled the light of a sun in the spiritual heavens, I want all the sunshine it can impart. I protest against any ecclesiastical system, or creed, or opaque translation coming in between that sun and my soul, to eclipse the one and darken the other. I object to the clouds of

ignorance that belonged to the past, which a healthy gale of Biblical criticism may speedily dissipate, continuing to overspread *my* heavens. I do most earnestly protest against any sect, or interest, or aristocracy of letters, attempting to bottle up that sunlight, to be vended, under denominational patent, in quantities to suit purchasers.

Now does any one pretend that our common version does not, in many respects, obscure the light? That the comparative meagerness of resources in sacred criticism; the overpowering influence of the interests of Church and State; the absolute dicta of the King, and many other considerations, did not combine to render it imperfect? Do not all confess that, while it was a great and successful undertaking, it is not at all up to the present demands of biblical learning? Moreover, does not every one know that the changes in our own language, in two and a half centuries, are such as of themselves to demand a revision?

Nor is it true, as many pretend, that the version is as nearly perfect as may be, as conveying a knowledge of salvation and of duty; or that the reason for demanding a revision is to promote the interests of immersionists. That the way of salvation and of life may be learned from it, and perhaps from any other version, is true; but that these great matters are as perfectly revealed here as they may be or ought to be, is not so. Take an instance: Acts iii. 19. Now much depends in the way of duty, here, whether the active or passive voice prevails, whether I am simply enjoined to *be converted* when times, etc., or whether I am positively commanded to *turn*, that times of refreshment *may* come from the presence of the Lord. I do not care

whether one rendering or another shall cut up Calvinism or Arminianism by the roots, or both of them together. I do not care a straw for any or all of the *isms* in the religious world. But I want to know what God *asks of me*, and what God *promises to me*; and I aver that the common version does not truly represent the one or the other.

Again, Galatians v. 20. Among the works of the flesh are heresies: and it is affirmed that they who bring forth these fruits of the flesh "shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Now by heresies we generally understand *false doctrines*. But suppose we banish the idols of the market and of the den, long enough to let in the clear light of a true translation. Then, instead of *heresies*, we have *sects*. Ah! that alters the matter wonderfully. There is many a bitter sectarian who is a keen heresy hunter. Generally, the more devoted the partisan, the keener his scent of heresy. But if *sects* are among the works of the flesh, and "they who do, etc.," then these sects that abound, with their names, and their creeds, and their spirit, and their separate and jarring interests, must be abandoned, as we hope for entrance into the kingdom of God. We give these simply as specimens of a very numerous class of passages, involving salvation and destiny, where the light is greatly obscured.

2. The word of God is *one*, and it furnishes a true basis of union. Parties and sects are hostile to the spirit, genius, and aims of the Bible. It was meant to build up one holy and loving brotherhood out of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues. But this original unity and union of the people of God has been lost. We are divided into sects and parties, rest-

ing much more on philosophical and ecclesiastical bases than on scriptural distinctions. The *idols of the theater* have been busy with us; and *names and theories* rule the world. It is not to be ignored that translations made under these influences have partaken somewhat of the spirit and the philosophy and the prejudice of sect—and that one of the great steps by which the union of Christians is to be sought, is, a complete translation of the Scriptures. That this will lead to the sacrifice of many cherished names, and pet notions, and party idols, there can be no doubt. There will be a terrible slaughter among the idols of tribe and den and market. But what of that? A man who refuses to surrender his cherished idols to the demand of the one living and true God is, in the proper sense of the term, an *infidel*. He has never yet been baptized in the “spirit of truth.” I am earnest in affirming my conviction that the salvation of the world depends very much on the union of the people of God; that the full glory of what we generally call Protestantism has never yet been seen; that a united heart and united front on the part of Christians would shake the empire of hell to its foundations; that the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American races, must lead in that work; and that a correct *English* version, therefore, as laying the basis for such a union, is of the grandest importance.

I would not depreciate the value of translations into other languages. The objects of this organization should be limited by nothing less than the supply of the whole world with faithful translations of the Bible. But our first great and crying need is a correct English translation, both for the discussion it will awaken, and

the union to which it will lead of the spiritual forces and energies of the race that is to take the lead in the Christianization of the world.

3. The word of God is *sanctifying*. "Sanctify them through thy truth, etc." Every word of God is pure. The cultivation of all spiritual tastes, the unfolding of all spiritual beauty and energy is through the truth. It requires no argument here to show that "the things which the Holy Spirit teacheth" can only be "spiritually discerned" when the *words* which the Holy Spirit employed, or their equivalents, are given to us. There are many most attractive and enrapturing beauties of spiritual truth which a bungling translation hides from the unlearned reader.

So much on the general question of the *desirableness* of translation. A few words on its *practicability*.

I am free to say that the practicability of this work is not so readily seen as its desirability. The very considerations urged in favor of its importance suggest to us the difficulty of the undertaking. The yet imperfect state of sacred criticism, the pride of party, the tyranny of opinionism, alike interfere to make it difficult of execution, and difficult of appreciation. Translators need a thorough purging of the idols of the den. And so do readers. For we are not apt to bless the man that takes away our gods, even though it is for our good. We are far more apt to judge of the merits of a translation by the interests of our party, than of the merits of our party by the light of a faithful translation. It is a peculiar state of grace to reach these days, to be able to say: "Lord, let me know thy truth, if my party perish, if every cherished conviction of my heart is doomed; if life itself is the price demanded, O Lord,

let me know thy truth." But while it is difficult, it is not impossible. We must recognize the difficulty, look it full in the face, and meet it fairly and manfully. It seems to me that, in order to a complete work, we need:

1. To do justice to the labors and achievements of the Past. I have no sympathy with that spirit which rails at the past, or attempts to undervalue the performance of predecessors. We stand on their shoulders. If they fall, we fall with them. Honor is especially due to those who gave us our common version. It has uncommon merits. Its long hold on the public mind, the sacred affection with which it is regarded by the enlightened, its influence in forming and preserving our language, all give it a high claim on our reverence. In its general style and form of expression, I think it is simply inimitable, and ought not to be disturbed. It is *revision* that is needed.

2. *A multitude of counselors.* No literary work under the heavens calls for so much counsel, coöperation, sympathy and searching criticism as this. Individuals may furnish valuable contributions to sacred literature in the shape of new translations; but it is simply impossible that any of these can challenge acceptance as standard translations. The present version owes its popularity in part to the fact that it was the result of the assembled wisdom of so many scholars—representing so largely the learning and piety of the age and country. Any revision, to be entitled to acceptance, must be able to show that it has secured the ripest scholarship of the old world and the new; and the largest and freest consultations and criticisms of the highest tribunals of learning, without regard to party.

3. *It must be free from denominational control.* There is not a religious party on earth pure enough to be entrusted with such a work. Men pure enough may be found in these parties—but the parties must not control them. There is not a party that will not be shorn of strength, and stripped of pretensions by a thorough revision. If men do not desire the reformation or the overthrow of their parties, they ought not to go in for revision; for no party can stand on the pure word of God. Let revisers, then, be free—free as the truth of God will make them.

4. *The most perfect critical apparatus.* This does not need many words. Such a work, to come up to the demands of the times, needs an accumulation of authorities and auxiliaries, far beyond what private means will procure.

Lastly, It needs *men of rare attainments, of catholic spirit, of profound piety*, to whom there is no desirable treasure but God and His truth; and for these men, *time*, abundance of time to carry on the work deliberately and thoroughly, and to secure the fullest criticism, and revision, and re-revision, until it is what it ought to be. There is more danger of going too fast than too slow.

Whether all these wants are met in the American Bible Union, I leave for those to say who are more intimately acquainted with its means and appliances. That it has a basis for the fullest success, I fully believe; and if it is in any thing at fault, the means of reformation, and, I trust, the spirit of reformation, are not wanting.

It belonged to another age and generation to toil and suffer to give the Bible, in the vulgar tongue, to

the people. A glorious work, in the last half century, has been wrought in this field. It is ours to carry forward the work by perfecting the work of translation, so that all nations may have that word of life in the nearest possible approach to its original purity and integrity. It is a sacred, a difficult, and a most benevolent mission. We must not expect it to be fully appreciated while it is in process of development. Other generations will reap in joy the benefit of what you sow in tears; and, if success crown the effort, millions yet unborn, when bathing their spirits in the pure light of heaven, reflected on them in faithful translations, will bless the God of truth for the toils and expenditures that prepared for them such a heritage, and opened the way for them up beyond all the polluted streams of human tradition, to the very fountain of the water of life.

“SINGLENES AND WORTHINESS OF PURPOSE.”

In promptly accepting the invitation with which I was honored through your worthy president, to address you on the present occasion, let me assure you that I had quite another thought from that of furnishing an hour's entertainment to you and your friends. It would hardly be worth while to run away from the toils of as busy a life as mine, and come so far, merely that we might spend an hour or two in an interchange of the compliments and courtesies that are deemed necessary in rounding out the labors of the College year, or in completing the duties of the College course. Nor can I compliment you by saying that I have been drawn hither by a personal interest in you ; for, personally, you are strangers to me, and I to you. It would be simply a falsehood were I to say that I had any more personal interest in you than in any other similar number of young ladies and gentlemen, here or anywhere else in the wide world. But my interest in you, if not personal, is not less deep or less strong on that account. I have come because I feel that the mission of every educated man and woman, in this country and in this age, is sacred and grand ; and because it is worth while to travel a thousand miles to meet you on the threshold of a new life, if I may be able to speak a word, drop a hint, or lodge in your minds an idea, that shall help you in utilizing the educational forces you have been here accumulating, and give to your lives, in any

degree, a truer inspiration. You must allow to age a superior authority in some things. I have lived long enough to know that the most righteous and benevolent work that can be done in behalf of beginners, is to transfer to them the experiences of those who have gone before them in the journey, and thus enable them to escape the blunders, misfortunes and failures of their predecessors.

But I must take a still broader view before you can understand the motive which prompts this address; and I am careful in stating this, because I want you in full sympathy with me, in the views of life and of duty which I propose to submit. It is not worth while for me to tell you what doubtless you have already been told many times—that this country of ours is a great country! It is really much greater than our politicians and our Fourth of July declaimers, in their swaggering oratory, know how to express. But I call your attention to a fact not so often dwelt upon, but which greatly concerns your future—that we are making, in this great country of ours, a daring and most hazardous experiment with human nature; an experiment which implies a larger faith in humanity than anything in the history of the ages will justify; an experiment which, if successful, is fraught with the most blissful consequences to all future ages; but which, if unsuccessful, will drive a plowshare of ruin through all the fond hopes of patriots, statesmen and philanthropists, dissipate all our bright dreams of civil and religious liberty, and relegate the race to the control of despotic authority. It is a sublime experiment—sublime in the confidence it reposes in humanity. We have opened this vast country to men of every language, condition and

character, and we extend to them, as soon as they arrive here, the rights of citizenship. We have enfranchised our negro population. We have said that ignorance and moral degradation shall be no bar to citizenship. The merest pauper of the old world, the most boorish among her peasantry, scarcely elevated above an oyster in ideas, comes here and is clothed with a sovereignty equal to that of the most enlightened of our native-born and home-educated citizens. We think we can swallow him and assimilate him. Even the "heathen Chinese," though somewhat revolting to the taste of some of our brethren on the Pacific coast, is destined to be swallowed, pigtail, joss-house, and all. We have a notion that there is vitality enough in our basis population to allow us to take in and digest all these multitudes of ignorant and debased people; as well as all the educated atheists and revolutionists that come—even the fanatical and devilish Nihilists—and incorporate them safely as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. If we may take the facts of the present year as a guide, four hundred villages of a thousand inhabitants each could be planted annually in our land of these immigrants. Or a city could be formed each year as large as Cincinnati or St. Louis—I had almost said as large as Chicago; but it is impossible, in the nature of things, that anything in the wide world could be *quite* as large, or as grand, or as prosperous, or as wicked as Chicago. We will therefore speak within bounds, and say that these immigrants would make, every year, a city *nearly* as large and *almost* as wicked as Chicago. They are to come hereafter in greater numbers. Europe is upheaving with revolution, from the growing consciousness of power among

her working population. The secret of the Communist revolution in Paris was just that. The secret of the Nihilistic terrors in Russia, that have crept into every dark corner of the Emperor's palace and lurk under the foundations of all her institutions, is the same. It is a revolution against the higher and the middle classes by the lowest and most oppressed order, guided by the skill and craft of educated malcontents. If they fail, they fail not because they lack intelligence or bravery, but because they lack virtue and humanity. They are impious and sensual and godless—therefore they fail. But the strife with these classes is not over. France is full of them. Italy teems with them. They are a constant and a growing menace to the imperial authority in Germany. England conceals a host of sympathizers. All through Europe they are a powerful and a dangerous class. If they fail there, they are coming here. In some shape or other, the old strife between capital and labor will be renewed. The strike a few years ago, along all our lines of railroads, with its outbreaks of violence, and defiance of authority, widespread disaster, and impudent demands, was but a foretaste of a revolution yet to come. Powerful and invincible monopolies are growing up in this land, and wealth is accumulating in the hands of the few. What is the result to be when the conflict comes—when our population becomes denser, and the rich and the poor become classes, and on the side of poverty shall be found these immense importations from foreign lands, clothed with the power without possessing the character of citizens, and under the control of demagogues base enough to use them for any selfish purposes? You say, We have free schools, and will educate them, and

transform them into intelligent and moral citizens. If so, it will be well. But do you know that to-day some twenty-five per cent. of our population can neither read nor write? Moreover we must not ignore the fact that our public schools are becoming less and less moral in their teachings, and are confining themselves mainly to intellectual culture. The demand is growing to banish the Bible from the schools; and that means all instruction about God and moral responsibility.

Our colleges, with a few honorable exceptions, are little better. Their moral and spiritual influence is not worth mentioning. Then, you must remember that, with growing wealth and power, the public conscience is greatly debauched, so that fraud, corruption and dissipation abound in high places—in Congress, in State Legislatures, in courts, in commercial circles, in Boards of Trade, in political rings, and in social circles. The very foundations of society are trembling. The marriage bonds are losing their sacredness, and doctrines as to social life the most dangerous and the most revolting to pure minds, are shamelessly avowed. On the other hand, the grimmest despotism of the Dark Ages has its advocates here, and opposition to free schools, to freedom of the press, and freedom of conscience, is boldly proclaimed by an ecclesiastical power that is growing rapidly, and that only loses its power in the old world to transfer it to the new.

I am putting the dark side of things before you; I am doing it for a purpose. There are stirring times ahead of us. You who are about to come on to the stage must not think you can be idle spectators of conflicts soon to come, which will tax the ability and the moral heroism of every educated mind and heart. I

do not fear the result if we can maintain the ascendancy of Christian principles. But I do not hesitate to avow my conviction that if we fail here, we fail to sustain this mighty fabric of freedom whose foundations were laid in religious principle, and the rearing of whose superstructure has been constantly promoted by the energy and inspirations of Christian faith.

You will now understand what has brought me here, and will appreciate my anxiety to impart to you something of my own feelings regarding the mission of educated minds and hearts to this country and this age, and to inspire you with a holy ambition to make the life soon to be initiated largely serviceable to your race. I believe that the future progress of our race towards a true Christian civilization—a civilization which earth has never yet known—depends very largely on the permanent success of the experiment in behalf of free government now going on in this country. I believe none the less firmly that the permanent success of this experiment depends on the predominance of moral and religious culture—on Christian homes, Christian schools, Christian teachers, Christian churches, and a Christian ministry; and that all these depend, if not mainly, yet in no slight degree, on the labors and personal and social influence of Christian scholars, going out from Christian schools, armed and equipped for the gravest and the noblest service in which educated minds and hearts can be enlisted. The graduates of such an institution as this ought to be, one and all, certified and consecrated missionaries of Christian education—propagandists of Christian culture; and that alike for Christ's sake, for country's sake, and for the sake of humanity.

This brings me to my theme: "Singleness and Worthiness of Purpose."

May I be permitted to inquire of you, young ladies and gentlemen, what you propose to do with yourselves and your education? Do not for a moment suppose that success in life is assured by gaining a diploma in a school of literature, art and science. For every ten who succeed there are ninety who never make returns—total failures. Shall we look for the causes of failure?

The first great secret of failure is, that the majority of graduates have no fixed principles—no definite purpose. They go out from college merely to *drift*. And this drifting is the source of the lamentable failures and downfalls of educated men. On any stormy and treacherous sea, the vessel that is left to drift, without pilot, or chart, or compass, or destined port, is sure of wreck and ruin. It will be drawn into some whirlpool, or landed among the breakers, or driven in some fierce tempest upon a rocky coast, or engulfed in the raging waves of the sea. To drift safely from New York to Liverpool would be a greater miracle than any on record. Even the little ark of bulrushes, drifting on the current of the Nile, was only safe because God's hand guided it. As little may any human life expect to drift successfully over the treacherous sea of Time and make a safe landing either at any earthly harbor or at the haven of heavenly rest. An aimless life may sometimes be fortunate; a drifting graduate may happen now and then to make his mark. But we want you all to be sharpshooters; and this you can not be without singleness of aim.

Next to having *no* purpose, is the fault of a *mixed* purpose, or an inferior purpose, or a false purpose. A

true logician, if he starts from false premises, is certain to reason to a false conclusion. A loose reasoner may have false premises, and yet blunder into a true conclusion. So the man of loose purpose may, by a mere blunder, happen to come out right. But the man trained to careful reasoning can not but bring life to a false conclusion if he starts from false premises. Rely on it, pretty much everything in your future career depends on the *worthiness* and the *singleness* of your purpose. Were I to ask you now, "What is your settled purpose of life?" you would tell me, if you answered at all, "I mean to be a physician, a lawyer, a preacher, a merchant, or a farmer." That may all be well, but it does not answer my question. It reveals only an inferior, a subordinate purpose, which, as subordinate—as a means to a higher end—may be well enough; but which, as a final aim, is surely not worth talking about. If there is nothing higher and better for us than the utilitarian view of life which such an answer presents, I do not hesitate to say that our boasted civilization is a prodigious farce, and we might as well be remanded to primitive savagery. I would as soon be a naked savage, with tomahawk and scalping knife, roaming through the woods, living on game, and snoring in a wigwam, as to stand even at the head of men of literature and science, and occupy the heights of our civilization, if there is nothing better for us than is opened by such a view of the ends and aims of education. It ignores the native desires of the soul for immortality. It opens no approach to the infinite and the eternal. It looks on man as a lump of organized matter, who is here in this world to analyze soils, separate gases, dissect bodies, compound pills, sell bread and cheese and

oleomargarine, or make money out of thunder and lightning. And wherefore? What is all our civilization—what all these treasures of science and art—if man has no destiny beyond this life, or if here he can make no preparation for it? I repeat, if this is all—this everlasting rush and roar, this fume and sweat, and toil and moil of civilization might as well give place to the careless freedom and limited wants of savage life. What is the value of knowing about oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen, about angles and rectangles, and triangles, and hypotenuses, and rhomboids, and trapezoids, and microscopes, and spectroscopes, and protoplasm, and all the other asms and isms and ites and ates, if man is but an animal, whose soul is

“Doomed o’er the world’s precarious scenes to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels o’er the deep,
To know delight but by her parting smile,
And toil and wish and weep a little while;
Then all its parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss.”

It is as an immortal being that education is valuable to man; and civilization, with its refinements, has value just as it develops us into fitness for the dignities and sovereignties of everlasting life. Education, therefore, is not merely nor mainly to enable us better to make dollars, or to enjoy our ease in this life; but to impart to us ideas, tastes, knowledge and wisdom that shall lead us into eternal fellowship with the beauty of goodness and holiness. It is to teach us the alphabet and the structure and combinations of the language of immortality, and to graduate us out of the schools of books and technicalities into the school of actual life, where, mastering higher problems and attaining to

grander developments in the College of Experience, we may be finally graduated, in the great commencement day, as worthy to stand among the bright immortals in the paradise of God. Let us dismiss, then, this unseemly ambition to obtain an education that will merely serve utilitarian purposes in this life—an education whose value can be estimated by dollars and cents; and desire rather to gather all knowledge that can make the soul pure and brave and wise and loving and holy, and start it on paths of inquiry, whether in the realms of physics or metaphysics, in pursuing which it may rise to God-like grandeur and blessedness, and aspire to glory, honor and immortality.

Just here let me guard you against the impression of *narrowness* when we speak of *one* purpose of life. We are not speaking of one earthly purpose, or one line of study and of action in this world. There is altogether too much danger of running into *specialties*, and one reason why I favor a broad range of culture in our colleges is that unless the foundations of it are laid there, and the tastes are there formed that shall make it essential to the happiness of the student in after life to keep up his studies, the tendencies of the age to specialties will dwarf us all into Lilliputian insignificance in all respects save one. The tendency is more and more to a division of labor. Economy, as well as exactness, demands that each life shall have a specialty. Mathematics, even some special department of mathematics, must absorb a man's life, to make him a successful teacher. Not ancient languages any more, but *one* ancient language must be the study of a lifetime. So the eye, the ear, the lungs, the stomach, are becoming special and lifelong studies; and so, too, in

mechanics and in art, a man, to succeed, must confine himself to some particular branch, and that a very small one. Now, while this may work well for society, for the individual it is necessarily a dwarfing process, and tends to deformity. I think it was John Stuart Mill who said that if a man were to give up his whole life to the study and teaching of Greek, it will dwarf him as certainly and entirely as to spend his whole life making pinheads. The perfection of human nature is in the symmetry of its various faculties and powers. This projection of one faculty, or of one class of faculties, beyond all the rest, is as if a man's face would all run to nose, and present an enormous proboscis, with eyes and mouth appearing as mere gimlet holes; or one great, glaring eye, rolling and winking and squinting over the whole facial surface. A man to be truly great must be, like Goethe, many-sided. Look at Blind Tom—all run to music, and a mere idiot in all else—and you have a full-blown specimen of what men are tending to under this division of labor. It is sad to see “a harp of a thousand strings,” capable of such infinite combinations and variations, so used that it will produce but one tune, no difference how perfectly and ravishingly that tune may be played. It all turns to squeaks and groans and horrible discords the moment you attempt anything else. Such a lop-sided, hump-backed, limping, squinting set of dwarfs as we are in danger of becoming, is sad to think of—a Brobdingnagian, eye or nose, or mouth, or hand, and all the rest of the body reduced to Lilliputian proportions, is but a symbol of the intellectual and moral deformity which must be thus superinduced, unless great care is taken. The best safeguard is a thoroughly broad education in

early life. Unless we gain it then, and accustom ourselves to adjust harmoniously the relations of things, and study the parts in relation to the whole, and become somewhat encyclopedic in our range of knowledge, there is a poor chance of success afterward. The whole life will revolve in some very small circle. A man will be nothing but a bundle of statistics, or he will be made up of angles and triangles, or his whole nature will be translated into Greek, or the whole universe will run into pills and blisters, or the hum and whirr of machinery will be the only music that hath charms, or his piety will become so insane that all this gay world, with its mighty and glorious activities, will be only a dark and thorny desert. In some pitiful little eddy, around some infinitesimal vortex, his vessel will whirl forever, while the boundless ocean lies all unexplored around him.

Do not understand us, then, when we speak of *singleness of purpose*, to refer to any one of the pursuits of this life; but to the grand ultimate purpose of life, under which all the honorable callings of life may find their true subordinate place.

What is the ultimate purpose of my life, and to what end am I to direct the educational forces now in my possession? That is the question which awaits your answer. I will not conceal from you that the answer is attended with difficulties. To the uneducated mind, accustomed blindly to revere the traditions which have descended from generation to generation in the family, it may offer no difficulty. But to the educated mind—to the ear trained to listen to all the conflicting theories of physics and metaphysics in the present age, and made familiar with the bold researches

of Materialism, fearlessly questioning everything that relates to God, to spirit, to revelation, to miracles, to morals, and which would bind up everything—even the mind and heart and conscience of man—in the iron chains of blind necessity, it is not so easy a task to settle upon fixed principles in morals and religion, and start out upon life with a definite and untrembling faith. It is all the more difficult because students get just such a smattering of these teachings as to unsettle their faith, but not enough to recover them from the paralysis and enable them to rest on their faith all the more firmly because it has been assaulted in vain.

The present tendency of philosophy is back to Locke's sensational theory. Any one who has watched the alternations of the theories of intellectual science, as exhibited in the teachings of Descartes, Malebranche, Locke, Stuart, Hume, Beattie, Brown, Kant, Hegel, Cousin, Berkeley, Hamilton and Mill—to go no further—is aware of the alternate triumphs of different and opposing schools, ranging from the lowest sensationalism to the highest transcendentalism. Materialism, realism, idealism, have all had their day. The tendencies, are at present to Materialism. There is a stupendous scheme, which has gradually grown up, and by master minds, like those of Herbert Spencer, Buckle, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Lecky, Häeckel, and others, seeks to reduce the operations of matter and mind to the control of blind natural forces, exclude the possibility of miracles, and eliminate entirely from the problem the idea of a personal God. At best it is but Pantheism; legitimately, it leads to the blankest Atheism. It is not merely in the realms of the material that they attempt to apply their reasonings, but equally

in the realms of the intellectual and moral. Not only geology, physiology and chemistry, but astronomy, philology, geography, history, are put under tribute. The worlds and systems were formed by the operations of uniform laws—there was no creative act. The source of life is found in protoplasm, whose constituent elements are all ascertained. Vegetable, animal and intellectual life has been gradually and scientifically developed from very low and rude primitive forms. Character is formed under the controlling power of seas, mountains, plains, winds and suns—so that, given the latitude, longitude and contour of a country or city, and its physical characteristics, it can be figured out with certainty the number of robberies, arsons, riots, and debaucheries that *must* take place in any given period. There is therefore an end to human responsibility, an end to divine authority, and an end to Christ and his religion. This “dirt philosophy,” with its iconoclastic spirit, pervades modern literature and science to such an extent that it is impossible to avoid contact with it. And it is not surprising that many of the minds called educated are somewhat bewildered as to the principles that shall guide future life. Whether they are but the creatures of an iron necessity—

“Born, living, dying,
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave,
Battling with storm-clouds, over shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave ;”

or whether they are creatures of God, clothed with responsibility, and capable of immortality, is a question of such magnitude and difficulty, that it seems like presumption in a young man or woman to attempt

to answer it. Yet every one *must* answer it, if it is to be worth living, and if your years of hard study and discipline here are to be of any value to you hereafter.

Let me help you to a solution of this most grave difficulty. Let me show you that there is a rock in the midst of this troubled sea of doubt and despair where you can plant your feet firmly; and that there is a pilot who can guide you over these troubled waters in a prosperous voyage to a safe landing.

I. It is well, in deciding on principles, to look to their legitimate results. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." We can often decide on their trustworthiness by the fruit they bear, even when we are unable to detect wherein their untrustworthiness consists.

Among the writers of the present time whose influence is cast in with this materialistic philosophy, with those whose voices are raised against the supernatural, and hence against Christ and his religion, we are sorry to mention the eminent historian, James Anthony Froude. To show you how far he has gone, we need only quote a paragraph from a recent article in the *International Review*—beautifully written, but, in our humble judgment, extremely faulty in its statements and reasonings. But here is what he says of the present status of theology:

"That we have been startled out of our old positions, and that we can never return to positions exactly the same, is too plain to be questioned. Theologians no longer speak with authority. They are content to suggest, and to deprecate hasty contradiction. Those who doubted before now openly deny. Those who believed on trust have passed into uncertainty. Those who uphold orthodoxy can not agree on what ground to defend it. Throughout Europe, throughout the world, the gravest subjects are freely discussed, and

opposite sides may be taken without blame from society. Doctrines once fixed as rock are now fluid as water. Truth is what men *throw*. Things are what men think. Certainty neither is nor can be more than the agreement of persons competent to form an opinion ; and when competent persons cease to agree, the certain has become doubtful—doubtful from the necessity of the case. This is a simple matter of fact. What is generally doubted is doubtful. It is a conclusion from which there is no escape. The universal assent which constitutes certainty has been dissolved into the conflicting sentiments of individual thinkers."

I have quoted this, not because I esteem it true, but to show you how Mr. Froude looks upon supernatural religion, and hence upon Christianity as a thing of the past. Now ask Mr. Froude to state, in the light of history, what is to be the result of this loss of faith in the supernatural. As an historian, he is familiar with the workings of all sects of religion and irreligion, and much more competent to decide on this question of fact than on scientific or theological questions. In speaking of the influence of Lucretius in breaking down the religious sentiment of the Romans, and in superinducing a revolution in the public mind in favor of materialism strongly analogous to that which it is claimed modern science is now producing, Mr. Froude says :

" Nations have never been formed on such principles. Nations in their infancy aspire to something else than material prosperity. They have beliefs, enthusiasms, patriotisms, with a savor of nobleness in them. Cæsar himself owed his conquests to the self-devotion of his soldiers, his own affection for them, and to his inconsistent idealism. And the experiment of the Roman empire showed that nations can not any more live by such principles after they have arrived at maturity. Coarse minds are brutalized by

them. The average mind rejects them and prefers superstition, however wild. Gibbon considered that, on the whole, the subjects of the empire enjoyed greater happiness in the years that intervened between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius than at any period before or since; but it was a happiness in which their nature became degraded, and when the shock came of the barbarous invasions, they had lost the courage to resist."

And after due consideration of the materialism of the present age upon the welfare of society, he says, in concluding his two papers:

"Science has much to teach us, but its message is not the last nor the highest. If we may infer the future from the past, a time will come when we shall cease to be dazzled with the thing which we call progress, when increasing wealth will cease to satisfy, nay, may be found incapable of being produced or preserved except when relegated to a secondary place; when the illusions which have strangled religion shall be burnt away, and the immortal part of it restored to its rightful sovereignty. . . . A society without God in the heart of it is not permitted to exist; and when once more a spiritual creed has established itself which men can act on in their lives, and believe with their whole souls, it is to be hoped that they will have grown wiser by experience, and will not again leave the most precious of their possessions to be ruined by the extravagances of exaggerating credulity."

We are thus warned against the prevalent materialism, with its atheistic and degrading tendencies, by one who knows whereof he speaks as few are permitted to know, and who is sufficiently in sympathy with it to prevent him from acknowledging anything to its discredit beyond what truth compels him to acknowledge. We are saved the necessity of exploring a system whose advocates thus submit to us such a decided

and unmistakable testimony as the voice of the ages respecting its legitimate fruits, its inevitable tendencies.

2. Look at Christ Jesus. He stands out before the gaze of the world, as He has stood for eighteen centuries. There is none to compare with Him. His life and character, as sketched, in anything else than polished Greek, by His simple-minded and to a considerable extent illiterate biographers, have challenged the highest admiration of the great and wise, have been a fountain of new life and strength and comfort to untold millions of the ignorant and degraded, the meek and the poor of earth; and even coarse and jeering as well as refined and philosophic infidels, who came to curse, have had their curses turned into blessings as they gazed upon His matchless excellence, and they have been constrained to say, with Balaam, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed? how shall I defy whom God hath not defied?" In the whole history of our race there has been but one Christ. Though for eighteen hundred years the critical eyes of sages, philosophers, statesmen and poets have scrutinized Him, not one blemish has been fastened upon His character, nor have men been able to invent or produce an improved Leader and Saviour for humanity. It is a character that grows upon men as the ages pass along. Dr. Phillip Schaff has well said :

"No biographer, moralist or artist can be satisfied with any attempt of his to set forth the beauty of holiness which shines from the face of Jesus of Nazareth. It is felt to be infinitely greater than any conception or representation of it by the mind, the tongue, or the pencil of man or angel. We might as well attempt to empty the waters of the boundless sea into a narrow well, or to portray the splendor of the risen

sun and the starry heavens with ink. No picture of the Saviour, though drawn by the master hand of Raphael, or Dürer or Rubens; no epic, though conceived by the genius of a Dante, or Milton, or Klopstock, can improve on the artless narration of the gospels, whose only, but all-powerful, claim is truth. . . . Jesus Christ is the most certain, the most sacred, and the most glorious of all facts; arrayed in a beauty and majesty which throws the 'starry heavens above us, and the moral law within us,' into obscurity, and fills us truly with ever increasing reverence and awe. He shines forth with the self-evidencing light of the noonday sun. He is too great, too pure, too perfect, to have been invented by any sinful and erring man. His character and claims are confirmed by the sublimest doctrine, the purest ethics, the mightiest miracles, the grandest spiritual kingdom, and are daily and hourly exhibited in the virtues and graces of all who yield to the regenerating and sanctifying power of His spirit and example. The historical Christ meets and satisfies all our intellectual and moral wants. The soul, if left to its noblest impulses and aspirations, instinctively turns to Him, as the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the panting hart to the fresh fountain. He commands our assent, He wins our admiration, He overwhelms us with adoring wonder. We can not look upon Him without spiritual benefit. We can not think of Him without being elevated above all that is low and mean, and encouraged to all that is good and noble. The very hem of His garment is healing to the touch. One hour spent in His communion outweighs all the pleasures of sin. . . . Mankind could better afford to lose all the literature of Greece, and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America, than the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Without Him, history is a dreary waste, an inexplicable enigma, a chaos of facts without a meaning, connection and aim; with Him, it is a beautiful, harmonious revelation of God, the slow, but sure, unfolding of a plan of infinite wisdom and love; all ancient history converging to His coming, all modern history receiving from Him its higher life and impulse. He is the

glory of the past, the life of the present, the hope of the future. We can not even understand ourselves without Him. According to an old Jewish proverb: 'The secret of man is the secret of the Messiah.' He is the great central light of history as a whole; and, at the same time, the light of every soul; He alone can solve the mystery of our being, and fulfill all our intellectual desires after truth, all our moral aspirations after goodness and holiness, and the longing of our feelings after peace and happiness."

If any of you should deem this language the extravagant overflow of religious partisanship, I beg you to listen to some of the declarations of worldly men and avowed unbelievers. I will not quote Rosseau and Napoleon, because their testimony is well known; but I will quote some less known, but equally emphatic testimony:

Goethe, one of the most thoroughly worldly and self-sufficient men among modern men of genius, calls Christ "the Divine Man," "the Holy One," and represents him as the pattern and model of humanity.

Jean Paul Frederick Richter says of Jesus: "He is the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure, Who with His pierced hand has raised empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channel, and still continues to rule and guide the ages."

Thomas Carlyle, the greatest of hero-worshippers, and with whom hero-worship is the only salvation of humanity, pronounces Jesus of Nazareth "the greatest of all heroes," and His life "a perfect ideal poem."

Ernest Renan calls Jesus "the incomparable man, to Whom the universal conscience has decreed the title of *Son of God*, and that with justice, since He caused religion to take a step in advance incomparably greater

than any other in the past, and probably than any yet to come;" and he closes his life of Jesus with this language: "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, *Jesus will never be surpassed*. His worship will grow young without ceasing; His legend will call forth tears without end; His sufferings will melt the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, there is none born greater than Jesus."

Even David Frederic Strauss says: "As little as humanity will ever be without religion, as little will it be without Christ; for to have religion without Christ would be as absurd as to enjoy poetry without regard to Homer or Shakspeare. And this Christ, as far as He is inseparable from the highest style of religion, is *historical*, not mythical; is an *individual*, no mere symbol. To the historical person of Christ belongs all in His life that exhibits His religious perfection, His discourses, His moral action, and His passion. He remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thought, and no perfect piety is possible without His presence in the heart."

Theodore Parker says: "The philosophers, the poets, the prophets, the Rabbis—He rises above them all. Yet Nazareth was no Athens where philosophy breathed in the circumambient air: it had neither Porch nor Lyceum; not even a school of the prophets: There is God in the heart of this youth."

And as I am speaking to ladies as well as to gentlemen, let me close these testimonies with the admissions of Frances Power Cobbe, taken from her "Broken Lights": "One thing, however, we may hold with approximate certainty; and that is, that all the *highest* doctrines, the *purest* moral precepts, the *most pro-*

found spiritual revelations, recorded in the gospels, were actually those of Christ himself. The originator of the Christian movement must have been the greatest soul of His time, as of all time. If He did not speak those words of wisdom, who could have recorded them for Him?" And then she quotes the words of Theodore Parker, "It would have taken a Jesus to forge a Jesus."

Apart from these testimonies, we must ask you to consider a fact in respect to which there is, there can be, no mistake. Not only did Jesus accomplish, through his gospel, the most extensive and thorough regeneration the world has ever witnessed, rescuing humanity from the dotage of Roman civilization, from the despair into which the materialism of Lucretius had plunged it, and the indescribable moral pollution and degradation into which pagan superstition had sunk it; but all along the ages, from then until now, just in proportion as Christ has been allowed free play among men, humanity has taken on its noblest forms; governments have grown out of irresponsible despotisms into responsible institutions and administrations, answering to the demands of freedom; slavery has grown hideous, and vice odious; literature and science have flourished; jurisprudence has purged itself of violence and injustice; charity in a thousand beautiful and noble forms has walked the earth, to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, to appoint beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; woman has risen from slavery to stand at the side of man, and man has risen from serfdom to the dignities and responsibilities of freedom. The freest and happiest

nations on earth are Christian nations. The freest and happiest among Christian nations are Protestant nations. And the freest and happiest among Protestant nations are those in which Christ is free to deal with the minds and hearts of the people, and His gospel has free course. And in the freest and happiest nations, those communities are purest, kindest, noblest and happiest in which Christ is most loved and honored.

We are dealing with facts and certainties, and in the presence of these undisputable facts it seems to me that no young man or woman need have a rational doubt as to the supreme purpose of life. Admit that you are unable to reason out the problem of life satisfactorily; say that modern scepticism has paralyzed your faith, and presented arguments and objections in regard to the spiritual and supernatural which puzzle you and strike you dumb so far as a philosophical or scientific answer is concerned; still, here stands Jesus of Nazareth. Here are the facts of His history, and of the history of His religion. In the presence of these, it is rational to say, "Here is one plank in the ocean to which my drowning soul may cling; here is one Leader and Saviour in whom I can trust. Protoplasm may perplex me, but I can understand Jesus Christ. Matter and spirit are crowded with unsolvable enigmas, but Jesus, in language stripped of all mystery, teaches me how to subdue the one and purify and exalt the other, and cause both body and spirit to glorify God. Geology may stagger me with its tremendous testimonies, as to when and how the world was made; and Evolution may bewilder me with curious and startling suggestions as to how man came to be; but Jesus shows me plainly how the world may be made the

temple of Jehovah's praise, and how my mysterious being may be sanctified and ennobled and clothed with immortality. Darwin may bother me about the survival of the fittest; but Jesus shows me how the unfittest may survive "the wreck of matter and the crash of world's;" how the very least may become greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Locke, and Cousin, and Hume, and Reid, and Berkeley, and Hamilton, and Mill may drive me to the verge of insanity in the thick fog of their metaphysics about the *real*, the *ideal*, and the *intuitional*; but Jesus makes *faith* as clear as noon-day, and teaches my tempest-tossed soul to repose in peaceful trust. It is safe to follow Jesus. I can make the most out of life by accepting His ideas, His principles, His precepts, the inspirations of the love He breathes and the hope He kindles. I can not do better for myself or my fellows than to be and do what Jesus would have me be and do. And if I admit as a possibility that any of the materialistic and sceptical systems of the day may in the end prove true—if the worst comes to the worst, and man, after all, is like the beasts that perish—in holding on to Jesus I shall make the most of this life, and shall go down into eternal darkness cheered with dreams and songs of a heavenly home, and shall be lulled to sleep without knowing of my eternal doom. If there shall prove to be a scientific heaven and a scientific hell, to be reached on scientific principles, the precepts and spirit of Christ will educate me for that heaven and steer me clear of that hell. And, on the other hand, if Christ prove true and all these systems liars, then I am safe for time and eternity. So, to be a Christian is my only safety.

Did you ever cross the suspension bridge over that tremendous chasm at Niagara Falls? Monsieur Blondin once stretched a cable over that same chasm. That is more than our modern scientists have been able to do with the chasm between matter and spirit—between this world and the next; for they have their cable fastened on this side only; they have never been able to stretch it so as to reach the other shore. But suppose they could make you believe that they had made it secure on the other side also. Would you fear to cross on the grand highway at Suspension Bridge, over which millions have passed in safety, and prefer to venture on Blondin's single rope? Equally mad, I think, is the choice of that young man who will venture on the slender rope which modern materialism proposes to stretch from the shores of this world to the shore of eternity, with any balance pole that modern science can furnish, while the highway of holiness which Christ has reared—the grand thoroughfare by which weary pilgrims, by the million, have marched over the chasm of death, stepping to the music of heaven on their joyful way to eternal bliss—he fears to enter lest it should prove untrustworthy!

I conclude, then, on a very broad basis of solid fact, that the only worthy purpose of life, and the only worthy use to be made of all the teaching you have been so toilsomely gathering, is the consecration of all you are and all you have to the service of Jesus Christ.

And what is it to be a Christian? I can only partially answer this question here. Its initial step is the submission of your life, character and destiny unreservedly to Jesus Christ, to be shaped and guided by

Him for the eternal blessedness and dignity of the heavens. And just here I imagine your pride rising in revolt. You say, "That may do for ignorant boors; but have we toiled all these years to reach the dignity and freedom of educated manhood and womanhood, to be told that now, just as we find ourselves capable of self-direction, we must yield to the absolute control of another?" I am well aware how a process of education which elates human nature with a sense of its own dignity, and how the flattering but deceitful philosophies of the day feed this pride and inflate this conceit. But pause a moment and consider. You came hither, to these halls, to fit yourselves for life. Did you deem it a dishonor to submit to your superiors in knowledge? No. You said, "I wanted to be fitted for usefulness and success in life. I do not know how. I am ignorant, and do not know my way out of ignorance. In myself I am helpless. I have faith in you, that you can lead me in the right way. I want to put myself under your guidance—speak, and I will hear, command, and I will obey." Had you not come in this spirit, and had you not acted under this conviction, there would have been diplomas for none of you to-day, or henceforth. And can you thus reasonably and honorably submit yourselves to earthly guides, and spend twenty-one years of life, under tutors and governors, to be fitted to live fifty years longer—and not any too well fitted then—and then think it unreasonable or dishonorable to be placed under competent guidance and instruction to educate you for a life that is eternal? Can you engineer your own pathway through this perilous world, and fight life's greatest battles, and navigate the stormy waters of time, unde-

ceived by the false lights of wreckers along the coast, uncharmed by the songs of sirens, unencompassed by fogs and undismayed by darkness, devoid of helm or helmsman, of chart or compass, guide your frail bark by the meteoric flashes of modern philosophy, and reach the desired haven? No, no, my young friends. You have done well, so far, because you have had teachers, and have submitted to them. Do not make a fatal blunder now, and lose all you have gained. Enter Christ's college now, and master the great science of life, and prepare, under the greatest of teachers, to work out all its mysterious problems. Master even its hardest lessons of temptation and suffering, until you stand in the senior class, gray-haired and wrinkled, but filled with divinest treasures of knowledge and wisdom, righteousness and holiness, ready for examination before Him who searches the heart and weighs all actions, and rewards the just. And then, in the great Commencement Day, before all worlds, with a hundred millions of angels for spectators, you will come forth to be crowned with victory, and receive your diploma from the hand of Jesus himself, and hear from his lips the joyful testimony, "Well done, good and faithful scholar; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I do not underrate intellectual greatness; but I am sure it may be overrated, and that successful students are apt to overrate it. I wish for you the highest success in reaping the fruit of your intellectual culture. Of all who go out from this college, but few will attain to intellectual eminence. But you may all gain the eminence of goodness—and that is better. Indeed, I frankly tell you that it would give me no pleasure to know that you were all intellectual giants,

if that were all. To cultivate the mind alone is only to give claws to the tiger and talons to the eagle. I once saw a large and splendid painting of the murder of Abel. I was told that among the various figures on the canvas the devil was to be found, as I supposed of course he would be. I looked for a long time in vain to find him. I was looking for the horns and hoofs, and cloven feet; but not so had the artist painted him. His conception was more just. When I found him, he was one of the most magnificent of the personages on the canvas. He had a majestic brow and a very attractive face, as well as splendid form. All the glory of high intellect beamed forth from his countenance, and he looked like an angel of light. The only place where the devil appeared was in his eyes. There, there was an expression of heartlessness, and a lurking mischief and malice that told of keen intellect associated with a heart in ruins. I have never forgotten it. That is just the Bible conception of the devil—lofty in intellect, but with a heart in ashes. Intellect divorced from morals. And every school that prides itself on high intellectual culture, without regard to morals, is after the devil's pattern.

It is such men as Howard, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Washington; such women as Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Emily Judson, and Dorothea Dix, that the world holds to be immortal. None of these were of royal intellect, but they were of royal heart. Howard was a man of very moderate intellectual power. He would not, by mere intellectual power, have been known beyond his own neighborhood. It was his moral and religious qualities, that led him to consecrate his life and his means to the relief of the suffering, that made him

almost the wonder of the world, and gave his ashes a place among the sons of fame in Westminster Abbey. And it was moral greatness that won the world's approval and gave immortality to all the names I have mentioned.

Covet earnestly the best gifts of intellect, and yet show I unto you a more excellent way ; for had you the tongues of men and of angels, and all the knowledge of heaven and earth, and power to remove mountains, and yet lacked that love to God and man which is the heart's true inspiration, you will be but clanging brass and tinkling cymbals. And do not be betwitched with the boasted science of the present time ; for, with all its charms, it is heartless ; it has no power to control the moral nature.

Let me urge upon you, as the great secret of success in life—and certainly not less a secret for the educated than for the uneducated—the lesson of *singleness of purpose*. Have one supreme purpose to which you can subordinate all other purposes, and to which you can give your whole soul.

I think it was Kepler who once undertook to verify an hypothesis of his by a series, or rather several series, of mathematical demonstrations. It required a long time and the assistance of others, and if there was a single mistake it would vitiate the whole calculation. But he wrought on through weeks and months, and I do not know but years ; and when he approached the conclusion, as one after another of his painfully wrought calculations and demonstrations was completed and came out all right, and it was growing into clearer light that his calculations were correct, his joy became so great that he was compelled to turn away and leave

others to finish the demonstration ; for he feared he would die of joy.

Ladies and gentleman, I do not close by wishing you an easy life. But I wish you such success in working out the great problem of life and destiny, that alike in your earthly and heavenly callings you will be able to conduct your calculations to complete success ; and when the period of anxious doubt is over, and the clouds are lifted, and "the mists have cleared away," that you may know that joy of joys—the joy of complete victory, of final and perfect success.

A NOBLE FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT JAMES A.
GARFIELD, CLEVELAND, OHIO, OCTOBER 26, 1881.

"And the archers shot at King Josiah; and the king said to his servants, Have me away, for I am sore wounded. His servants therefore took him out of that chariot and put him in the second chariot that he had, and brought him to Jerusalem; and he died, and was buried in one of the sepulchers of his father. And all Judea and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah; and Jeremiah lamented for Josiah; and all the singing men and singing women spake of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel, and behold they are written in the lamentations.

"Now the rest of the acts of Josiah, and all his goodness, according to that which was written in the law of the Lord, and his deeds first and last, behold they are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah. (*II. Chron. xxxv. 23-27*).

"For behold the Lord, the Lord of hosts doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff, . . . the mighty man, and the man of war, the honorable man and the counselor, and the eloquent orator. (*Isaiah iii. 1-3*).

"The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever (*Isaiah. xl. 6-8*).

This is a time of mourning that has no parallel in the history of the world. Death is constantly occur-

ring. Every day, every hour, and almost every moment some life expires, and somewhere there are broken hearts and desolate homes. But we have learned to accept the inevitable, and we pause a moment and drop a tear, and away again to the excitements and ambitions of life, and forget it all. Sometimes a life is called for that plunges a large community in mourning, and sometimes a nation mourns the loss of a good ruler or a wise statesman, or an eminent sage, or a great philosopher, or a self-sacrificing philanthropist, or a martyr who has laid his life upon the altar of truth and won for himself an enviable immortality. But there was never a mourning in all the world like unto this mourning. I am not speaking extravagantly when I say this, for I am told it is the result of calculations carefully made from sufficient data that not less than three hundred millions of the human race share in the sadness and lamentations, the sorrow and the mourning, that fill our land to-day. It is a chill shadow of a fearful calamity that has extended itself into every home in all his land, and into every heart, and that has projected itself over vast seas and oceans, into distant lands, and awakened the sincerest and profoundest sympathies in the hearts of the good of all nations and among all peoples. It is not only a nation, but a world in tears. Not only from Europe, but from Asia and Africa; from thrones and cabinets and legislatures; from princes and nobles and the great of earth; from monarchies and from republics; from men of various races and religions; from the highest ranks of social life, and from the hearts of the children of poverty and toil; in cabins still humbler than that in which our dead president was reared, comes a voice of

lamentation and woe, so genuine and so deeply pathetic that for once, at least, the whole civilized world is seen to stand in a mournful but tender brotherhood, to pay a loving tribute to the memory of a grand man, who, rising from the humble ranks of western pioneer life, ascended by honorable steps and manful toils to the chief magistracy of this great nation, and became, by his eminent virtues, great abilities and large experience,

“The pillar of a nation's hope,
The center of a world's desire.”

It is worth while to pause a moment and ask why this is. It is attributable in part, doubtless, to the wondrous triumphs of science and art within the present century, by means of which time and space have been so far conquered that nations once far distant and necessarily alienated from each other, are brought into close neighborhood, and various ties of commerce and of social and religious interests, bring them into a fellowship that could not have been known in pioneer times. It is likewise unquestionably due, in part, to the position of this nation among the nations of the earth—a nation which has grown within a century to such wondrous power, and which is, in fact, a strong pillar of hope in all that relates to the highest civilization. Sympathy with this Nation, and respect for this great power, lead to these offerings of condolence, and to these outpourings of sympathy and grief from various nations of the earth; because they have learned to respect us, and they recognize that the Nation is stricken in the fatal blow that has taken away our beloved President from us. Yet this will not fully account for the world-wide sympathy of

which we are speaking. The assassination of rulers is not so unusual that there have not been other opportunities for such demonstrations of universal horror at so monstrous a crime. Not merely respect for the Nation's representative but the universal admiration of the man inspires this sympathy and gives intensity to this horror of the crime that robbed not only our nation of its ruler, but the world of a noble friend of humanity.

"He hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Do plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

Nor can this unparalleled sorrow be accounted for solely or chiefly by the intellectual greatness of our fallen chieftain, for many other great men have died, and some of them were cruelly murdered. Awarding all that the most enthusiastic heart could claim to our beloved dead, it is but just to say that there have been more eminent educators, greater soldiers, more distinguished lawyers, more skillful legislators, more princely leaders of mighty parties, and more adroit managers of political forces. There is no one department in which he won eminence, where the world may not point to others who stand higher; and if mere intellectual greatness in any one walk of life were to call forth the tribute, it might not be considered more righteously due here than in other cases. But

it is rare in the history of men that any one man has combined so much of excellence in all the various employments of public life; who, as an educator and a lawyer and a legislator and a soldier and an orator and a party chieftain and a ruler, has done so thoroughly well in all departments, and wrought out such successful results as to inspire confidence and command respect and approval in every path of life in which he has walked, and in every sphere of public activity which he has occupied.

I think, when we come to a proper estimate of his character, and seek after the secret of this world-wide sympathy and affection, we shall find it rather in the richness and integrity of his moral nature—in that sincerity, that transparent honesty, that truthfulness which laid the basis for everything of greatness to which we do honor to-day.

As an illustration of this, I may state here a fact which is not generally known concerning his early life. When James A. Garfield was yet a mere lad, a series of meetings was held in one of the towns of Cuyahoga County by a minister by no means attractive as an orator, possessing none of those graces of oratory so attractive to youthful auditors, and marked only by entire sincerity, by good reasoning powers, respectable literary attainments, and deep earnestness in seeking to win souls from sin to righteousness.* Young Garfield attended these meetings for several nights, and, after listening to several sermons, he came one day to the minister and said, "Sir, I have been listening to your preaching night after night, and I am

* W. A. Lillis, since dead.

fully persuaded that, if true, it is the duty and the highest interest of every man, especially of every young man, to accept the religion you teach, and seek to be a Christian. But really I don't know whether your teaching is true or not. I can not say I disbelieve it, but I can not say that I fully and honestly believe it. If I were sure it were true, I would most gladly give to Christ my heart and my life."

After a long talk the minister decided to preach that night on the text, "What is truth?" and proceeded to show that, notwithstanding all the various conflicting theories in ethical science, even in reference to the grounds of moral obligation, and all the various contradictory religions and theologies of the world, there is a sure and eternal reliance for every human soul in Christ Jesus as the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; that every soul of man is safe with Jesus Christ; that any young man giving Him his hand and heart and walking in His footsteps can not go astray; and that whatever may be the final solution of ten thousand at present insolvable mysteries, the man who loves Jesus Christ and follows His teachings and realizes in spirit and in life the pure morals and the sweet purity that He taught, is safe, if safety there be in the universe of God; safe whatever else is safe, safe whatever else may prove unworthy and perish forever.

After due reflection his youthful listener accepted this as unquestionable, came forward and gave his hand to the minister in pledge of the acceptance of Christ as his Saviour and the guide of his life, and turned his back on the sins and follies of the world forever.

"The boy is father to the man," and that pure and honest integrity, and that fearless spirit of inquiry, and that brave surrender of all the charms of sin and sense to convictions of duty and right, went with him from boyhood through all his life, and crowned him with the honors that are now so cheerfully awarded to him from all hearts.

There is another secret of his success. He compassed all the conditions of virtuous life between the log-cabin in Cuyahoga and the White House; and in that wonderfully rich and varied experience still, "moving up from high to higher," he touched every heart at some point or other, and became the representative of all hearts and lives. He became not only the teacher, but the interpreter of all hearts, for he knew every condition of life and its needs, and established legitimate ties of brotherhood with every man with whom, personally or by his teaching and acts, he came in contact. I take it that these, lying at the basis of his character, formed the rock on which his whole life rested; and building on this rock by the perpetual and untiring industry and earnest culture that marked his whole career, he became the honest and the capable man who invited and received the confidence and the love, the unbounded confidence and love of all that learned to know him.

Nor should we fail to observe that there was such an admirable harmony of all his powers, such a beautiful adjustment of his working, guiding and inspiring faculties and capacities, such an equable distribution of physical, intellectual and moral forces, that his nature looked out every way, and had sympathy with everything, and found delight in all

pursuits and studies ; so that he became, through his industry and honest ambition, really encyclopedic. There was scarce a single chord that you could touch to which he would not respond in a way that made you know that *his* hands had touched it skillfully long ago ; there was no topic you could bring before him, no object you could present to him, that you had not cause to wonder at the richness and fullness of information he had somehow gathered ; for his eyes and ears were always open, and his heart was always open, and his brain was ever busy and equally interested in everything—the minute and the vast, the high and the low—and in all classes and grades of men.

He thus gathered up that immense and various store of the most valuable practical knowledge that made him the eminent man he was, not in any one department, but all around, everywhere, in his whole beautiful, symmetrical life and character. His was

“A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

The solemnities of this hour forbid any further investigation of this remarkable life. With its details you are already familiar, or, if not, they will be brought to notice hereafter, through various channels. It is my duty, under these circumstances, in the presence of the dead, and in view of all the solemnities that rest upon us in a solemn burial service, to call your attention to the great lessons taught to you and me, by which we ought to become wiser and purer and better men.

I wish to say, therefore, first of all, that there comes a voice from the dead to this entire Nation, not

only to the people, but to those in places of power—to all who are honored with trusts in the legislative, judicial and executive departments of our Government—to our legislators and governors, our military men and our leaders of parties, and all classes and grades of public and private men in the Union and the States, down to those in humblest life who are clothed with the dignities and privileges of citizenship. The great lessons to which I desire to point you can be expressed in few words. James A. Garfield went through his whole public life without surrendering for a single hour his Christian integrity, his moral purity, or his love for the spiritual. Coming into the exciting conflicts of political life, with a nature as capable as any of feeling the force of every temptation, with powerful temptations to unholy ambition, with unlawful prizes within his reach, with every inducement to surrender his religious faith and be known merely as a successful man of the world, from first to last he manfully adhered to his religious convictions and to his moral principles, and gathered about him, in his terrible sufferings and untimely death, the pure inspirations of the hope of everlasting life.

I am very well aware of the feeling largely shared all over the world by those engaged in political life, that a man can not afford to be a politician and a Christian; that he must necessarily forget his obligations to God and be absorbed in whatever measures of policy may be necessary to personal or party success.

I therefore call your attention to this grand life as teaching an invaluable lesson. I ask you to look at this man. I ask you to think of him when, in his

early manhood he was so openly committed to Christ and the principles of the Christian religion, that he was frequently found among a people who allow a large liberty of prophesying, occupying a pulpit. You are now within a few miles of the spot where great congregations gathered, week after week, when he was first emerging into manhood, to hang upon the words that fell from his lips with admiration and enthusiasm. It was when he was known in this character that he was invited to become a candidate for the Ohio State Senate.

It was with the full knowledge of all that belonged to him in his Christian faith, and his efforts to lead a Christian life, that the nomination was tendered to him; and without any resort to dishonorable means, he was elected to that office and began his legislative career. When the country called to arms, when the Union was in danger, and his great heart leaped with enthusiasm, and was filled with worthy ambition to render some service to his country, it required no surrender of the dignity or nobleness of his Christian life to secure to him the honors that fell upon him so thick and fast, though he entered upon that career all unacquainted with military tactics, and could only win his way by the honesty of his purpose and the diligence and faithfulness with which he seized upon every opportunity to accomplish the work before him.

“He grasped the skirts of happy chance,
Breasted the waves of circumstance,
And grappled with his evil stars,
And made by force his merit known.”

Follow him in this career until, called from service in the field, the people of his district sent him to Con-

gress, their hearts gathering about him without any effort on his part to allure them. And they kept him there as long as he would stay, and they would have kept him there yet if he had said so. If, sometimes, he was misunderstood, and tempests of opposition burst upon him, he stood calm and strong, like a rock in a stormy ocean, until the voice of truth hushed the winds and stilled the waves, and the hearts of the people turned to him with confidence stronger than ever. He remained in the House until by the voice of the people of this state, he was pointed out for the Senate of the United States. When there were other bright and strong and grand names—men who were entitled to recognition and reward, and altogether worthy every way to bear senatorial honors, there were yet such currents of admiration and sympathy and trust and love, flowing in from all parts of the State in his behalf, that the Legislature at Columbus but echoed the popular voice when by acclamation they gave him that high place. And then again, when he went to Chicago to serve the interests of another—when, as I know, his own ambition was fully satisfied, and he looked with more than gladness to a path of life for which he thought his entire education and culture had prepared him; when that great National Convention was worn to weariness in the efforts to command a majority for any of the candidates named, the hearts of delegates turned on every side to James A. Garfield. In spite of himself and contrary to every feeling, wish and prayer of his own heart, the honor of the nomination was crowded upon him, and the nation responded with enthusiasm from one end of the land to the other. He was elected to the chief

magistracy under circumstances which, however bitter the party conflict, caused all parties not only to acquiesce, but to feel proud in the consciousness that we had a Chief Magistrate of whom they need not be ashamed before the world, and to whom they could safely confide the destinies of this mighty Nation.

Now, gentlemen, let me say to you all—those of you occupying high places of trust, and those who are called upon to discharge the responsibilities of citizenship—the most invaluable lesson to be learned from the life of our departed President is that not only is it not incompatible with success, but it is the surest means of success, to consecrate heart and life to that which is true and right, and rising above all questions of mere policy, wed the soul to truth and right, and to the God of truth and righteousness, in holy bonds never to be dissolved. We need this lesson. This mighty Nation in its marvelous upward career, with its ever-increasing power, opening its arms to receive from all lands people of all races, all religions and all conditions, hoping in the warm embrace of political brotherhood to blend them with itself—that these various races and classes may flow together and form a new type of humanity—presents before a gazing world a spectacle of freedom, strength, prosperity and power beyond anything the world has ever known.

But let me say that the permanency of the work and its continual enlargement must depend on our maintaining public virtue as well as general intelligence, and making dominant in all the land those principles of pure morality that Jesus Christ has taught. Just as we cling to these we are safe; and

just as we forget and depart from these, we proceed toward disaster and ruin. The broadest patriotism and philanthropy demand that we pay attention to this lesson. Because we have wisely renounced everything that looks to a union of Church and State, it does not follow that we may wisely repudiate all connection between politics and Christian morals. The religion of Christ is the religion of humanity. It proposes far grander things than have yet been realized in behalf of our race. By its divine doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, it patiently and lovingly seeks, through the ages to leaven the hearts and lives of men, and mould their laws and institutions until wars and oppressions shall cease, peace and good will shall everywhere abound, and all material interests shall be subordinated to the moral and spiritual. Slowly but surely through great conflicts this divine purpose is being wrought out. All that we glory in of freedom, political equality, social security and national prosperity is the golden fruitage of this divine conception of human nature and human society. But it is only the first fruits of the coming millennial harvest. Were I to appeal to the distinguished military and naval officers who share with us to day, with sad hearts, in these funeral solemnities—men who have won distinguished honors in their country's service—I am sure that their experiences of the horrors of war would call forth a deep soul-longing for the dawn of that promised era, when "nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." Were I to ask of the eminent statesmen, jurists and

legislators here present to give us the results of all their learning, observation and experience, I doubt not they would tell us that while there is much to rejoice over in the reign of Liberty and Law, the ideal Republic has never yet been realized; that in regard to popular education, the prevention of crime, the suppression of vice, the treatment of criminals, the reconciliation of the interests of capital and labor, and the righteous administration of civil affairs, there is much, very much yet to be attained, which is only attainable as the people come more fully under the sway of the broad principles of justice and humanity which Christ inculcates. But this will be realized by no sudden flash of light and power from the heavens, but by the leavening powers already referred to. From heart to heart, and from life to life, these divine principles must spread, until from the hearts of the people they ascend to the hearts of legislators, judges and rulers, and thus from nation to nation, until "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever." Every wise and humane legislator, every righteous judge, every God-fearing and truth-loving ruler whose being is permeated with the spirit of Christ, is a force in the right direction; and the life and character which we are now contemplating have their chief value as a noble contribution towards the accomplishment of this grand purpose.

So, then, over the dead body of our murdered President may all the people join hands and pledge each other, in the presence of God, that they will dismiss all unworthy purposes, and love and serve only the true and the right, and under the inspiration of the

grand principles that Jesus Christ has taught, seek to realize the high civilization to which His Word points us.

2. There is a voice to the Church in this death. The Church not less than the State is bereaved. James A. Garfield was a son of the Church of God. He was reared under her influence, received into her embrace in his youth, watched over with loving anxiety through all his remarkable career, borne in her arms to the mercy-seat in his days of suffering, and bathed in her tears when he died. I am not speaking blindly when I say that his religious fellowships, the sanctifying power of his religious associations, and the tender ties that bound him to many of his brethren in Christ, had much to do in making him what he was; and he abundantly repaid all the brotherly affection lavished upon him in a steady devotion to the Church of his choice, clinging through all changes of fortune to her service, worshipping at her altars and sharing her burdens. His example of faithfulness is worthy of imitation. But the lesson especially suggested to the Church is this: The Church found him a poor boy in the wilderness, sheltered him from the temptations of the world, and inspired his heart with courage to fight the great battle of life under the leadership of the Captain of Salvation. The humble little band of worshipers that thus received and encouraged him little dreamed what the result would be—that the world would, some day, be filled with his praise and lament his death as no death was ever before lamented. When the Church opens her doors to the lowly and welcomes to her fostering care the children of poverty from the wilderness, or from the lanes of our cities, she knows not what in

such a land as this, may be the grand outcome. Gray, in his immortal *Elegy*, suggests what might have been the sublime possibilities of life, had those buried in the country church-yard been permitted to live :

“ Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.”

But this is a useless reflection; for what might have been never can be. But it is worth while to reflect concerning the living multitudes of the toiling and neglected poor, that there are wrapped up in their lives grand possibilities, which only need to be unfolded by Christian culture to be turned into blessed certainties. Future Presidents and members of Cabinets and judges and legislators and leaders of armies may be to-day hidden in obscurity in the humblest walks of life, waiting for the quickening voice of gospel truth and the gentle ministries of Christian affection. And if only now and then such ministries may be crowned with results as brilliant as in this instance, in the thousand cases they may be blessed in giving to society living stones, fashioned and polished for serviceable places in the temple of humanity. From the tomb of the illustrious dead let this voice come to us, bidding us fulfill our holy mission of preaching the gospel to the poor.

3. There is a voice to all the sons of ambition, bidding them clutch lightly the treasures that must soon turn to ashes. In the presence of death “ what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue ” ! If death ends all, what a mockery is human greatness—nay, what a mockery is human life ! As says a

Russian poet of the sum of man's brief and feverish existence :

“ Born, living, dying,
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave,
Battling with storm-clouds, over shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.”

When an illustrious military chieftain, whose name shook the world with terror, was dying, he directed that his winding sheet should be fitted on the point of a lance and be carried through the streets of the city, accompanied with the proclamation : “ This is all that remains to Saladin the Great of all his glory ! ” So fades the glory of the world ; and if there be nothing beyond “ this frail and feverish being of an hour ” but the winding sheet and the grave—if a glorious man such as he whose death we mourn must be compelled at last to say to corruption, “ Thou art my father,” and to the worm, “ Thou art my mother and my sister,” then must we say with the wise man of the Ancients, “ Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” There is a value in the labors and in the honors of earth only as they educate us for a better life ; and in view of that better life the brightest glories and richest prizes of earthly ambition are but the toys of childhood, which must soon be thrown away as valueless.

There is a tenderer and a more awful voice that speaks to the members of the family—to that sacred circle within which the true life and character of our departed President was better developed and more perfectly known than anywhere else.

What words can tell the weight of anguish that rests upon the hearts of those who so dearly loved him and shared with him the sweet sanctities of home

—the pure love, the gentleness, the kindness and the manliness that pervaded all his actions, and made his home a charming one for its inmates and for all that shared its hospitalities. It is of all things the saddest and most grievous that those bound to him by the tenderest ties shall hear that voice of love no more, greet him never again in the morning, receive nevermore at night the benediction of the loving hand that rested upon the heads of children, and besought the blessing of God upon wife and mother, son and daughter.

The dear old mother who realizes here to-day that her four-score years are after all but labor and sorrow, to whom we owe, back of all that I have spoken of, the education and training that made her son what he was, and who has been led from that humble home in the wilderness side by side with him in all his elevations, has shared with him the honor and the glory that came to him step by step, as he mounted up from high to higher to receive at last the highest honors that the land could bestow upon him; what words of comfort can we speak to her? Left behind him, lingering on the shore from which he has passed to the other side; what words can express the sympathy that is due her, or the consolation that can strengthen her heart and give her courage to bear this bitter bereavement? May she realize the truth of the blessed assurance, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will hear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

The wife who began with him in young womanhood, and has bravely kept step with him right

along, through all his wondrous career, and who has been not only his wife, but his friend and his counselor through all these successions of prosperity and this increase of power, and who, when the day of calamity came, was then his ministering angel, his prophetess and his priestess, when the circumstances were such as to forbid ministrations from other hands, speaking to him the words of cheer which sustained him through that long, fearful struggle for life, and watching over him when his dying vision rested upon her beloved form and sought from her eyes an answering gaze that should speak, when words could not speak, a love that had never changed, and that must now be immortal; what words of man can soothe the anguish of this awful hour? If human sympathy can avail, a world in tears comforts her in this great sorrow. But there is One whose mission it is "to bind up the broken heart, to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness," Who has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shalt the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." May the God who was the trust of her youth and the guide of her womanhood, and who has promised to be the Judge of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, be her help and her refuge in this time of trouble.

And the children left fatherless in a world like this, yet surrounded with a nation's sympathy and a world's affections, and able to treasure in their hearts the grand

lessons of their father's noble and wonderful life, may be assured that the eyes of the Nation are upon them, and that the hearts of the people go out after them. While there is much to support and encourage them, it is still a sad thing, and calls for our deepest sympathy, that they have lost such a father, and are left to make their way through this rough world without his guiding hand or his wise counsels. But that which makes this terrible to them now is just that which will make very sweet and bright and joyous memories to fill all the life of the coming years. By the memories of that love, the loss of which they deplore, and by all the loving ties that bound them in blessed sympathy in the home circle, they will be enabled to live over again a thousand times all the sweet life of the past; though dead, their father will still live with them; though his tongue be dumb in the grave, he will speak anew to them a thousand beautiful lessons of love and righteousness and truth.

May God in his infinite mercy fold this stricken family in His arms, and bless them as they need in this hour of thick darkness, and bear them safely through what remains of the troubles and sorrows of the pilgrimage unto the everlasting hour, when there shall be no more death or crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things shall have forever passed away.

We commit you, beloved friends, to the arms and the care of the everlasting Father, whose sweet promise goes with us through all the dark and stormy paths of life. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

I have discharged now the solemn covenant trust reposed in me many years ago, growing out of a friendship that has never known a cloud, a confidence that has never trembled, and a love that has never changed.

Fare thee well, my friend and brother. Thou hast fought a good fight; thou hast finished thy course; thou hast kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for thee a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to thee in that day; and not unto thee only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

OPPOSITIONS OF SCIENCE.

I. TIMOTHY VI. 30.

The topic assigned to me for discussion is a scriptural one. But whether it was meant that I should discuss it in its scriptural bearings, I am unable to say. Paul, in closing his first letter to Timothy, makes this his last admonition: "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called; which some professing have erred concerning the faith." More strictly, it is "antitheses of falsely called knowledge." I presume the reference to be to the then developing germs of what was afterwards known as Gnosticism. The gospel revelation was, in a very high sense, knowledge. It was not a shadowy philosophy. It was a revelation by Jesus Christ of that which he *knew* concerning God and man, heaven and hell, time and eternity. "We speak that we do know, and testify of what we have seen," was the language of our Lord to Nicodemus. And the apostles also testified to what they knew: "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our

fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." (I. John i. 1-3). This gospel, therefore, in its proclamation, took on the form of *fact*—things done and things known—supported by testimony and received by faith into the heart. How much of the early triumphs of Christianity was owing to its definite and well authenticated revelation of actual knowledge, in a form appreciable by the common mind and meeting the wants of the common heart, we may not be able to estimate. But that it was one great source of its power is evident from the attempts of its adversaries to get up an opposing system of *knowledge*, such as would rival its pretensions in this regard. It must have had great power with the people when the Apostles said: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known to you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty." There was also knowledge supernaturally communicated. "To another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit." Inspired teachers spoke oracularly of the invisible and unknown. Not what they had reasoned out, or what they had learned at the feet of philosophers; not what was plausible or probable, though still conjectural; but what God made known through them of eternal truth. We find that the enemies of Christ also came forward with doctrines which they dignified with the name of *gnosis* or knowledge, and which they attempted to arrange into a science of divine things. That strange blending of Hellenic and Gentile philosophy undertaken by Philo and accredited by the Alexandrian school, furnished a basis on which both Jewish and Gentile religionists, either in the Christian Church or

within reach of its influence, built up a conglomerate system of Jewish, Greek and Oriental philosophy, and Jewish and heathen tradition, which under a pretense of knowledge or science of spiritual things, sought to subvert the solid structure of fact and truth which was based on the revelations of Jesus Christ and His Apostles. The germs of this gnosticism were discernable during the first century. It was this Paul had in mind when he told the Collossians to "beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." There are traces of a similar leaven working in the Corinthian church, which led Paul to discourage that kind of knowledge which puffeth up, and to inculcate instead that love which buildeth up. And I am rather disposed to find an allusion to the same thing in his epistle to the Ephesians when he prays that they may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge—that is which surpassed all the boasted knowledge of the dreamers and philosophers and scientists of that time—ininitely grander than anything they taught, and far above the range of their traditions and reasonings. Their professed knowledge was falsely so called. It was a mixture of rabbinical traditions, Jewish asceticism, and Gentile philosophy and superstition.

As to the "*oppositions* of science," we are inclined to regard *antitheses* here as to referring rather to the rhetorical art with which this so-called knowledge was taught and the dialectic skill with which it was set forth. It may also involve an allusion to the dualism that characterized their teaching: two gods—one good,

the other bad, and the resultant conflict between these two divine forces.

I suppose, however, it was intended in giving me this phrase for a text that I should take into account the oppositions of modern science, or of some of those who profess to teach modern science, to the teaching of the Bible. This is a subject that can not be satisfactorily treated in a brief essay. I can only point out some of these oppositions of science to Scripture teaching, and some of its oppositions to its own teaching, and suggest the lesson to be learned from the facts submitted.

But first let me say that we shall commit a great error if we throw the burden of responsibility for the apparent conflicts between religion and science entirely on the scientists. All truth is, must be harmonious, and there can be no conflict between truth in religion and truth in science. But there may be misconceptions of truth in one and the other, and out of these misconceptions grows this conflict. The misconceptions are not all on one side. Any one who has read Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science" must be aware that while he is himself guilty of misrepresentations and shows a partiality for almost anything that he can force into contrast with Christianity, to the prejudice of the latter, and while he entirely mistakes the character of the Christian religion when he makes it identical with the teachings and practices of the Roman Catholic Church, he nevertheless arrays a host of stinging facts to show that religionists, professedly the champions of Christianity, have set themselves in blind and stubborn and cruel opposition to scientific discoveries and scientific truths. This is not so disgraceful a fact as scientists would

have us think. For the truth is that human nature is so constituted that it does not readily part with its possessions. There are conservative forces and tendencies in our very being that will not allow us readily to cast off old and cherished friends for the attractions of new faces or the high sounding pretensions of new comers. Not only in respect to the new in science, but equally in respect to the new in every department, there is apt to be at first an unwillingness to admit it. Thus, when umbrellas first appeared, those who displayed them were chased and hunted down by angry crowds. When turnpikes were first made in England, there was violent opposition to them. In New England, when stoves were first brought into meeting-houses, there was bitter opposition to it. The people would rather shiver through two long services on the coldest winter day than enjoy the comfort of a warm atmosphere, simply because it was an innovation. Tuning forks, note books, and every other new facility for improvement in church music called forth bitter hostility. Indeed, it would be an almost endless task to enumerate the unreasonable and ridiculous oppositions to that which could not be reasonably denied to be true and beneficial, simply because it was new. Not only every new fact in science, but every new truth in religion and every announcement of a new principle, or a new application to an old principle in morals, or in jurisprudence, or in civil government, or in political economy, has been fiercely combatted and compelled to run the gauntlet of popular prejudices and passions before it could win a right to live. And scientists themselves have not been far from this same severe, unreasoning and persecuting conservatism.

Nor have they any more right to complain than religionists have, or any others who have had a mission to herald and advocate innovations. It is not the church or religion, but human nature that is at fault ; and they ought, instead of complaining, to regard the terrible facts with philosophic calmness, and contemplate them, even from their own premises, as parts of that evolutionary process by which society is to be elevated ultimately, through these preordained and inevitable clashings of conservatism and radicalism, to a higher and nobler plane. We have, therefore, little respect for these everlasting complaints of opposition to and persecution of science.

Religious interests are very sacred. Profane and iconoclastic hands can not rudely smite the cherished convictions of the soul without raising opposition, even in an enlightened age, much less in ages of ignorance and superstition. It may be all wrong ; but to those who regard the whole material and spiritual universe as evolved out of nomads or out of fire-mist by the inexorable operation of blind forces that just whistle themselves without the prompting of any intelligent power behind them—forces self-generated or produced by resistless combinations of unthinking and irresponsible matter or mind ; we say to those who thus think there should be seen in it neither right nor wrong, but simply the inevitable “ whatever is, is,” and that is the beginning and end of it. They ought not to complain—only on the ground that their complaints are another part of the same inevitable evolutionary process, for which they have not the least responsibility.

Nor ought they to be too severe on religionists because they have misinterpreted the Bible and madly

fought for ideas which are not more at war with physical science than with the true readings of revelation. For have not these scientists misinterpreted the stone-book and the star-book and the light-book and the air-book, and almost every other book in the great library of nature? And have they not been troubled over various readings and mistranslations in these volumes? And have they not had fierce quarrels among themselves, and called each other hard names, and given evidence that if the old inquisitorial powers were yet in existence, there would be scientific martyrs burned at the stake or doomed to pine in dungeons, and their hated productions condemned to a place in the Index Expurgatorius? We have no reason to believe that scientific popes and inquisitors would be an improvement on the religious ones.

Still, it is a truth that religionists have set themselves against scientific truth, often unreasonably and fiercely; and this has led the votaries of science to look upon religion as hostile to them, and because this hostility has sometimes been unreasonable, it results that every opposition to scientific pretensions is regarded as unreasonable, and the only way to preserve the good will of scientists and prove to them that you are rational, is to "open your mouth and shut your eyes" and swallow whatever they give you in the name of science.

On the other hand it is too plain that many profound scientists are as thorough dogmatists as the theologians whom they condemn, and are governed in their investigations by a strong desire to array science in hostility to religion. The very attempt to subject everything in the realms of reason and of

faith to materialistic tests, and to condemn as unworthy of confidence everything that can not be physically demonstrated is as arrogant a piece of dogmatism as was ever known. A true scientific spirit will recognize the facts in the realm of spirit as readily and as impartially as those in the realm of matter, and admit an induction of these facts with as severe a love of truth as that which he takes with him in his physical inductions. But this is contemptuously ignored by a class of investigators who are concerned to rule mind out of the universe, except as an evolution of matter, and all their reasonings in opposition to the spiritual and the supernatural are in violation of the principles which they profess to respect. The hostility of this class to religion, and especially to the religion of the Bible, is shown—

I. In their denial of a personal God. The theory of evolution, as suggested by the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," and even as taught by Darwin, did not involve such a denial. On the contrary, there was a clear admission of the necessity of original creative acts, of the production of the primordial forces of life by an almighty and intelligent power. They merely denied such a succession of creative acts as has generally been asserted. Their position did not antagonize theism, but implied it. To create even an original form of life and endow it with the capacity for the almost infinite variety of life to be developed from it, is only to crowd the wonder and grandeur of all miracles into one. And if, in that original material form, there was made to dwell, according to Prof. Tyndall's conception, "the promise and potency of every quality of life," intellectual and spiritual, as

well as physical—it only adds to the grandeur and sublimity of the miracle. But this would not do. All creative acts must be got rid of. The Creator himself must be ignored. Hence, the determination, bold and stubborn, to reach back to a beginning—to spontaneous generation, or so near to an original starting point that they could say, “Here, as far back as we can go, we have found no creator, no miracle. If there is anything back of this, it is unknown and unknowable. Tracing the developments of life from this nomad, we are compelled to the conclusion that all the forms of life we see are derived from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages. Beyond this we can know nothing.” But still the puzzling question returns, Whence the original organism and the original environment? And these men are compelled to say, “We do not know.” Huxley says: “Of the causes which have led to the organization of living matter, it may be said that we know absolutely nothing.” Well, if they do not know, is it anything less than impudent and highly offensive dogmatism to deny an original Creator, and proceed to build up a system of science, physical, intellectual and moral, with no God in it? Let them say, We have exhausted the facts of physical science, and we have not discovered God. It belongs not to physical science to settle that question. If there is a God, the original source of life and power, he must be found through some other channel than that which we have explored. They will thus only confirm what Paul wrote eighteen hundred years ago, that “the world by wisdom knows not God,” and will prove the absolute need of just such supernatural revelations of

himself as the Bible contains. But let them not found an authentic system on their ignorance, and call it science. We said this was true of a *class* of scientists. It is only a class. We are glad to quote from the lamented Agassiz, as an honored representative of quite another class of scientists, who, after exploring all the facts and logic of atheistical positivism, and after having tried to settle down as a materialist and an atheist, was brought at last to a firm and unwavering belief in Theism. These words of his, which I am about to quote, deserve to be seriously pondered: "My method of arriving at the doctrine of the Divine Existence is a purely scientific method, and you will find, perhaps, before you die, that the ostentatious denial or ignoring of God, common among naturalists, whom I warmly esteem and whose additions to natural history I am the most ready to acknowledge, will end in making the science itself sterile. The positive system, under its many names and modifications, will fail at last in generating the enthusiasm for new discoveries. I fear science will suffer at the hands of its seeming devotees. They will become controversialists instead of being investigators." That is just what some of them have already become. Their knowledge on this question is absolute ignorance. It is "science falsely so called."

2. This denial or ignoring of God necessarily involves the denial of the supernatural, and hence the denial of Christianity, which is a system of supernatural facts, and of the Bible, which is largely a record of the supernatural. It is not a question of evidence so far as Bible miracles are concerned, but a denial of the possibility of miracles—a denial that any evidence

can prove a miracle. So that even were a miracle wrought in their presence, they would be compelled to ignore their own scientific method in the investigation of facts, and dogmatically assert that in spite of the evidence of their senses, there was nothing different from the ordinary facts of nature. As a specimen of first-class bigotry this is not to be excelled in all the history of theological prejudice and ignorance. Yet these men know that if there is a God, He must make Himself known, if He reveal Himself at all in a supernatural way. They have explored all the realms of nature, and declare they can not find Him. If He lives and would be known, He must reveal Himself in some other than a natural way. They can not say He is not. They can not say that they do not find Him in nature, and if He is ever found it must be through supernatural manifestations. Yet when He steps forth in answer to this demand, and reveals Himself supernaturally, and challenges investigation of the fact of His manifestation, these men shut their eyes and ears and say, "We will not investigate. There is no such thing as the supernatural. If God does not reveal Himself in nature, He can not reveal Himself at all, and no amount of evidence can convince us. The evidence against it must always be stronger than the evidence for it." And this is science! It surely is "science falsely so called."

Let me say now that, in my judgment nothing but a stubborn dogmatism could lead men to a conclusion so unscientific. There may be much in the miracles of the Bible to stagger these men, accustomed as they are to studies of a different character, and with environments peculiarly unfavorable to a fair appreciation of

the evidence of the supernatural. But the ground on which they plant themselves is unreasonable in view of the facts presented in their own realm of physical science. For when they have gone back to the outmost verge of physical life, they find in the regular processes of nature no beginning of life, no beginning of matter. They have to confess an utter ignorance as to the beginning of things. They can not create life. Either their first living organisms were created by supernatural power, or the processes they discover have been going on eternally. But it can not be that they have been going on eternally. As you push back into the past you must reach a point where the simplest rudimental form of life is found. That must have had a beginning, or it must have existed unchanged and undeveloped for an eternity back of that. If it had a beginning, that beginning was a miracle. If it never had a beginning, but existed from all eternity in that rude form, then when it began to develop, after an eternity of utter inaction, that development was an invasion of the order of the universe amounting to a miracle. In no way can we get rid of the intervention of the supernatural at some point or other. But the supernatural once admitted, this whole superstructure of atheistic science falls to the ground.

I have been proceeding thus far on the supposition that these scientists have demonstrated the truth of the Evolution theory, and have presented an unbroken succession of links in a chain of demonstration reaching from the first rude forms of life up to man. Even were this true, we have seen enough to convince us that the oppositions of science to a personal God and to His supernatural manifestation are unreasonable.

What shall be said, then, when it is known that no such demonstration has been given—that it is a new theory seeking for facts to sustain it, and confessedly incomplete as a demonstration even by the admission of its most enthusiastic advocates. Darwin, it is known, has never claimed that the demonstration was complete. The spontaneous generation, which is an essential part of the development hypothesis, is not only not established, but is thus far, in the estimation of such scientists as Prof. Tyndall, a complete failure. And such eminent biologists as Prof. Virchow, of Berlin, are free to confess that as yet “all human knowledge is but fragmentary. All of us who call ourselves students of nature possess only portions of natural science. Every attempt to form our problems into doctrines, to introduce our hypotheses as the basis of instruction, especially the attempt simply to dispossess the church and to supplant its dogmas forthwith by a religion of evolution—be assured, gentlemen, every such attempt will make a shipwreck, and in its wreck will also bring with it the greatest perils for the whole position of science.”

3. Finally, we notice the attempt on the part of scientists to reduce everything to the level of materialism—a necessary consequence of the evolution theory. This is in the highest degree hostile to Christian teaching, since it brings mind and morals within the domain of the material, and subjects the whole spiritual nature to the control of blind forces, thus destroying all accountability, and annihilating all distinction between right and wrong. I will not dwell on the dangerous tendencies and revolting features of this doctrine. I am concerned with it only as it stands in opposition to Christ-

tian teaching, and as being only science falsely so called. Next to the absurdity of nothing giving birth to something, is that of matter giving birth to mind. One would think that before any doctrine so contrary to all human reason were advanced it would be fortified by an invincible array of facts, such as would compel the surrender of reason itself to a revelation of higher reason. But listen to Prof. Tyndall, who surely has a right to know whereof he speaks :

“Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other.” He speaks of the chasm between the two classes of phenomena being “intellectually impassable.” Then, as Dr. McCosh observes, “if this be so, the attempt to resolve mind into matter has no plausibility whatever.”

And what says Prof. Virchow? Listen : “I am not asserting that it will never be possible to bring psychical processes into an immediate connection with physical. All I say is, that we have at present no right to set up this possible connection as a doctrine of science ; and I must enter my decided protest against the attempt to make a premature extension of our doctrines in this manner, and to be ever anew thrusting into the very foreground of our expositions that which has so often proved an insoluble problem.”

In the light of these admissions—these avowals of the very oracles of physical science—I leave you to judge of the charlatanry of science, as witnessed in the attempts to subvert the faith of the world in the principles that underlie all moral science, by asserting

as established conclusions in physical science a connection of mind with matter which has never been demonstrated, and in respect to which there yet remains the same old "impassable chasm" which no science of ancient or modern times has been able to bridge. Let us say further, before we close, that while there is, on one hand, a just demand that theologians and religionists shall abandon a dogmatism that has been as injurious to religion as to science, and dismiss a bigotry that often holds them to the advocacy of exploded errors in regard to Bible interpretation, there is at least an equally just and imperative demand to be less dogmatic, more modest and more loyal to the principles of scientific investigation. The teachings of physical science are not so harmonious, its conclusions are not so indisputable, its history is not so free from error and failure as to warrant the lofty tone of assurance in which its oracles are delivered. As great a scientist as Sir Isaac Newton held to the corpuscular theory of light, which has since been almost universally discarded; and now the undulatory theory, which is generally spoken of with all the confidence of demonstration, is seriously called in question. It has never been successfully demonstrated. It assumes the existence of an ether which has never been proved. Such giants as Dr. W. B. Carpenter and Mr. A. R. Wallace are hardly out of a fierce contest on certain psychological phenomena. Spontaneous generation has been and continues to be a bone of contention. Even Prof. Tyndall, who once thought he had discovered spontaneous generation of life, has given it up; and Prof. Huxley, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, now says: "Not only is the kind of evidence adduced in favor of

ablogensis logically insufficient to furnish proof of its occurrence, but it may be stated as a well based deduction that the more careful the investigator and the more complete his mastery over the endless practical difficulties which surround experimentation on this subject, the more certain are his experiments to give a negative result, while positive results are no less sure to crown the efforts of the clumsy and careless. The fact is that at the present moment there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that ablogensis does take place or has taken place within the period during which the existence of life on the globe is recorded."

Quoting for a moment the words of another (D. W. Rhodes): "The results of science are, in no sense of the word, to be relied on as final results. What it declares to be certain to-day it had not reached yesterday, and will doubt to-morrow. The history of scientific thought has been in the nature of things one of constant change, of climbing where each rung of the ladder had been in turn excitingly grasped and quietly abandoned. But there is no more reason to believe that the present positions of scientific thought will be permanent than there has been in the past. She speaks no more confidently now than she has spoken a hundred times before upon propositions which she has abandoned. So rapidly has she changed her utterances that at times the second edition of a work has contradicted the first. It is not remarkable that it should be so, but it destroys all claim to absolute reliability in any theory now made upon the same kind of evidence which then misled her. Compare her utterances as to anatomy. Galen, Vesalius, Harvey, Carpenter have

each in turn announced his predecessor to be in error in the fundamentals of his science. And yet each represented, in his day, the highest development of the knowledge in that branch of physical science. May not a day come when the present leaders of thought in anatomy shall be regarded with the same compassion that is now extended to Vesalius and his theory as to the blood. Is there not room in this great science for as much advance in knowledge as that which separates the crude theories of Galen from the theories of to-day? If this science, then, should arrogantly declare that it has overthrown in any way the statements of a revelation which has a prescriptive lien upon our trust, it is enough to say, your system, not being self evident, nor a demonstration, nor by your own confession final and certain, may be in fundamental points opposed to facts which science shall yet unveil."

Even the doctrine concerning our earth and the other planets of the solar system, that they rotate upon their axes and move around the sun—a doctrine which is now regarded as completely settled as any doctrine of inspiration—is now seriously called in question. I am not referring to the Rev. Jasper, of Richmond, Va., but to Dr. Shaeffer, of Boston, whose lecture has been published in the *Scientific American*. Within a few years several of the scientists of Great Britain, such as Tate and Thompson, had a furious discussion on the age of our globe, and there was only the difference of a few hundred millions of years between them.

Surely it becomes scientists to be modest and come to settled conclusions in some of these smaller matters,

before they ambitiously undertake the tremendous task of evolving the whole universe out of fire-mist, and thrusting God out of an infinite domain, undertake to hitch—not a wagon to a star, but all the stars to the wagon of atheistic materialism, and drag down everything spiritual and heavenly to a base material level.

In all this, I confess, I do not see anything that bears specially on Sunday-school interests, but that is not my fault. Not to leave it entirely disconnected from these interests, allow me in conclusion to say that Paul gave a warning concerning those who were captured by these oppositions of science, that they “erred concerning the faith.” Literally, they had “missed the mark.” It is a grievous thing to find, after a life of anxiety and research, that we have missed the mark, and made life a failure. It ought to make us scrupulously careful as to the principles we adopt, and especially as to where they will land us. Any one who has read the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, or caught the sad and hopeless notes of the closing utterances of Strauss, can not but feel a deep sadness at the thought that these mighty natures, after all their predigious labors, were at last bereft of the assurance that they had hit the mark. For anything that science yet indicates to the contrary, he is safe who holds on to the faith of Jesus and shapes his life according to His teachings. And the best thing to be done for the young to enable them to hit the mark, is to teach them to love and practice the precepts of Him who, amid all mutations and all oppositions, still remains the steadfast hope of the ages—“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.”

FIFTY-NINE YEARS OF HISTORY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF
THE OHIO CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
NEW LISBON, MAY 19, 1886.

On the 18th of next November it will be fifty-nine years since Walter Scott, in this town, publicly introduced a religious reformation which has very seriously influenced the theological and ecclesiastical developments of the last half century—especially in the West—and has won for itself a place in the religious movements of the age. To understand and appreciate this reformatory movement, we must know something of the condition of affairs, theologically and ecclesiastically, at the date mentioned, especially in this region, and generally through the West.

1. Calvinism, as doctrinally set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith, was the popular religious faith, especially among the Scotch-Irish who so largely peopled Western Pennsylvania, whose influence radiated thence to Ohio and portions of what is now West Virginia; among the New Englanders who settled in the Western Reserve; and among the Baptists, with whom the Philadelphia Confession of Faith was, at that time, the acknowledged standard of doctrine. In this severely logical system, from the premises of the total depravity of human nature, and of personal, unconditional election and reprobation, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that regeneration is a miracle,

dependent solely on the will of God, the subject being entirely passive, and the result being as truly miraculous as the resurrection of Lazarus from the dead. No preaching, no teaching, no pleading, no prayers, could have the least possible effect in the regeneration of a sinner, except as it pleased God to accompany them with a supernatural creative power, literally creating a new being. This led some, notably among the preachers in the Redstone Baptist Association, to decline to preach the gospel to sinners—even to their children—or to do anything to forward their conversion. They took the ground that regeneration was God's work exclusively, and that when Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," he meant every *new* creature—the *old* being beyond the reach of all human means and agencies. [A voice in the audience: "I have heard that many a time."] This doctrine made regeneration a fearfully uncertain thing to the sinner, and, so far as anything on his part was concerned, an absolutely impossible thing.

2. Regeneration being thus a miracle, its accomplishment in any case was expected to have extraordinary accompaniments. It was realized after long, desperate, heart-breaking struggles. Some passage of Scripture, such as "Thy sins are all forgiven thee," was supernaturally suggested, or heard in the air, and had all the force of a new and direct revelation; or there were dreams, or visions, or sounds in the air, or trances, or other preternatural phenomena, to attest the fact of acceptance with God. And in this, those who were known as Arminians exceeded even the Calvinists in the number and variety of supernatural or preternatural accompaniments of conversion. The

gospel was not a proclamation of amnesty under which the whole rebellious world could come in and secure pardon by compliance with the prescribed conditions of reconciliation; each case of regeneration and conversion was rather the result of a special act of Divine sovereignty accompanied with special Divine manifestations; and they who sought in vain for these special manifestations were left to go mourning all their days.

3. Closely akin to this—indeed, its logical concomitant—was the doctrine that the word of God is a dead letter, utterly powerless to convince or persuade until specially vivified and applied by the Holy Spirit. It was, indeed, acknowledged that the word of God is “the sword of the Spirit,” but it was such, not because the Spirit *made* it, to be wielded by the Christian soldier, but because the Spirit himself *wielded* it to conquer the sinner’s enmity and subdue him to the authority of Christ. It may be incredible to many when I state that it was not uncommon to hear men say that they would as soon depend on an old almanac for conversion as on the Bible; yet it is true that such expressions were often heard. [A voice in the audience: “I’ve heard that, too.”] While the Bible was devoutly read as an act of piety, and while it was a store-house of texts for preachers, it was not expected to be of any benefit except as the Spirit should specially illuminate it and apply it.

4. The Bible was therefore a sealed book. It was not to be studied, like any other book in human language, subject to the well established laws of interpretation. It had no well defined character as a progressive revelation of the plans and purposes of Jehovah. The successive dispensations of religion—Patriarchal,

Jewish, Christian—were all confused, and the reader, if inquiring what he must do to be saved, was as likely to seek for an answer in Kings, or Chronicles, or Ruth, or the Songs of Solomon, as in Acts of Apostles. We do not mean to say that theological writers made no discrimination between the Law and the Gospel—for this would be far from true, although their discriminations did not amount to much when they could find the Church of Christ in the Garden of Eden, in the family of Abraham, and in the Jewish nation, and authority for the divine order of the clergy in the Levitical priesthood; but we are speaking of the state of mind among the people at large in the religious communities at that time, and we are recording the simple truth when we say that the Bible, so far from being a luminous *revelation* of the will of God, was a sealed book to the multitude. They did not understand it—they did not expect to understand it.

5. This will be better understood when we state that the clergy were regarded as having the key of knowledge, and the people were dependent on them for a knowledge of the meaning of Scripture. Not merely that they had learning, and leisure to make the Scriptures their special study, and were therefore capable of instructing others; but that they were called of God, as was Aaron; were divinely appointed, like the Levites and the Priests, to this task, and were erected into a special order, as the special expounders of the word of God. To question their teaching was, if not arrogant and impious, at least very daring and presumptuous. What could an untaught layman be expected to know, in the presence of an educated and ordained clergyman? These clerical leaders might dis-

pute among themselves as to the meaning of Scripture, for they were supposed to stand on a common level of official dignity and authority ; but woe betide the presumptuous layman who dared to utter what he had learned from a devout and patient study of the Word of God. The clergy had an exclusive right to preach and teach, and to administer the sacraments ; and only as subordinates could the most saintly of laymen—such as the Ruling Elders in some of the churches—have any part or lot in these matters. The universal priesthood of Christians, though it might be sometimes theoretically admitted, was practically ignored. It was not merely a selection from among the “royal priests,” who constituted “the house of God,” of those whose gifts and acquirements fitted them to rule and to teach—for this, as a matter of order and practical wisdom, is scriptural and just ; but it was the recognition of an order of men specially called of God to this work, and by virtue of their divine call ordained and empowered to preach and teach and rule with divine authority.

6. The common version of the English Scriptures was regarded with such a superstitious reverence that any suggestion of a new and better translation was regarded as little better than impious.

7. Human creeds were of binding authority. They were tests of fellowship. There could be no admittance to church membership except by subscription to the creed of the Church, even though it were as cumbrous, as difficult to be understood, as dogmatic in its teaching on abstruse doctrines and speculative theology as the Westminster Confession of Faith. The Baptist Associations had creeds, and sometimes each church in the Association had a creed of its own ;

but these generally referred to the Philadelphia Confession as the Baptist fountain of creed authority.

8. It is scarcely necessary to say, in view of the facts already submitted, that sectarianism was rampant. Christian union was ridiculed as alike impracticable and undesirable. Sectarianism was normal and healthy—nay, essential to the purity and prosperity of the church. But the result was envy, rivalry, bitter and disgraceful strife, and as the Scriptures declare, “Where jealousy and faction are, there is confusion and every vile deed” (Jas. iii. 16). It is not to be wondered at that, notwithstanding special seasons of revival, when spiritual emotion would break forth violently and overleap all these obstructions, the general state of religion was marked by a barrenness and feebleness which all pious souls deplored.

It was at such a time, and in the midst of such a condition of spiritual affairs, that Walter Scott made his appearance with what he styled a new “advocacy” of the Gospel. This “advocacy” was not the offspring of a day. It was not the hot impulse of enthusiasm—the lawless fancy of a religious crank. It was the result of patient and devout study of the Bible, and the ripe fruitage of teachings in various quarters through the preceding part of the century.

First of all, let it be observed that all that Walter Scott taught had been already set forth in nearly all the evangelical creeds. All that he affirmed concerning the Christ, all that he insisted on concerning baptism for the remission of sins, is to be found in all the orthodox creeds of Christendom, with the exception that the Baptist creeds do not harmonize with the others as to the design of baptism. Some of these

orthodox creeds even go so far as to teach baptismal regeneration—an extreme to which Mr. Scott and those associated with him never went.

Not to speak of the movements, at the beginning of the century, of O'Kelly and others in the East, and of Barton W. Stone and others in the West—movements with which Walter Scott did not come in contact—we remark that through George Forrester, of Pittsburg, Scott came under a class of reformatory influences that had been at work for many years at various points in Great Britain and Ireland, and also in this country, through which he had been led into a thorough study of the Scriptures. In 1818, “the church professing obedience to the faith of Jesus Christ, assembling together in New York,” sent forth a circular letter “to the churches of Christ scattered over the earth to whom this communication may come.” This, with the answers received, and a Reply and an Appendix written by my father, Henry Errett, was published in 1820, in a small volume, which arrested the attention of Walter Scott. In the New York circular, the admission of candidates to baptism on the simple voluntary confession of their faith in Jesus the Christ, is stated. In the Appendix, the teaching of the New Testament concerning baptism for remission of sins is fully set forth, although there was an evident hesitation to accept this teaching in its literal import. Walter Scott was led by this publication to visit the church in New York, and spent several months there. William Baxter, in his life of Walter Scott (pp. 53, 54), says: “The result of his visit, however, was a sad disappointment; he found the practice of the church far in the rear of what he had been led to expect from

the publication which had led him to seek a more intimate acquaintance ; nor did there seem to be any disposition on their part to fall in with his views, which began to look in the direction of a radical reform." A regard to the truth of history requires me to supplement this with a statement which probably I alone am competent to make. When New Lisbon was my home (1844-49), my first meeting here with Walter Scott was peculiarly interesting. He had spent much time at my father's house in New York, when I was a babe, and where, as he told me, I was often dandled on his knee. He listened to Henry Errett, one of the elders of the church, in a series of lectures on the four Gospels. Now, he found me engaged in the service of the first church he had called away from human creeds to the apostolic platform, in the town where he had first publicly proclaimed baptism for the remission of sins. We were naturally led into much conversation about New York and New Lisbon, as we both stood related to them. He was rapturous in his commendation of that course of lectures on the Gospels, and told me that his first clear conception of baptism for remission of sins was obtained from that little book issued by the church in New York, and that his first clear conception of the Divinity of Christ as the central truth of Christianity he obtained in listening to that course of lectures in the New York church. He repeated all this to me the last time I saw him, at Mayslick, Ky., a short time before his death. In the light of these facts we can better understand what Wm. Baxter says (p. 60): "It was not long after Mr. Scott's return from New York, in 1821, that his mind became possessed by what proved to be the great

thought of his life, namely: that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God; a proposition around which, in his esteem, all other truths revolved as planets around the sun." Out of this new line of investigation came those remarkable essays of Scott's "On Teaching Christianity," over the signature of "Philip," in the first volume of the *Christian Baptist*. In my humble judgment, the most thoroughly revolutionary element in Walter Scott's advocacy of reformation, and that which has proved most far-reaching in its influence, is just this concerning the central truth of Christianity. It not only shaped all his preaching, but it shaped the preaching and practice of the reformers generally, and called the attention of the religious world at large to the fact that a *person*, and not a *system of doctrines*, is the proper object of faith; and that faith in Jesus, love for Jesus, and obedience to Jesus, is the grand distinction of Christianity. While it is true that there was much in the condition of the church in New York that was unpleasant and disheartening to Walter Scott, let us not refuse to it, and to the church in Pittsburg, Pa., under the care of George Forrester, the honor of forming connecting links in the chain of influences that led on to the wonderful work of Scott and his associates in the reprocclamation of the original gospel.

How new to the people was this teaching concerning Christ as the personal object of saving faith, may be to some extent imagined when I state that even to this day it is regarded as a novelty. Here [holding up a pamphlet] is a recent publication from the press of Phillips & Hunt, New York, entitled, 'Critique on 'Thoughts on the Holy Gospels,' by the late Benjamin

N. Martin, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the University of the City of New York ; with Letters, and Notices from Other Books, by Francis W. Upham." In this "Critique," Dr. Martin says that "the view of the nature and design of the Gospels is, so far as we know, *entirely original with Dr. Upham*. . . . Before a conception so clear and definite, and so far-reaching, common infidel objections disappear ; they require no further answer." And what, pray, is this "entirely original view of the Gospels" ? It is all condensed into a single sentence : "The Gospels were not designed as biographies ; they are arguments to prove that Jesus is the Son of God." Dr. Martin is not aware that hundreds of thousands have, within the last half century, studied the Gospels from this point of view, and that this was one of the most distinctive features of the teaching of Alexander Campbell and Walter Scott sixty years ago.

We call attention to these facts not to raise the question as to who was first to restore this or that forgotten or neglected truth—for in place of any such boasting it should be to all a cause of humiliation that they had not sooner learned the simple truth as taught in the New Testament—but to show that what Walter Scott first publicly announced here nearly sixty years ago had been gradually developed, slowly learned, and abundantly confirmed as true, before it was proclaimed.

Then there was his acquaintanceship with the Campbells, who had been for many years groping their way into the light, and who were eminently helpful to him in his search for the primitive landmarks. They and he fully accorded as to the central truth of the gospel, and the necessity of calling men away from faith in

human creeds and systems of doctrine, to faith in the Divine Saviour and instant submission to the authority of the Son of God. They saw alike, too, in regard to the place occupied by baptism in the original gospel ; and as early as 1823 Alexander Campbell, in his debate with W. L. McCalla, had stated his views concerning baptism for remission of sins, and wherever the *Christian Baptist* had circulated, its expositions of New Testament teaching had led many to a new estimate of the importance of baptism. Jacob Osborne, Adamson Bentley, and many more, had, by a careful study of the New Testament, reached the conclusion that baptism, to the believing penitent, is for the remission of sins.

It is evident, therefore, that not by any sudden impulse of enthusiasm did Walter Scott leap into a position that could not be sustained by sober reason and Scripture testimonies ; but his public preaching was the result of patient, anxious, long-continued investigation, by which he had reached a conclusion which he was prepared not only to avow, but to maintain and defend against all opposition. And there is this to be said, in justice to his memory ; that while others, as well as he, saw the truth, and that it was when standing on their shoulders that he gained a wider vision and grasped a bolder conception of gospel teaching, he was the first to announce publicly the Divinity and Christhood of Jesus as the one article of faith in the genuine Apostles' Creed ; and to ask of those who had this faith an instant surrender to the authority of Jesus by being baptized in his name for the remission of sins. He boldly projected apostolic teaching and practice into public view, and compelled attention to them. There is a cautious, timid, conservative, milk-

and-water style of writing and preaching about certain truths, half-concealing and half-revealing them, that never amounts to much. You must project a truth or duty into distinctness, place it four-square to all the winds that blow, thunder it in the ears of the people, wage an aggressive warfare in its behalf, and stand ready to live for it, and die for it, if need be, if you would succeed in riveting public attention, and winning the hearts of men to it. This is just what Walter Scott did ; and for this he deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance. Not only did he boldly proclaim the truth, but with peculiar tact, with wonderful power of analysis and classification, and with superior eloquence and oratory, he expounded and vindicated it, illustrating and enforcing it with a marvelous simplicity, and yet a richness of learning, a fervor of spirit, and an eccentricity of genius, that compelled attention to his advocacy and won thousands into submission to Christ. All this, to us now, seems easy and delightful ; but at that time, and under those circumstances, it was difficult, daring and heroic in the highest degree. Such was the excitement over it, and such the extravagant rumors concerning it, that even Bethany took the alarm, and the venerable Thomas Campbell came over here, as Barnabas went from Jerusalem to Antioch, to inquire into these proceedings. This grand old man, like Barnabas, "when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. . . And much people was added unto the Lord" (Acts xi. 22-24).

The strange work once initiated, it progressed rapidly and with wonderful power. The vigorous pen

of Alexander Campbell supplied for the *Christian Baptist*, in 1828, a series of essays on Baptism, of remarkable clearness and emphasis. Bentley, and Osborne, and Joseph Gaston, and Secrest and Mitchell came to the rescue, and soon a new generation of preachers—the Haydens, Henry, Hartzel, Moss, the Bosworths, Rudolphs, Hubbard, Allerton, Finch, Schaeffer, Williams, Collins, sprang to arms, under the inspiration of Scott's teaching, and there was a general religious awakening throughout all this region. Thousands were turned to the Lord, and many churches were planted, simply as churches of Christ, to be governed solely by the teaching of Christ Jesus and his apostles; and many churches that had been known as Baptist dropped their creeds and their denominational distinctions, and joined heartily in the work of restoring fully the apostolic method of preaching the gospel and the apostolic basis of Christian fellowship.

Our limits will not allow us to speak of the years in which Scott had previously labored in the service of the Mahoning Association, nor to enter into the details of the first reformatory movement in New Lisbon; nor is it necessary so to do, for the facts are, I presume, familiar to most of you.

It is now fifty-nine years since that first bold, yet trembling and anxious movement in New Lisbon. What has been the result of this and confluent movements in behalf of a return to the faith and practice of apostolic times?

Then it was a question of *argument*; now it is a question of *fruitage*. Has the tree of reformation borne good fruit? Are its *works* such as to commend it to every man's conscience in the sight of God?

These are grave questions, and deserve a candid answer. Let us say, then :

1. The New York *Observer* of April 22, 1886, in a statistical table of the various denominations, puts us down as numbering, in the United States, 617,800 communicants, 4,950 churches, and 2,604 ministers, being the fifth in rank, in point of numbers, among the Protestant bodies in this country. The annual increase in our membership, of late years, ranges from 30,000 to 50,000. Although it was a frequent prediction that when Scott and the Campbells died our churches would soon be disintegrated, and the whole movement be numbered with the things of the past, since no church could be permanent without a human creed, the truth is that our enlargement has been more rapid since they passed away than before. There are also numerous churches in England, in Australia and New Zealand.

2. In this State we have a Missionary Society established in 1852, which, without including the results of the year just closing, reports sermons preached, 60,078; number of days' service, 64,327; number of additions, 23,398; churches organized, 173; money expended, \$282,988.75; moneys invested, \$19,200; young men helped to prepare for the ministry, 30. The number of churches now in the State is 430; of communicants, 40,700; pupils in Sunday-schools, 25,600; number of preachers, 220.

We have, besides numerous State Missionary Societies.

3. A General Christian Missionary Convention, established in 1849. The aggregate receipts of this Convention, up to October, 1885, were \$239,848.56, while the amount raised by missionaries in the field

swells it to \$500,000. The number of baptisms, 19,871, while the accessions, including scattered disciples gathered together, make the whole about 45,000. Last year shows the number of preachers employed, whole or part of the time, 31; baptisms, 596; other accessions, 828; new points visited, 74; churches planted, 21; receipts for all purposes, \$22,155.26.

A Foreign Missionary Society, which within less than eleven years reports: whole number of converts, 2,699; number of missionaries now in the field, 33; number of mission stations, between 20 and 30; whole amount contributed, \$198,088.53. There are missions in England, Denmark, France, Turkey, Japan and China.

A Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which has been in operation over eleven years, which has in Jamaica 14 churches, 6 schools, 6 preachers and several teachers. Besides this, the Board supports four missionaries in India, assists in sustaining the work in Japan, and sustains several home missions in Western States and Territories.

There are some twenty-six State Missionary organizations, and six Sunday-school State Conventions, with Sunday-school evangelists in their employ.

We have 2 orphan-schools; 42 schools, colleges and universities; 1 Widows' and Orphans' Home; we publish 1 quarterly magazine, 8 monthlies, 14 weeklies, besides 11 Sunday-school papers, Bible Lessons, etc.; while of books and tracts the number is considerable, although we are unable to furnish accurate statistics.

In all this we have spoken only of our own country; were we to take Canada, England, Australia, and our foreign missions, we should add about 30,000 to our

membership. At the same time it must be remembered that we have no statistics of the cost of church buildings and of other large outlays incident to a new and properous movement.

This, we are aware, is nothing to boast of. It is far below what we are capable of. Yet, as the work of little more than half a century, amidst the embarrassments of poverty, and the extraordinary expenditures attendant on the beginning of such a movement, and the drawbacks arising from the great variety of opinions and of prejudices among people gathered out of all sects, as well as from the world, we think it will be regarded by candid minds as a remarkable and highly encouraging sixty years' history.

It is worth while to inquire into the changes that have taken place during this period in the religious communities around us.

1. While the doctrines of Calvinism and Arminianism remain the same in the *creeds*, they are not the same in the *pulpit*. Very little of the old style of Calvinistic teaching is now heard, and suggestions are frequent, both in the old world and the new, in favor of a revision of the Calvinistic creeds.

2. Creed authority has been greatly diminished. Except in the Lutheran Church, we know of none of the orthodox churches that now require subscription to a human creed as necessary to admission to the church. The Episcopalians, indeed, insist on the so-called Apostles' Creed—which is but one of the earliest human creeds; but as this is, in the main, a statement of gospel facts, and not of human speculations, it would be unfair to class it with the human creeds of

which we speak. On the contrary, all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and repent of their sins, are, in view of such faith and repentance, accepted and welcomed. They do not, generally, publicly invite believing penitents to come forward and confess faith in Christ, as we do; they still deem it necessary to question the candidates as to their religious experience; but it is to learn, not their acceptance of the creed of the church, but their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. Even as it relates to candidates for the ministry, there is not generally that rigid insistence on a conformity to the teaching of the creeds, that belonged to former times.

3. The Bible is much more a living word than it used to be. The work of the Bible Societies and of the Missionary Societies has done much to turn men away from the old theories of regeneration and conversion, and has taught them to rely on the word of God and the preaching of the gospel as the divinely appointed means to bring men to repentance. The preaching of such men as Mr. Moody has done and is doing much to teach sinners to seek the evidence of pardon in the promises made in the gospel to those who believe in and submit to the Lord Jesus. And the International Sunday-school lessons are leading to a general study of the whole counsel of God as revealed in the Scriptures.

4. The popular prejudice against new translations of the Scriptures has so far given away that we have now a revised version of the Scriptures, undertaken by eminent men in the Church of England, and heartily seconded by eminent scholars of various denominations in England and America. The growth of the science

of Biblical criticism has been great, leading continually to a more enlightened study and interpretation of the word of God.

5. The evils of sectarianism and the desirableness of Christian union are now generally acknowledged, and year by year the sentiment in favor of union is growing and extending. There is much more free and frank discussion of differences, with a view to reach a common basis of fellowship, and there is much more general and hearty co-operation in all general enterprises in which all parties may freely unite. The American Congress of Churches, in which all questions bearing on Christian unity and union are freely and fearlessly discussed, reveals the trend of public sentiment on this question.

6. The clerical element, while not less potent, is less exclusive and less authoritative than formerly, while the lay element is now largely recognized and utilized. The Young Men's Christian Associations were really an uprising against the exclusiveness and oppression of the clerical order. The common priesthood of all Christians is now generally admitted, even high dignitaries in the Church of England boldly avowing it. Not only lay *men* but lay *women* are now welcomed to active and responsible church work, and are making their power felt all over the land and over the world.

7. The central truth of Christianity—the Divinity and Christhood of Jesus—this divine *person* as the object of faith, and love for and obedience to Him as the bond of Christian fellowship—is taking hold of the best minds of all parties, and is quietly working a revolution in *doctrinal* Christianity.

I am far from implying that all this has been wrought out through this reformatory movement. It is the normal development, under providential guidance, of the principles that all orthodox Protestants acknowledge. But that the teaching of the Campbells, and Scott, and their coadjutors, has influentially contributed to these results, there can be no doubt. But no difference how these changes have been wrought, let us rejoice that they *have* been wrought, with encouraging promise that in the end the reign of speculative theology and of sectarianism will cease, and that all lovers of Jesus will yet flow together in brotherly love, acknowledging "one Lord," teaching "one faith," practicing "one baptism," uniting in "one body," sharing the fellowship of "one Spirit," rejoicing in "one hope," and serving with joy the "one God and Father of all," who will be over all, and through all, and in all. If we had no higher reason to rejoice in these changes, it should give us joy that the teaching of our fathers, sixty and seventy years ago, then so bitterly opposed, and ridiculed, and misrepresented, is thus confirmed and approved by the general voice of Protestant Christendom.

And now, let us ask, what are the special achievements yet to be wrought, to which we should address our thought and labor?

1. While marked changes have been wrought in the evangelical churches generally, there is still much to be done to effect a complete restoration of apostolic faith and practice. Creed authority, though weakened, is still potent. Denominational names and creeds and usages are still a source of weakness to the Protestant

churches, and of sectarianism it may be said: It is not dead, but sleepeth. The old ideas of regeneration and conversion and of an immediate revelation of pardon are still so far in force, and so far shape the converting processes in revivals, that we can not participate in them, for we are not at liberty to tell anxious sinners just what the apostles said they must do to be saved. There is still a necessity to insist on a return to New Testament practice, namely: to preach Christ crucified as the sinner's Saviour; to lead men to "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" to demand of believing penitents an open surrender to Christ by being immersed in His name; and to point those who thus accept the gospel to the promises which God has made in the gospel to the believing and obedient as the evidence of acceptance in His sight. The faithful preaching of the gospel in its entirety of facts, commands and promises, is as needful now as it ever was. On the whole question of baptism—action, subjects and design—we have still a serious controversy with the pedobaptist world, and in reference to its design, with the Baptists likewise. There can be no surrender here—no compromise. I am well aware of the popular clamor in behalf of liberality and charity; but to all this we reply: Be as liberal as you please with what is *your own*, but be careful how you attempt to give away what is not yours, but God's. There is no opinion, no mere usage, however tenderly regarded, no expedient—nothing, indeed, that is human, which we may not and ought not to surrender, if need be, for the sake of the union of Christians; but we can not yield God's commands, or the truth of the gospel, for these are *divine*. We shall be shorn of our strength

when we allow ourselves to be lulled to sleep in the lap of this Delilah of compromise. Look at the old Christian Connection. They are older, as a distinct people, than we, by more than a quarter of a century. And they have been so charitable as to allow all who would to come into their fellowship without regard to baptism. Yet to-day they number only about one hundred thousand, while we number between six hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand. Look at the Free Baptists. Baptism has been with them of little significance. They had much the start of us—about half a century. But to-day they number less than one hundred thousand. Look at T. H. Stockton's experiment in Cincinnati. He was one of the finest and most popular pulpit orators in America. He sought to set on foot a union movement in which baptism was placed in the background as not of sufficient importance to be allowed to interfere with the union of believers; but with all his saintliness, eloquence, and popularity, his scheme was a failure. And so was the union scheme of McCune and Melish a few years ago. The ends of truth are not to be served by compromise. In matters of expediency, compromise all that is necessary for peace and harmony—for expedients are human, and subject to revision; but when it comes to the truth and ordinances of the gospel—to that which rests on the authority of the Lord Jesus,—stand by every jot and tittle of these, though the heavens fall. All that we insist on as essential to Christian union bears the stamp of catholicity. I hear it said of some of our preachers, that they preach for years without so much as one sermon on first principles. I greatly regret to hear it. How any preacher can satisfy his own

conscience in allowing years to slip by without declaring the whole counsel of God—without once giving a full scriptural answer to the question, What must I do to be saved?—is to me a painful mystery. No, my brethren, let us “not shun to declare the whole counsel of God,” for in this way only can we be “free from the blood of all men.” There may not be, in many communities, a need of as constant a repetition of the terms of the gospel as formerly, because these are now very generally understood. There are some points of doctrine and practice, formerly disputed, that are now conceded, and there is no longer a need for controversial sermons in their support. There is generally no demand for belligerent preaching at all, and there *is* a loud demand for much practical preaching concerning Christian duties and church activities. All this is true. But it is also true that the whole gospel should be fully and boldly and unceasingly declared, without apology and without compromise.

2. We have already remarked that the time has come when this gospel advocacy can not be sustained by mere argument. People look, and have a right to look, for *fruit*. We must let our light so shine that others shall not only hear our arguments, but *see our good works*, and so be led to glorify our Father who is in heaven. With this in view, we point out that we need:

(1) *A better church life.* We need churches abounding in active ministries—ministries of preaching, teaching, ruling; of song and prayer; of benevolence and mercy; in which all the gifts and powers of the membership shall be brought into play. And for this purpose we need especially, in every church, an efficient

eldership, to lead, rule and instruct, in which there shall be at least one—and in large churches more than one—who gives all his time to preaching, teaching and pastoral work, training the members to active work, to liberal giving, and to Christlike devotion. The experience, the study and observation of my whole life lead me to the conclusion that there can not be the highest and noblest development of church-life where this is wanting. If one church is too feeble to sustain such a ministry, then let two or three or four neighboring churches resolve themselves into one church with different meeting-places, and thus keep at least one man to labor in their territory in preaching and teaching.

(2) *Co-operation in general work, for the furtherance of common interests.* It is popular in some quarters to denounce all co-operation outside of the membership of individual churches as a departure from the practice of the fathers of the reformation, and all missionary and other benevolent associations as “innovations.” If this were true, we are not aware that it is a mortal sin to depart from the teaching or practice of the fathers of this reformation. I, at least, never bound myself to adhere to their teaching, nor will I. While honoring them for their faithful service, and paying all due respect to their teaching, we can not, consistently with our principles, follow them any farther than they follow the teaching of Jesus and his apostles. And in regard to *methods of working*, we have as good a right to our judgment as they had to theirs. To attempt to make adherence to the teaching of the fathers a test of soundness in the faith, is to attempt to establish a sect as thoroughly sectarian as any we have opposed and denounced. But the simple truth is, that when

Walter Scott came to New Lisbon and initiated the work we have been describing, he was in the employment of *the Mahoning Association*. The whole glorious work of reformation in all this region was under the auspices of that Association. Not only Walter Scott, but Adamson Bentley, Marcus Bosworth and William Hayden were set to work under the direction of that Association, and during the last year of that Association's existence, over one thousand conversions were reported within the limits of its territory as the result of associated effort. The dissolution of that Association, while it was favored by Walter Scott, was in opposition to the more practical judgment of Alexander Campbell, and men like William Hayden never ceased to deplore it. It was at a juncture when the condition of numerous infant churches and the widening fields for mission work required more than ever the *combined* wisdom and resources of the churches. But in a moment of rashness this system of co-operation was dissolved. The infant churches were left to struggle through the perils of infancy, or to die. The inviting fields of labor that opened on every hand were neglected or irregularly occupied by any preacher that could spare the time and labor, and the work that had gone so gloriously forward under the Association suffered seriously. We have been trying now for over thirty years to recover lost ground ; and to this day we reap the unhappy consequences of what I can not help regarding as the folly of that hour.

But more than this is true. The early work of the Campbells, to which we now point with delight, was accomplished through an Association ; and in 1827, an assemblage of church delegates, known as the Wash-

ington Association, sent out Thomas Campbell and an associate into Northern Pennsylvania as evangelists; and the Somerset church, with all her glorious history, is one of the fruits of associated missionary effort. This reformation was begun and nursed into strength by co-operative missionary associations. If there was any sin in it, it is a sin which, so far as we are informed, was never repented of, or deplored, or repudiated, by the Campbells and their associates; while the overthrow of the Mahoning Association was, we know, lamented and deplored by the Campbells, the Haydens, the Bentleys, and many more of the wise and good men of that period.

My own conviction is that we have lost immensely by the surrender of the co-operative principle, and that one part of our future work is to restore it fully for the furtherance of all common interests. There is no need for any cumbrous ecclesiastical machinery, nor for any interference with the rights of congregations.

Experience may and should teach us to avoid dangers, and reveal to us the simplest and most effective methods of co-operation. But, whatever may be the methods, we need to work steadily in the direction of a combination of our forces, especially for missionary purposes at home and abroad. Were this one point gained, we could, without oppressing any, have means enough and missionaries enough to make our presence felt not only in every nook and corner of our land, but in the four quarters of the globe, and in the islands of the seas.

(3) *A practical exhibition of that union for which we plead.* It is vain to preach union to the Protestant world if we are not ourselves united. Our position is

catholic. We propose to receive into fellowship all who acknowledge "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," and to hold in fellowship all who walk in obedience to Jesus Christ. We protest against any other test of fellowship than that of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and obedience to Him. But outside of this faith there will be found many *opinions* among believers; and outside of the direct precepts of the New Testament there will be found a necessity for many expedients, or methods of working, in order to accomplish the purposes of the church's existence. Here we say: Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind as to his opinions, but let him not attempt to force them on others, or to erect them into tests of fellowship. And in regard to expedients we say: Study the things that make for peace and for edification. Adopt the expedients that can best be agreed on, and let us be subject one to another. But just here it is easy to give to usages and prejudices all the sacredness of divine authority. We may differ about the erection of a meeting-house, or about an organ, or a choir, or a missionary society, or lesson-leaves; and there will not be found wanting those who would make either the use or non-use of these a test of fellowship, threatening the peace of the church if *their* prejudice or preference is disregarded. Just here we must be watchful. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink. Better that meats and drinks be allowed, better that meats and drinks be abandoned, than that the kingdom of God should be dishonored. And the kingdom of God is not organs, or choirs, or hymn-books, or missionary societies. Better these than strife in the kingdom of God; better the loss of these than strife in the

kingdom of God, which is "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." In all these things there must be forbearance and self-surrender, trusting to the power of brotherly love and the wisdom gained by experience to bring us all right at last. "Let the younger be in subjection to the elder, yea, all of you be in subjection to one another." "Let none please himself, but every one seek to please his brother to edification." If we prove not our own worst enemies by a violation of the law of Christian liberty on one hand, or of the law of Christian love on the other, it is not in the power of any outside foe to weaken our plea for Christian union.

(4) *A vigilant maintenance of the integrity of the church and of Christian character.* The perilous days of the church are not the days of her weakness and unpopularity, when the world is hostile, and the church in its weakness is driven to the shelter of the throne of grace. It is when the church has grown into sufficient strength and wealth to command popular favor, and the world begins to smile graciously; when men of the world, half converted, feel like patronizing the church, and men in the church, scarcely half converted, feel like patronizing the world. Then come desires to make the worship of the church as spectacular as possible, to please refined worldly tastes, and efforts to lure the world into the support of the church by means of dramatic performances, lotteries, grab-bags, rafflings, and whatever can bring the church and the world together in fashionable amusements and follies. And soon you hear of card-tables and dances in Christian homes, and of attendance at balls, and theaters, etc., etc. And much worse than all this, you will find

Christians at horse-races, and in saloons, and in gambling hells, and in the reckless gambings of boards of trade, and stock-rooms, and gold-rooms, and in every daring speculation, and in every infamous rascality; and the distinction between the church and the world comes to be mainly one of profession. I confess that I fear here more than at any other point. These temptations come to us on the softer side of our nature. A little yielding at first, merely through complaisance, prepares the way for a good-natured exchange of flatteries and amenities, which end in making the church a place of fashionable attractions for the world, and the world a place of fashion and amusement and indulgence for the church, until all hostilities cease, and a truce—deadly to all spiritual interests—is proclaimed. Now, I am not speaking as an ascetic, which I never was; nor as a misanthrope, for I love my fellow-men, and have hosts of friends among men of the world, many of whom I not only respect, but admire for many attractive qualities. But I speak as a Christian, with whom the honor of Christ and the purity of His church are paramount considerations. With all due respect to men of the world, and with a full recognition of their claims to friendly regard and fellowship as men, as neighbors, and as citizens, I insist that the church has aims and objects and interests that should never be compromised. Let the church, by systematic, generous giving, support herself and do her own work, without getting down on her knees to beg the charities of the world. If men of the world voluntarily and generously offer assistance, receive it thankfully—but let it be their own generous offer, the token of a lively sympathy with the work of the church. But let not

the church degrade herself by alluring, or teasing, or persecuting men of the world into the support of a divine institution from mere worldly considerations, and thus put a gag into her own mouth that forbids all fearless utterance of rebuke and warning. Let Christians be joyful, but let them be joyful *in the Lord*. Let their associations and recreations comport with the purity and dignity and spirituality that belong to Christian life. Without phariseeism, and without any offensive parade of piety, let them, by their cheerful dignity and gentleness and purity, commend the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Especially, let them keep clean hands in their dealings, and separate themselves from everything avaricious, dishonest, intemperate and impure, that the name of Christian may be the equivalent of truthfulness, honesty and integrity. If to these are conjoined intelligence, refined tastes, and philanthropy, the power of the church for good will be well nigh omnipotent.

(5) *Back of all these, and underneath all these, we need that consecration to Christ, without which any profession of religion is little better than a mockery.* When we can say, "Christ liveth in me,"—when Christ is the life-power of the soul—when, unembarrassed by theological speculations, our spiritual powers are absorbed in admiration and love of Jesus, and His life and death and resurrection assert their transforming power over our thoughts, affections, principles, ambitions and aspirations, so that we are ready to live or die for Him, and brain and heart and purse are all subject to His control, then all else that we have commended will be found both easy and delightful.

We have spoken of a period of fifty-nine years—little more than half a century. This is a brief period; yet what changes have swept over us within that time! “Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?” The Campbells, and Scott, and Osborne, and Gaston, and Bentley, and Henry, and the Haydens, and Hartzel, and Rains, and Richardson, and Mitchell, and the Bosworths, and Almon B. Green, and nearly every one of the men identified with the stirring scenes we have been contemplating, have passed away from us. The men of manly form, of trumpet-tone, of tearful eye, of chivalric spirit and bearing, whose logic shattered so many idols, whose teaching* poured light into thousands of benighted hearts—a light so strange and strong that it seemed to many like a new revelation—whose eloquence swept over great throngs as the tempest sweeps over the forest, bowing everything before it—they are gone. They linger only in halls of memory and hearts of love. But though they are gone, the truth remains, and they have repeated their lives a thousand times over in the lives of others. They fought bravely, and went down with colors flying, and younger hands grasped the banner from their dying hands and held it aloft over their dead bodies and over their graves. And the generation that succeeded them and supplemented their labors is growing old. There may be several years of good work in most of us yet; but we are growing old, and soon “the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, . . . and the almond tree shall flourish, and the

grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail because man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets. . . . Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God that gave it." I do not know that we need to regret this. I am not out of humor with the world I live in, nor am I in any hurry to get out of it. Even in the darkest hours this life has had many charms for me, and I have never seen the day when I had not more reasons for thanksgiving than for murmuring. I love the blue heavens, and the bright stars, and the glorious sunlight, and the earth and the waters, the birds and the flowers, the grass and the green trees; above all, I love the faces of friends, and the busy tribes of humanity; yet I think it is well, when one's work is done, and he is utterly tired, to go home and rest—rest where there are brighter heavens, and richer flowers, and sweeter songs, and purer hearts, and holier friendships; where those whom we tenderly loved here will be lovelier and dearer to us than ever, and where we shall again greet with joy, as bright immortals, those noble men of whom we have spoken to-day. Though I feel myself less than the least of them in ability, and unworthy to stand with them in the same rank for heroism and self-sacrifice, yet in integrity of heart and honesty I shall claim kinship with them, and look them honestly in the face in the day when the sowers and reapers shall rejoice together. That day is not far distant—and the banners and the weapons of war must be left to the third generation, the young preachers who are now rising into usefulness. My dear young brethren, I charge you before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels,

that you be loyal to Jesus, faithful to His word, true to the interests of His kingdom. I do not ask you to be tame and slavish imitators of those who have gone before you, or that you shall close your eyes to any truth that may be made clear to you; but I do ask that you shall be true to the *principles* in which you have been educated, for they are divine, apostolic, catholic, immutable; true to Christ in vindicating His name, His honor, His authority and in preaching and teaching His whole truth to the people. I ask that you shall not seek to evade the self-sacrifice without which you will not be worthy to act as leaders of the armies of Israel. I ask that you shall set your faces like flint against all error and wrong, and dare to be right, according to your best light, whatever the consequences. I ask that with your superior advantages you shall endeavor to improve on your predecessors in all that is manly and generous and noble and magnanimous, and avoid all envyings and jealousies and unseemly strifes, and stand like a Macedonian phalanx in defense of the truth and in aggressive warfare against error and sin. I ask that you shall at least equal your fathers in reverence for the word of God, in its diligent study and in committing it to memory, that it may dwell in you richly. And I ask that you bend your energies to perfect the work which others have begun, in uniting the sympathies and prayers and labors of our entire brotherhood for the spread of the gospel and the salvation of the world. And may the God of your fathers be your God and your portion evermore.

Finally, beloved brethren and sisters, one and all, let us love one another, and walk in love, as Christ hath loved us and given himself for us. Let us raise

in our pathway to-day a monumental pillar, and inscribe on it Eben-ezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." With earnest and joyful thanksgiving for the wonderful mercies of the past, let us gird ourselves anew for the work yet before us, and go out with fresh inspirations of faith and hope and love to the work that is yet to be done, and work while the day lasts. And when the night cometh and we can work no longer, may the gates of light through which so many have passed into eternal day open to receive us into the paradise of God, to the fellowship of saints, to the presence of Jesus, to the beatific vision in whose raptures the sorrows and trials of earth shall be remembered no more.

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus, unto all generations, for ever and ever. Amen."

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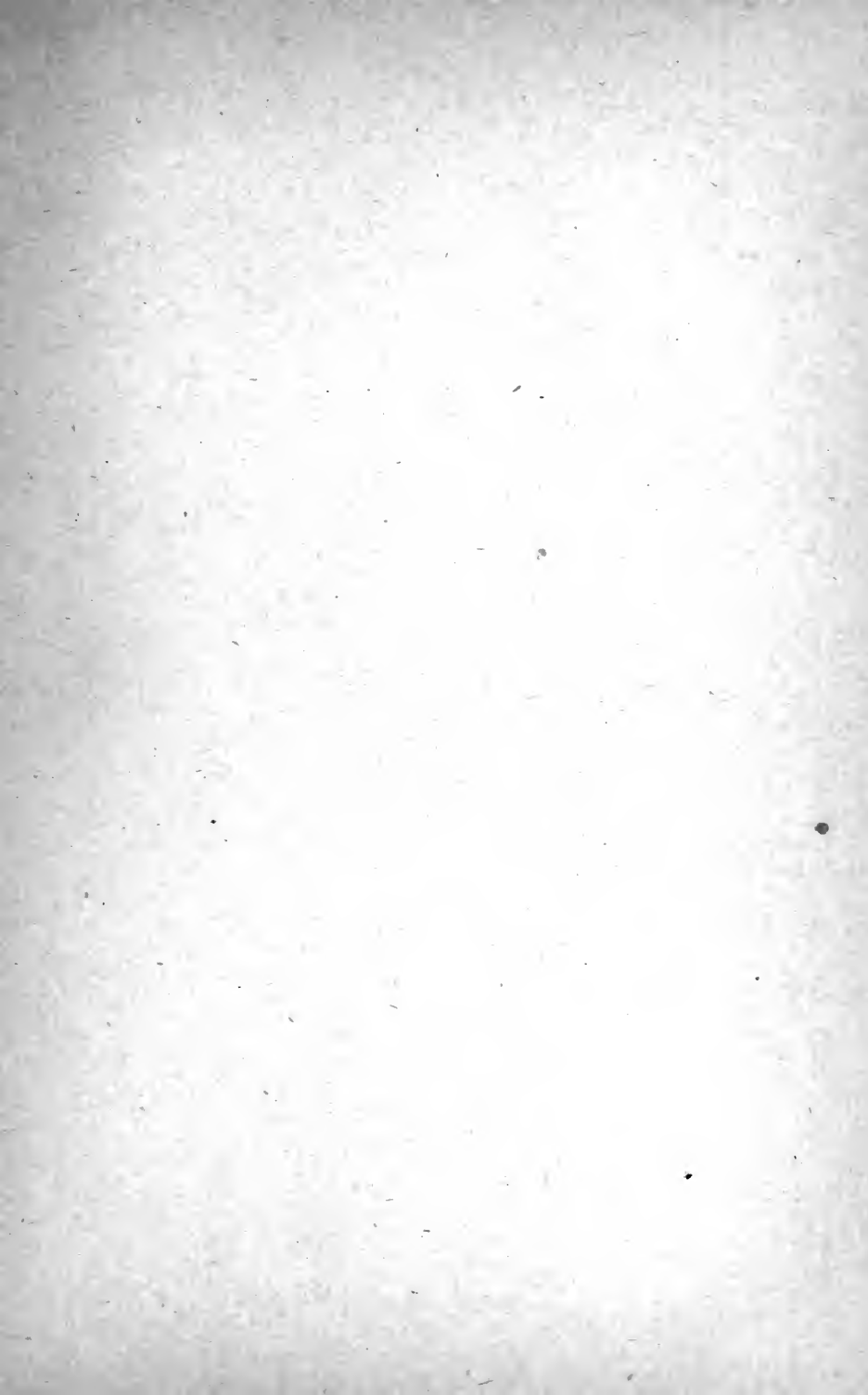
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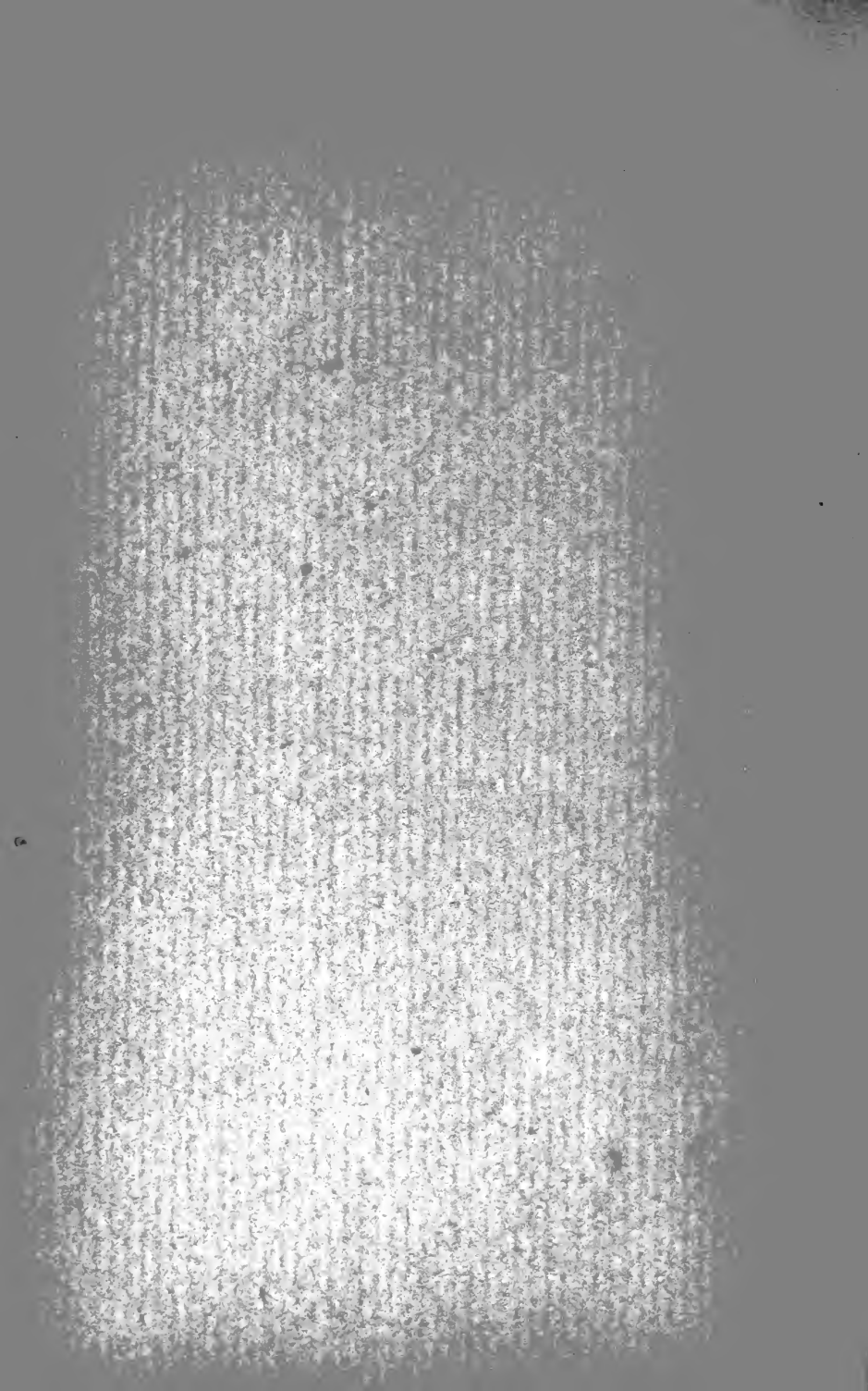
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